GOETHE'S FAUST

THE FIRST PART
WITH A LITERAL TRANSLATION
AND NOTES FOR STUDENTS
BY BET A



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PREFACE

WHY, it may be asked, should there be another literal translation of Faust? Certainly not because Hayward's book fails to meet the wants of persons who, unable to read the original, are content with such inadequate notions of it as can be got from a literal version. By common consent, he has rendered many passages so faithfully and well that, in dealing with them, other literal translators must follow his lead or do worse; and even where his interpretations have been arraigned by modern criticism, it has mostly been in matters of minor moment to the general reader. But to the student, using a translation to aid him in grappling with Goethe's masterpiece for the first time, the light thrown on numerous passages by the advance of Faust-exegesis since Hayward wrote is clearly indispensable. Without reckoning the works of Pradez and Sabatier lately given to the world, a host of annotators and metrical translators have brought to bear on the text new and

important interpretations in nearly every scene of the drama. Many of them, indeed, have been adopted by Dr. Buchheim in his much-improved edition of Hayward. Others, however, are omitted which cannot properly be ignored in any version specially designed for the student; and though a few of these may still be debatable, there can hardly fail to remain some scores of such reasons for a fresh translation in usum tironum.

Nothing more ambitious than literal fidelity has been aimed at here. Whether it be possible to present in English prose anything approaching the life and lustre of the original, is an open question. But so widely does the genius of the German language differ from that of our own that, if ever such a version appears, thus much may be safely predicted: it will abound in paraphrase, the grammatical framework of sentences will be recast in every page; to the despair of the tyro whose first object is to construe the text and find out the beautier for himself.

It was not thought necessary to swell the work with the customary essay on the Faust-legend; partly because this can be found in any good encyclopædia; partly because, in addition to what may be called the stock annotations on the drama, room had to be made for gleanings from Pradez and Sabatier. Most of the original notes are intended to help the novice over difficulties in construing. At the same time, in deciding how far such aid was needed, he has been credited with that degree of acquaintance with common idioms which may be derived from the study of any elementary German book.

The text selected by Sabatier has been followed, except as regards two disputed readings, and a few slight matters of form. For instance, in some places, the beginnings and endings of lines have been altered, to admit of their being numbered like those of the Weimar edition. This system of numeration has the merit of being broken at one point only (the Trüber Tag seene); whereas Loeper's is interrupted no less than four times. But perhaps the greatest advantage thus secured is that the student is enabled more easily to avail himself of Strehlke's Worterbuch zu Gorthe's Finust, in which the elitations are all numbered on the Weimar plan.

It only remains for the author to acknowledge the aid he has received from Düntzer's explanatory treatise; from the metrical translations of Anster, Birds, Pradez, Sabatier, Swanwick, and Bayard Taylor; as well as from the annotated editions by Loshan, Loeper, Selsa, and by Turner and Morshead. His many obligations to these works are, to some extent, indicated in the notes, where Hayward himself is referred to under the initial 'H.' whenever his version, as amended by Dr. Buchheim, is materially departed from. But after all, the author's warmest thanks are due to the accomplished editor of Heine's Harzesies, Mr. Moritz Lippner, without whose help in every difficulty the present volume would probably not have seen the light.

March 1895.

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ERRATA.

Page 12, line 140, for bringt read bringt.

- " 61, " 9, delete already.
- ,, 69, ,, 1, delete (sing).
- " 100, " 1369, for Menfchenbru read Menfchenbrut.
- ,, 108, ,, 1473, for Stilrz read Stilrzt.
- ,, 137, ,, 23, after and insert should like to.
 - , 159, ,, 3, for worm read draw.
- ", 169, ", 8, for flames read flame.
 ", 183, ", 3, after Mephistopheles insert (in the same
- position).
 .. 186 (Stago direction), for Radeln read Radel.
- .. 199, after lines 15 and 20 insert exit.
- ,, 214, line 2895, delete Margarete.
- ,, 245, ,, 18, for You want read He wants, and delete note.
- ,, 291, ,, 10, for flame read life.
- ,, 297, ,, 12, for stem read stone; and add as note:
 equivalent to 'through thick and thin'.
 - , 299, ,, 17, for sparkles read sprinkles.
 - , 309, ,, 20, insert before as.
 - ,, 343, ,, 16, delete off.
- ,, 355, noto to line 555, for ben Menfchen read ber Menfcheit.

FAUST A TRAGEDY

Zueignung

Spr nafe und vielen, fisionatende Gefatierel Die früß fisc einft bem triben Wild gezigt. Berind; ist voolst eind diesmalt felt zu hatten? Kafef ist mein Serz noch jeinem Wochn gescher? App bedagt eind zu kun auf, die nöcht fer voolsten, Wie ihr aus Dunft und Westel um wich fleigt. Wein Vollen fischt ich jogendick erfolitiert: Wein Vollen fischt ich jogendick erfolitiert:

Jýr bringt mit end bie Bilder froher Tage, Und mande frebe Schenten feigen auf ; Beldig einer aften, halboerfungene Sage, Kommt erfte Siel' und Kreundichtf mit herauf ; Ber Schmens wird wen, es biederheft bie Klage Des Schens kladyrinkfish irren Rauf, Und neum bie Guten, bie, um fhöne Sunnben Sun Midd achtafich vor mit fulmeachdfounden

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Sie hören nicht die folgenden Gelcünge, Die Seich, denen ich die erften faus; Serfüben; ist das Freundliche Gebräuge, Berfüngen, ach i der erfte Lieberflang. Bein Alle erführ der mehren Wenge, Jör Beifall seicht macht meinem Dergen faus; Und was fich funkt an meinem Nich erfennt, Bewei ein die feit, irrt in der Welt zeiftreut.

DEDICATION

Ya approach again, wavering shapes, that, early, once presented youneleva to my troubled view! May I try, this time, to hold you fast! Do I feel my heart still fain to that illusion! Ye erowd upon me! Well then, ye may rule, as ye rise around me from vapour and mist: my bosom feels youthfully agitated by the magic breath that floats around your taxin.

Ye bring with you the images of happy days, and many loved shades arise: like an old half-forgotten legend, comes up first-love, with friendship, in their company. The pain is renewed; the plaint recalls the maxily devious course of life, and names the good who, cheated of fair hours by fortune, have vanished away before me.

They hear not the following lays,—the souls to whom I saug the first. Dispersed is the friendly through the first echo, alas, has died away! My song sounds forth to the unknown multitude: their very applause makes my heart timid; and those who in other days rejoiced at my song, if yet they live, stray scattered in the world. Und mich ergreift ein langft entwöhntes Gehnen Rach jenem ftillen, ernften Beifterreich ; Es ichwebet nun in unbestimmten Tonen Mein lispelnd Lied, ber Meolsharfe gleich : Gin Schauer faßt mich. Thrane folat ben Thranen, Das ftrenge Berg, es fühlt fich milb und weich ;

Bas ich befige, feh' ich wie im Beiten,

Und was verichwand, wird mir gu Birflichfeiten.

30

And a long-unworted yearning for that still, solemn spirit-realm takes hold upon me. Tis floating now in undefined tones, my murmuring lay, like the Æolian harp. A trumor seizes me; tear follows tear; the stern heart feels mild and soft; what I possess I see as if afar, and that which vanished turns to realities for me.

Borfpiel auf bem Theater

Direttor. Theaterbichter. Luftige Perfon.

Direttor. Ihr beiben, bie ihr mir fo oft In Roth und Trabfal beigeftanben, Sagt, was ihr wohl in bentichen Lauben 35 Bon unfrer Unternehmung hofft ? Ich munichte fehr ber Menge gn behagen, Beionbers weil fie lebt und leben läßt. Die Bfoften find, bie Bretter aufgeichlagen, Und jebermann erwartet fich ein Reft. Sie fiten icon, mit hoben Angenbraunen, Belaffen ba und möchten gern erftannen. 3ch weiß, wie man ben Beift bes Bolts veriöhnt, Doch jo verlegen bin ich nie gewesen; Amar find fie an bas Befte nicht gewöhnt, 45 Allein fie haben ichredlich viel gelefen. Wie machen wir's, baf alles frifch und neu Und mit Bebeutung auch gefällig feb ? Denn freilich mag ich gern bie Menge feben, Benn fich ber Strom nach unfrer Bube brangt, 50 Und mit gewaltig wieberholten Weben Sich burch bie enge Gnabenpforte gwängt, Bei bellem Tage, icon por Bieren, Mit Stoffen fich bis an bie Raffe ficht, Und wie in hungersnoth um Brot an Baderthuren, 55 Um ein Billet fich fast bie Salfe bricht.

PROLOGUE FOR THE THEATRE

Manager. Dramatic Poet. Merry-Andrew.

MANAGER. You two, who have so often stood by me in need and tribulation, pray tell me what hopes you have of our undertaking in German lands? I should like much to please the multitude, particularly because it lives and lets live. The posts, the boards, are put up, and every one looks forward to a feast. There they sit already, calm, with raised eyebrows, and would fain be astonished. I know how the spirit of the people is propitiated; yet I have never been so embarrassed. True, they are not accustomed to the best, but they have read a terrible deal. How shall we manage it that all be fresh and new, and, while significant, be pleasing also ? For certainly I like to see the multitude when the stream presses towards our booth, and, with powerfully repeated throes, forces itself through the narrow gate of grace,-in broad daylight, ere vet it is four o'clock,-fights, with pushes, up to the pay-box; and, as in a famine at bakers' doors for bread, almost

Dies Wunder wirkt auf so verschiedne Leute	
Der Dichter nur; mein Freund, o thu' es heute!	
Dichter. D fprich mir nicht von jener bunten Menge,	
Bei beren Anblid uns ber Geift entflieht!	6
Berhülle mir bas wogende Gebränge,	
Das wiber Willen uns zum Strubel zieht.	
Rein, führe mich gur ftillen himmelsenge,	
Wo nur bem Dichter reine Freude bluft;	
Bo Lieb' und Freundichaft unfres Bergens Gegen	6
Mit Götterhand erschaffen und erpflegen.	
Ach! was in tiefer Bruft uns ba entfprungen,	
Bas fich bie Lippe fchüchtern vorgelallt,	
Migrathen jest und jest vielleicht gelungen,	
Berfcilingt bes wilben Augenblid's Gewalt,	79
Oft, wenn es erft burch Rabre burchgebrungen.	
Ericheint es in vollenbeter Geftallt.	
Bas glangt, ift für ben Augenblid geboren;	
Das Mechte bleibt ber Nachwelt unverloren,	
Luftige Berfon. Wenn ich nur nichts bon Rachwelt hören	
follte!	75
Gefett, daß ich von Nachwelt reben wollte,	,
Wer machte benn ber Mitwelt Spaß?	
Den will fie boch und foll ihn haben.	
Die Gegenwart von einem braven Knaben	
Ift, bacht' ich, immer auch schon was.	80
Wer sich behaglich mitzutheilen weiß,	-
Den wird bes Bolfes Laune nicht erbittern ;	
Er wünscht fich einen großen Kreis,	
Um ihn gewisser zu erschüttern.	
	85
went fero and other and beign that matterpart,	~5

breaks its neck for a ticket. This miracle, on people so various, the poet alone works: my friend, oh do it to-day!

POST. Oh speak not to me of that mothey multitude at whose aspect our spirit takes flight! Veil from me the surging throng that draws us, against our will, to the vortex. No! lead me to the quite, heavenly mosk, where alone pure foy blooms for the poet; where love and friendship, with godlike hand, create and foster the blessings of our heart.

Ah, what has there sprung forth in our deep breast, what the lip has shyly faltered out to itself—now having failed, and now perchance succeeded—the force of the wild moment swallows up! Often not till it send made its way through years, does it appear in perfected form. What glitters is born for the moment; the genuine remains, unlost, to posterity.

Meric-Andrew. If I could but hear nothing about posterity! Suppose that I chose to talk about posterity, who would then make fun for contemporaries! Yet this they want, and ought to have it. The present too of a clever fellow is always, I should think, surely something. He who knows how to impart himself agreeably, him the people's eapriee will not embitter; he desires a large circle, to agitate it the more certainly. Then do but try your best, and show yourself worthy

TOO

IIS

Laßt Khautasie, mit allen ihren Chören, Kermust, Kerstand, Empfindung, Leidenschaft, Doch, mert nach wohl in die diene Varrfeit hören! Dizettoz. Besonders aber laßt geing geschehn! Wan fonunt ju ihauft, man will am Richfen sehn. With diesed vor den Ungen abgehonnen,

Wird vieles vor den Engen abgesponnen, So daß die Wenge stannend gassen kann, Da habt ihr in der Breite gleich gewonne

Da habt ihr in ber Breite gleich gewonnen, Ihr jeyd ein vielgeliebter Mann. Die Masse könnt ihr nur durch Masse zwin

Ihr seid ein vielgeliebter Watti. Die Wasse sinnt ihr nur durch Wasse zwingen, Sin jeder sucht sich endlich selbst was aus. Wer Bieles bringt, wird manchem etwas bringen;

Wer Vieles bringt, wird mandem etwas bringer Und jeder geht zufrieden aus dem Haus. Gebt ihr ein Stück, so gebt es gleich in Stücken! Solch ein Nagout, es muß euch glücken;

Leicht ift es vorgelegt, so leicht als ausgebacht. Was hilft's, wenn ihr ein Ganzes bargebracht!

Bas hilft's, wenn ihr ein Ganzes dargebracht! Das Publicum wird es ench doch zerpflüden. Dister. Thr fühlet nicht, wie schlecht ein solches Handwerk seh!

digier. Ihr fühlet nicht, wie igliecht ein folges handvert jegt Wie wenig das dem ächten Künfler zieme! 105 Ber faubern Herren Pfufgerei Aft, merk ich, ichon bei einch Wazime.

Direttor. Gin folder Borwurf läßt mich ungefränft; Gin Mann, ber recht zu wirfen benft,

Ein Mann, ber recht zu wirfen bentt, Muß auf bas beste Wertzeug halten.

Bebenkt, ihr habet weiches Holz zu spalten, Und seht nur hin, für wen ihr schreibt! Wenn diesen Langeweile treibt, Komunt iener satt vom übertischten Mable,

Und, was das Allerschlimmste bleibt, Gar mancher kommt vom Lesen der Journale. of imitation. Let Fancy be heard with all her choruses,

—Reason, Understanding, Feeling, Passion, but—mark
me well!—not without Folly.

Maxages. But, in particular, let there be enough incident. People come to look, people like best to see. If much is spun off before their eyes, so that the multitude can gape astonished, then you have at one agained in breadth; you are a very popular man. You can only subdue the mass by mass. Each eventally picks out something for himself. He who brings much will bring something to many a one, and every-body leaves the house content. If you give a piece, give it at oneo in pieces! With such a ragoda, you must succeed; it is easily served up, as easily as invented. What boots it when you have presented a whole! The public will pick it to pieces for your pains.

POET. You feel not how base is such a trade; how little that becomes the true artist! The bungling of these nice gentlemen is, I observe, already a principle with you.

MANGHE Such a reproach leaves me unmortified. A man who means to work properly must keep to the best tool. Consider, you have soft wood to split; and only look whom you are writing for! If easied drives this one, that one comes sated from a meal of too many dishes; and, what remains the worst of all, full many a one comes from reading the journals. People hurry,

Man eilt gerftreut zu uns, wie zu ben Mastenfesten. Und Rengier nur beflügelt ieben Schritt; Die Damen geben fich und ihren Bug gum Beften, Und fpielen ohne Gage mit. 120 Bas traumet ihr auf eurer Dichterhohe? Bas macht ein volles Saus euch froh? Befeht bie Gonner in ber Mabe ! Salb find fie falt, halb find fie roh. Der, nach bem Schaufpiel, hofft ein Rartenfpiel, 125 Der eine wilbe Racht an einer Dirne Bufen ; Was plagt ihr armen Thoren viel. Ru foldem Rwed, bie holben Mufen? Sch fog' euch, gebt nur mehr und immer, immer mehr. So tonut ihr end bom Riele nie berirren. 130 Sucht nur bie Menfchen gu berwirren, Sie au befriedigen ift ichwer ---Bas fällt end an? Entgudung ober Schmerzen? Dicter. Beh' bin und fuch' bir einen anbern Rnecht! Der Dichter follte wohl bas hochfte Recht, 135 Das Menichenrecht, bas ihm Natur vergonnt. Um beinetwillen freventlich verscherzen! Woburch bewegt er alle Herzen? Woburch befiegt er jebes Element? Aft es ber Gintlang nicht, ber ans bem Bufen bringt,

Und in sein Herz die Welt zurüde ichlingt? Wenn die Katur des Habens ein'ge Länge, Gleichgülfig drechend, auf die Spindel zwingt, Wenn aller Welsen unsparmon'sche Menge Berdrießlich durch einneber Ungst, Wert theilt die fliesend immer gleiche Neihe Belebend als, daß sie sich eindretten. dissipated, to us as to masquorades, and curriosity alone wings every step. The ladies treat us to themselves and their finery, and play along with us, without pay. What is it, pray, that makes a full house merry ! Look at your patrons closely! Half are indifferent, half are coarse. One hopes for a game at cards after the play; another, for a wild night on the bosom of a wench. Why for such an end do you poor fools plague much the gracious Muses ! I tell you, only give more, and every, ever more; thus you can never be wide of your mark. Try only to mystify the people; to content them is hard—what is coming over you ! Rapture, or pain! !

POFF. Begone, and seek for thyself another servant! The poet, foresorb, is wantonly to trifle away for thy sake the highest right which Nature bestows upon him the right of Man! By what stirs he all hearts! By what subduce he every element? I sit not the harmony which bursts from out his bosom, and winds back the world into his heart! When Nature, spinning unconcernedly, forces the thread's interminable length upon the spindle,—when the discordant multitude of all beings sounds sullenly in confusion,—who, vivifying, so disposes the flowing, ever-level series that it moves rhythmically! Who calls the Individual to the

148-179

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14

Mo es in berrlichen Mecorben ichlagt ? Ber lafit ben Sturm zu Leibenichaften wuthen ? Das Abendroth im ernften Ginne glubn? Wer ichüttet alle iconen Frühlingsblütben Muf ber Geliebten Bfabe bin ? Ber flicht bie unbebeutenb grunen Blötter

Rum Ehrentrang Berbienften jeber Urt? Ber fichert ben Dinmp, vereinet Gotter? Des Meniden Rraft, im Dichter offenbart.

Enftige Berfon. Go braucht fie benn bie ichonen Rrafte Und treibt bie bicht'rifchen Geichäfte. Mie man ein Liebesahentheuer treiht! Rufallia naht man fich, man fühlt, man bleibt, Und nach und nach wird man verflochten : Es wachft bas Blud, bann wird es angefochten;

Man ift entaudt, nun tonnut ber Schmera beran. Und eh man fich's berfieht, ift's eben ein Roman. 165 Lakt uns auch fo ein Schaufviel geben!

Greift nur binein ins volle Menichenleben! Ein jeber lebt's, nicht vielen ift's befannt. Und wo ihr's pact, ba ift's intereffant. In bunten Bilbern wenig Marbeit, 170 Biel Frrthum und ein Fünkden Bahrheit. Go wird ber befte Trant gebraut, Der alle Belt erquidt und auferbaut. Dann fammelt fich ber Jugend fchonfte Bluthe Bor euerm Spiel und laufcht ber Offenbarung. 175

Dann fanget jebes gartliche Gemuthe Mus enerm Wert fich melanchol'iche Rahrung, Dann wirb balb bies, balb jenes aufgeregt. Ein jeber fieht, was er im Bergen tragt.

general consecration, where it strikes in glorious accords? Who makes the storm to rage into passions, the evening-red to glow in solom mood? Who sheds down all fair spring-Bossoms on the path of the beloved! Who wreaths the unmeaningly green leaves into a garland of honour for merits of every kind? Who ensures Olympus, brings gods together? The power of Man revealed in the Poet!

MERRY-ANDREW. Employ, then, these fine powers, and carry on your poetical affairs, as one carries on a loveadventure. Accidentally one approaches, one feels, one stays, and, little by little, one gets entangled. The happiness increases,-then it is disturbed; one is enraptured,-then comes on distress; and before one is aware of it, it is just a romance. Let us also so give a play. Do but grasp into the full life of man! Every one lives it: to not many is it known; and wherever you grapple it, there it is interesting. Little clearness in motley images, much error, and a sparklet of truth,thus is brewed the best beverage, which refreshes and edifies all the world. Then assembles youth's fairest flower to see your play, and listens to the revelation; then every tender soul sucks for itself melancholy nourishment out of your work; then one while this, and one while that, is stirred up; each sees what he carries in his heart. They are still equally ready to

Roch find fie gleich bereit zu weinen und zu lachen, 18a Sie ehren noch ben Schwung, erfreuen fich am Schein : Wer fertig ift, bem ift nichts recht zu machen; Ein Werbenber wird immer baufbar fein. Dichter. Go gieb mir auch bie Reiten wieber, Da ich noch felbft im Werben war, 185 Da fich ein Quell gebrangter Lieber Ununterbrochen nen gebar, Da Nebel mir bie Welt verhüllten. Die Rnosbe Bunber noch beribrach. Da ich bie taufend Blumen brach. 190 Die alle Thaler reichlich füllten ! Sch hatte nichts, und boch genug: Den Drang nach Wahrheit und bie Lift am Trug. Gieb ungebändigt jene Triebe. Das tiefe, fdmerzenvolle Blüd. 105 Des Saffes Rraft, Die Macht ber Liebe, Gieb meine Mugend mir gurud! Buftige Berfon. Der Ingenb, auter Freund, bebarfit bu allenfalls. Benn bich in Schlachten Reinbe brangen. Menn mit Gemalt an beinen Sals Sich allerliebfte Mabchen bangen. Benn fern bes fcnellen Laufes Rrang Bom ichwer erreichten Riele wintet. Benn nach bem beft'gen Wirbeltang Die Nächte fcmaufend man vertrintet. 205 Doch ins befaunte Saitenfpiel Mit Muth und Annuth einznareifen. Nach einem felbftgeftedten Biel

Mit holbem Irren hinzuschweisen, Das, alte Gerrn, ist eure Bslicht, weep and to laugh; they still honour your flights, are pleased with the glitter. He who is formed—him there is no satisfying; one who is growing will always be grateful.

Poer. Then give me also back the times when I myself was still in growth; when a fountain of crowded songs sprang freshly and unbrokenly forth; when mists veiled the world from me—the bud still promised wonders; when I gathered the thousand flowers which filled profusely all the valleys! I had nothing, and yet enough—the ardour for truth, and the pleasure in delusion. Give me those imputes untamed, the deep, painfraught happiness, the energy of hate, the might of love—give me back my youth!

MERITY-ANDERW. Youth, my good friend, you need, at all events, when foes press you hard in fights; when the lovelists hases hang by force upon your neck; when from afar the garland of the swift course beckons from the hard-won goal; when, caronsing after the impetatous, whirling dance, one drinks the nights away. But to strike the familiar lyre with spirit and groce, to sweep along, with sweet digression, towards a self-appointed aim,—that, old gentlemen, is your duty; and we honour

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Und wir verehren euch barum nicht minber. Das Miter macht nicht finbifch, wie man fpricht, Es findet uns nur noch als mabre Linder.

Direttar. Der Borte find genng gewechfelt ;

Lakt mich auch enblich Thaten febn !

Sinhen ihr Complimente bredielt.

Rann etwas Nükliches geschehn.

Bas hilft es, viel von Stimmung reben ?

Dem Raubernben ericbeint fie nie. Gebt ihr ench einmal für Boeten,

So commanbirt bie Boeije. Euch ift befannt, was wir bebürfen,

Bir wollen ftart Getrante fclürfen ; Mun brant mir unvergfialich bran! Bas heute nicht geschieht, ift morgen nicht gethan,

Und feinen Zag foll man verbaffen : Das Mögliche foll ber Entichluß

Reberat ipaleich beim Schopfe faffen ;

Er will es bann nicht fahren laffen, Und mirfet weiter, weil er muß. 230 Ihr wifit, auf unfern bentichen Buhnen Brobirt ein jeber, tvas er mag;

Drum iconet mir an biejem Tag Profecte nicht und nicht Maschinen ! Gebraucht bas groß' und fleine Simmelslicht, 235 Die Sterne buriet ihr verichwenben : Un Baffer, Feuer, Feljenwänden, Un Thier und Bogeln fehlt es nicht. So fdireitet in bem engen Bretterhaus

Den gangen Rreis ber Schöpfung aus,

Und wanbelt mit bebacht'ger Schnelle Bom Simmel burch bie Belt gur Solle ! you not the less on that account. Old age does not make childish, as people say; it only finds us still as true children.

Manager. Enough of words have been interchanged; let me in fine see deeds also! Whilst you are turning compliments, something useful may be done. What avails it to talk much of inspiration? It never comes to him who tarries. If you once give yourselves out for poets, then command poetry! It is known to you what we need-we want to sip strong drink; now brew away at it immediately! What is not doing to-day is not done to-morrow, and one should not let a day slip. Resolution should boldly seize the possible by the forelock at once; she will then not let it go, and works on because she must. You know, on our German stages, every one tries what he likes; therefore on this day spare me neither scenes nor machinery. Use the great and the little light of heaven; you are free to squander the stars; there is no lack of water, fire, rock-walls, beasts, and birds. So pace out, in the narrow plank-house, the whole circle of creation; and travel, with considerate speed, from heaven, through the world, to hell!

Prolog im Simmel

Der Berr. Die himmlifden Beerfchaaren. Rachter Mephifiopheles.

Die brei Erzeugel treten vor.

Raphael. Die Conne tont nach alter Beife	
In Bruberfpharen Wettgefang,	
Und ihre vorgeschriebne Reise	245
Bollenbet fie mit Donnergang.	
Ihr Anblid giebt ben Engeln Starte,	
Wenn feiner fie ergrunben mag;	
Die unbegreiflich hohen Werke	
Sind herrlich wie am erften Tag.	250
Babriet. Und fchnell und unbegreiflich fchnelle	
Dreht fich umber ber Erbe Bracht;	
Es wechjelt Parabiefeshelle	
Mit tiefer schauervoller Nacht;	
Es fcaunt bas Meer in breiten Fluffen	255
Um tiefen Grund ber Feljen auf,	
Und Gels und Meer wird fortgeriffen	
In ewig schnellem Sphärenlauf.	
migaet. Und Stilrme braufen um bie Bette,	
Bom Meer aufs Land, vom Land aufs Meer,	26
Und bilben wüthend eine Rette	
Der tiefften Wirfung rings umber.	
20	

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN

The Lord. The Heavenly Hosts. Afterwards Mephistopheles.

The THREE ARCHANGELS come forward.

RAPHAEL. The sun chimes in, after ancient fashion, with the trival song of his brother-spheres, and he accomplishes his prescribed journey with thunder-course. His aspect gives strength to the angels, though none can fathom him. The inconceivably high works are glorious as on the first day.

Gamilla. And swift, and inconceivably swift, the splendour of the earth revolves; the brightness of paradise alternates with deep, awful night. The sea foams up in broad streams against the deep base of the rooks; and rock and sea are swept on in the eternally swift course of the spheres.

MICHAEL. And storms roar in rivalry from sea to land, from land to sea, and, raging, form a chain of deepest

Da flammt ein blitenbes Berbeeren Dem Bfabe vor bes Donnerichlags ; Doch beine Boten, Berr, verebren 965 Das faufte Baubeln beines Tags. Bu Drei. Der Unblid giebt ben Engeln Starte, Da feiner bich ergründen mag. Und affe beine hoben Werfe Sind berrlich, wie am erften Tag. 270 Mephiftopheles. Da bu, o Serr, bich einmal wieber nahft, Und fragit, wie alles fich bei uns befinde Und bu mich foujt gewöhnlich gerne fabit, So fiehft bu mid auch unter bem Gefinbe. Bergeib, ich fann nicht hohe Borte machen, 275 Und wenn mich auch ber gange Kreis verhöhnt : Mein Pathos brachte bich gewiß gum Lachen, Batt'ft bu bir nicht bas Lachen abgewöhnt. Bon Conn' und Welten weiß ich nichts an fagen. Ich febe unr, wie fich bie Menichen plagen. Der fleine Gott ber Belt bleibt ftets von gleichem Schlag, Und ift so wunderlich, als wie am ersten Tag. Ein wenig beffer warb' er leben, Batt'it bu ibm nicht ben Schein bes Simmelslichts gegeben : Er nemit's Bernunft und braucht's affein. 285 Rur thierifcher als jebes Thier au fenn. Er icheint mir, mit Berlaub von Em, Gnaben. Bie eine ber langbeinigen Cicaben, Die immer fliegt und fliegend ibringt Und aleich im Gras ihr altes Lieden fingt : 200 Und lag' er nur noch immer in bem Grafe!

In jeben Quart begrabt er feine Rafe. Der Berr. Haft bu mir weiter nichts gu fagen ? operation all around. There, a flashing desolation flames before the path of the thunder-clap; but thy messengers, Lord, revere the gentle wending of thy day.

THE THREE. The sight gives strength to the angels, though none can fathom thee; and all thy high works are glorious as on the first day.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Since thou, Oh Lord, drawest nigh once more, and askest how all is going on with us, and didst generally on other occasions see me with pleasure. therefore thou seest me also among the household. Excuse me. I cannot use lofty language even though the whole circle mocks me. My pathos would certainly bring thee to laughter, hadst thou not left off laughter. I have nothing to say about sun and worlds; I only see how men are plaguing themselves. The little god of the world remains always of the same stamp, and is as strange as on the first day. He would live a little better hadst thou not given him the gleam of heaven's light; he calls it Reason, and uses it only to be more brutish than any brute. He seems to me, with your Grace's leave, like one of the long-legged grasshoppers, which ever flies, and flying springs, and presently sings in the grass its old ditty-and would he but lio always in the grass! Ho pokes his nose into every mess,

THE LORD. Hast thou nothing else to say to me? Comest

310

315

Rommft bu nur immer anguflagen?

Ift auf ber Erbe ewig bir nichts recht? 295 Mephistophetes. Nein, Herr! ich find' es bort, wie immer,

herzlich schlecht. Die Menschen bauern mich in ihren Jammertagen;

3d mag fogar bie armen felbft nicht plagen.

Der Berr. Rennft bu ben Fauft?

mephiftopheles. Den Doftor?

Der Serr. Meinen Anecht! Mephistopheles. Fürmahr! er bient euch auf besondre

Weise. Nicht irbiich ist bes Thoren Trank noch Speise.

Ihn treibt bie Gahrung in bie Ferne;

Er ift fich feiner Tollheit halb bewußt :

Bom Simmel forbert er bie ichonften Sterne,

Und von ber Erbe jebe höchfte Luft, Und alle Rah' und alle Ferne

Befriedigt nicht bie tiefbewegte Bruft.

Der Berr. Wenn er mir jeht auch nur verworren bient, So merb' ich ihn balb in die Marheit führen.

Weiß boch ber Gariner, wenn bas Baumchen grünt,

Daß Blüth' und Fruicht die künst'gen Jahre zieren. Meshistophotos. Was wettet ihr? ben sollt ihr noch verfieren.

Wenn ihr mir bie Erlaubniß gebt,

Ihn meine Straße facht zu führen! Der Derr. Go lang' er auf ber Erbe lebt,

So lange fen bir's nicht verboten.

Es irrt ber Mensch fo lang' er ftrebt.

weppistophetes. Da bant' ich euch; benn mit ben Tobten Sab' ich mich niemals gern befangen. thou always only to accuse? Is nothing on earth ever right to thee?

MEPHISTOPHELES. No, Lord! I find things there, as ever, extremely bad. Mankind, in their wretched days, move my pity. I would even fain not plague the poor creatures myself.

THE LORD. Knowest thou Faust ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. The doctor ?

THE LORD. My servant!

MEPHISTOPHILES. Verily, he serves you in peculiar fashion! Not earthly is the fool's drink nor food. The forment [of his agirti] impels him towards the distant. He himself is half aware of his madness. From heaven he demands the hintest stars, and from earth, every highest pleasure; and all the near and all the far contents not his deoply-stirred breast.

THE LORD. Though now he sorves me but confusedly, I shall soon lead him into light. Surely, the gardener knows, when the small tree greens, that blossom and fruit will deek the coming years.

MEPHISTOPHELES. What will you wager? You shall lose him yet, if you give me leave to lead him gently my way.

THE LORD. So long as he lives on the earth, so long be it not forbidden thee! Man errs as long as he strives.

MEPHISTOPHELES. There I thank you; for I have never willingly had to do with the dead. I like full, fresh

Am meiften lieb' ich mir bie vollen, frifchen Wangen. Für einen Leichnam bin ich nicht zu Sans; Mir geht es, wie ber Rage mit ber Maus. Der Bert. Dun gut, es fen bir überlaffen ! Bieh' biefen Beift von feinem Urquell ab, Und führ' ibn, fannft bu ibn erfaffen, 325 Auf beinem Wege mit berab, Und fteh' beidiamt, wenn bu befennen mußt : Gin auter Menich in feinem bunteln Drange Mit fich bes rechten Beges wohl bewußt. Dephiftopheles. Schon gut! nur banert es nicht lange. Mir ift für meine Wette aar nicht bange. Wenn ich gu meinem Bwed gelange, Erlaubt ihr mir Trimmbh aus voller Bruft. Stanb foll er freffen, und mit Luft, Wie meine Muhme, Die berühmte Schlange. 335 Der Berr. Du barfit auch ba nur frei ericheinen ; Sich habe beines Gleichen nie gehafit. Bon allen Geiftern, Die verneinen, Aft mir ber Schalt am wenigsten gur Laft. Des Meniden Thatiateit tann allguleicht erichlaffen, Er liebt fich balb bie unbedingte Ruh';

Drum geb' ich gern ihm ben Gefellen zu, Der reizt und wirft, und muß, als Tenfel, schaffen. Doch ihr, die ächten Ebiterführe, Erfrent ench der lebendig reichen Schöne! Das Werbende, das ench wirft und lebt.

Umfass 'end mit der Liebe holden Schranken, Und was in schwankender Erscheinung schwebt, Besestiget mit danernden Gedanken!

(Der himmel fchließt, Die Erzengel vertheilen fich.)

cheeks the best. I am not at home to a corpse. I am like the cat with the mouse.

THE LORD. Well then, be it left to thee! Draw away this spirit from his fountain-head, and lead him, if thou canst seize him, downwards with thee on thy way; and stand abashed when thou art forced to own,—a good man in his dark aspiration is still conscious of the right way.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Agreed! only it will not last long. I am not at all anxious about my wager. If I gain my ond, allow me a triumph with my whole soul. Dust shall he eat, and with zest, like my consin, the renowned serpont.

The Lord. There also thou mayst act quite freely. I have nover hated the like of thee. Of all the spirits who deny, the waggish knave is the least burdensome to me. Man's activity can all too easily relax; he soon grows fond of absolute repose for himself; herefore I willingly give him a companion who stirs and works, and must, as dovil, be doing. But ye, true sous of the gods, rejoice in the livingly rich beautiful! Let that which is passing into new being, which ever works and lives, encompass you with the gracious bounds of love; and that which floats in wavering appearance, do ye make fast with enduring thoughts!

(Heaven closes, the ARCHANGELS disperse.)

gern,

Und hate mich, mit ihm gu brechen.

Es ift aar biibich von einem großen Berrn, So menfchlich mit bem Tenfel felbft gu fprechen.

MEPHISTOPHELES (alone). From time to time I like to see the Ancient One, and am careful not to break with him. It is quite handsome of a great Lord to speak so kindly with the devil himself!

Der Tragobie erfter Theil

Racht

Fauft (in einem hochgewollten, engen, gothifchen Zimmer nuruhig auf feinem Geffel am Bulte).

Sabe unn, ach! Philosophie,

Jurifterei und Mebicin, 355 Und feiber auch Theplpaie Durchaus ftubirt, mit beißem Bemab'n. Da fteb' ich nun, ich armer Thor ! Und bin fo flug, als wie amor : Beife Magifter, beife Dottor gar, 360 Und giebe icon an bie geben Sabr. Berauf, herab, und quer und frumm, Meine Schuler an ber Nafe berum -Und febe, bak mir nichts wiffen fonnen ! Das will mir idier bas Berg verbrennen. 365 Amar bin ich gescheibter als alle bie Laffen. Dottoren, Magifter, Schreiber und Bfaffen ; Mich plagen feine Scrupel und Ameifel. Burdte mich weber bor Bolle noch Teufel -Dafür ift mir auch alle Freud' entriffen. 370 Bilbe mir nicht ein, was Rechts zu wiffen,

Bilbe mir nicht ein, ich könnte was lehren, Die Menschen zu bessern und zu bekehren. Auch hab' ich weder Gut noch Gelb.

FIRST PART OF THE TRAGEDY

Faust's Study. (1)

NIGHT. In a high-vaulted, narrow, Gothic chamber, FAUST on his seat at the desk, restlets.

FAUST. I have now, alas, studied thoroughly, with ardent effort, philosophy, jurisprudence, and medicine, and, ast to say, theology too. Here stand I now, poor fool that I am, and am just as wise as before. I am called Magister, am even called Doctor; and for these ten years past have been leading my pupils about by the nose, up, down, across, and awry—and see that we can know nothing! That is almost enough to burn up my heart. True, I am eleverer than all the fops, doctors, magisters, electric, and priests. No scruples or doubte plague me; I fear neither hell nor devil. On the other hand, all joy is torn from me. I do not fancy that I know anything out of the common way; I do not fancy that I could teach anything to better and to convert mankind. Moreover I have neither goods nor money,

32	Fauft	375-493
Noch Chr' und herrlichteit ber Belt;		375
Es möchte fei	n Hund so länger leben!	
	h mich ber Magie ergeben,	
Ob mir burch	Geistes Kraft und Mund	
	Beheimniß würde fund ;	
Daß ich nicht	mehr, mit fauerm Schweiß,	380
Bu fagen bra	uche, was ich nicht weiß;	
Daß ich erten	ne, was die Welt	
Im Innerfter	ı zusammenhält,	
	dirfensfraft unb Samen,	
Und thu' nich	t mehr in Worten kramen.	385
D fähft bu, v	oller Mondenschein,	
Bum lettenm	al auf meine Pein,	
Den ich fo me	mche Mitternacht	
Un biefem Bi	ilt herangewacht:	
Dann über B	lüchern und Papier,	399
	reund, erschienst bu mir!	
Ach! könnt' i	ch boch auf Bergeshöh'n	
	eben Lichte gehn,	
Um Bergeshi	hle mit Geiftern schweben,	
Muf Biefen i	n beinem Dämmer weben,	395
Bon allem M	diffensqualm entladen	
In beinem T	han gefund mich baden!	
Weh! fted' ic	h in bem Kerker noch ?	
	umpjes Mauerloch,	
Wo felbit bas	liebe Simmelslicht	400
Trüb burch g	emalte Scheiben bricht!	
	it biefem Bücherhauf,	

Den Burmer nagen, Stanb bebedt,

nor honour and grandeur of the world. No dog would like to live thus any longer! Therefore I have devoted myself to magie—whether through the spirit's power and voice many a mystery might not become known to mae, so that no more, with hitter sexed, I need say that which I do not know; that I may perceive what holds the world together in its immost cove, behold all working energy and germs, and deal no more in works.

Oh that thou, full moonlight, wert looking for the last time upon my anguish, whom I so many a mithight have watched for at this deak! Thou, over books and paper, melancholy friend, didst thou appear to me. Ah, would that I could walk in thy dear light on mountainheights, hover with spirits around mountain-eaves, move over meadows in thy glimmer, and, released from every time of knowledge, bathe and be healed in thy dew!

Woe's me! do I still stick in this dungeon?—accursed, musty, dingy hole!—where even the dear light of heaven breaks dimly through painted panes—hemmed in by this heap of books, which worms gnaw, dust Mit Gläfern, Büchjen rings umftellt, Mit Justrumenten vollgepfrooft, Urväter Hausrath verin gestopft — Das ift beine Welt! das heißt eine Welt!

Und fragst du noch, warum dein Herz Sich bang in deinem Busen Cemunt? Bacrum ein unerflärter Schwerz Die alle Kedenschaum hemunt? Statt der Lebendigen Natur, Da Gott die Wenischen schafft spineln, Umgiede im Nand im Wodere nur

150

425

430

Dich Thiergeripp' und Tobtenbein. Fliech'! Auf! Hinaus ins weite Land! Und bies geheinmißvolle Buch.

Bon Noftradamus' eigner Hand,
If die s nicht Gefeit genug?
Erfenneft dann der Serene Lauf,
Und wenn Ratur dich unterweit,
Dann geht die Seefenkraft dir auf,
Beitpricht ein Geift zum andern Geift.
Unionst, daß trocknes Sinuen hier

Die heil'gen Beichen dir erklärt : Ihr schwebt, ihr Geister, neben mir : Antwortet mir, wenn ihr mich hört !

(Er foldagt bas Buch auf, une erlieft bas Beigen bes Mafrofosiuns,)

Ha ! welche Wonne fließt in biejem Blid Auf einmal mir burch alle meine Sinnen! covers; round which, up to the high vault, sticks a besmoked paper; encircled with glasses, boxes; fullcrammed with instruments; ancestral furniture stuffed in—that is thy world! That is called a world!

And dost thou still ask why thy heart becomes cramped, uneasy, in thy bosom 1—why a vague pain checks every motion of thy life 1 Instead of the living nature into which God fashioned man, around thee are only brutes' skeletons and dead men's bones, in smoke and mould.

Fly1 Up! Out hence into the wide world! And this mysterious book from Nostandama' own hand, is it not companion enough for thee! Then with thou discern the course of the stars, and, if Nature instruct thee, then the soul's strength will rise up, enabling thee to know how one spirit speaks to another spirit. The vain that dull porting here expounds to thee the holy signs! Ye are howering, ye spirits, near mo; answer me, if ye hear me!

(He opens the book, and perceives the sign of the Macrocosm.)

Ah, what delight flows at once through all my senses at this sight! I feel youthful, holy life-joy run, newly

440

445

450

Ich fible junges, beil'ges Lebensalud Rengfühend mir burch Rerb' und Abern rinnen. Bar es ein Gott, ber biefe Reichen fdrieb. Die mir bas innre Toben ftillen, Das grme Berg mit Frenbe füllen.

Und, mit gebeimnifivollem Trieb, Die Rrafte ber Ratur rings um mich ber enthillen?

Bin ich ein Gott? Mir wird fo licht! Ich ichan' in biefen reinen Bilgen

Die mirfende Ratur por meiner Geele liegen. Rett erft erfeun' ich, was ber Weise fpricht :

"Die Beifterwelt ift nicht verichloffen : Dein Sinn ift gu, bein Berg ift tobt !

Muf! babe, Schiller, unverbroffen Die irb'iche Bruft im Morgenroth !"

(We befchaut bat Beichen,) Wie alles fich gum Gangen webt!

Eins in bem Anbern wirft und lebt! Bie Simmelsfrafte auf und nieber fteigen Und fich bie golbnen Gimer reichen !

Mit fegenbuftenbenb Schwingen Rom Simmel burch bie Erbe bringen,

Harmonifch all' bas All burchtlingen! Beld Schaufpiel! aber ach! ein Schaufpiel nur!

Bo fafi' ich bich, unenbliche Natur? End, Briffe, wo? Ihr Quellen alles Lebens, Un benen Simmel und Erbe hangt, Dabin bie welte Bruft fich brangt -

Ihr quellt, ihr trantt, und ichmacht' ich fo vergebens?

(Er fcblagt unwillig bas Buch um, und erblidt bas Beichen bes Erbgeiftes.)

glowing, through nerves and veins. Was it a god that maced these signs, which still my inward storm, fill my poor heart with gladness, and unveil, with mysterious power, the forces of Nature round about me † Am I a god t—my vision grows so clear! I see, in these pure lines, Nature in action lie before my soul. Now, for the first time, I discern what the sage says: 'The work of spirits is not closed; thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead! Up, disciple, bathe, untired, thy earthly breast in the red of dawn!'

(He contemplates the sign.)

How overything weaves itself into the Whole! Each in the other works and lives! How heavenly power ascend and descend, and pass one another the golden pails,—press, with bliss-exhaling wings, from heaven through earth,—ring harmoniously, all through the All!

What a spectacle! but ah, a spectacle only! Where shall I grasp thee, infinite Nature! Ye breasts, where! Ye sources of all life, on which hang heaven and earth, towards which the withered breast presses—ye gush, ye give to drink, and am I thus languishing in vain!

(He turns over the leaves of the book indignantly, and perceives the sign of the Earth-Spirit.)

485

Wie anders wirft dies Reichen auf mich ein ! Du, Beift ber Erbe, bift mir naber; Schon fühl' ich meine Rrafte bober. Schon glub' ich wie bon neuem Bein; 3ch fühle Muth, mich in bie Welt zu wagen, Der Erbe Beh, ber Erbe Glud zu tragen, 465 Mit Stürmen mich berummichlagen. Und in bes Schiffbruche Rniriden nicht zu gagen. Es wölft fich über mir ---Der Mond perbirat fein Licht -Die Lampe fdwinbet! 470 Ge bompft! - Ge guden rothe Strablen Dir um bas Saupt - Es weht Ein Schauer bom Gemölb' berab. Und fakt mich an! 3ch fühl's, bu ichwebft um mich, erflehter Beift! 475

Sa! wie's in meinem Bergen reißt! Ru neuen Gefühlen

Enthülle bich !

Unb nun - -

MII' meine Sinne fich erwühlen !

3ch fuble gang mein Berg bir bingegeben ! Du mufit! bu mufit! und foftet' es mein Leben!

(Gr faßt bas Buch, und fpricht bas Beichen bes Beiftes gebeimniftvoll aus, judt eine rethliche Flamme, ber Weift erfcheint in ber Blamme.)

Beift. Ber ruft mir? Wanit (abgewenbet). Schrectliches Geficht! Beift. Du baft mich machtig angezogen,

An meiner Sphare lang' gefogen,

Beh! ich ertrag' bich nicht! Ganft.

How differently this sign affects me! Thou, Spirit of
the Earth, art nearer to me! Already I feel my
energies higher; already I glow as with new wine; I
feel courage to venture into the world,—to bear the
arth's woo, the earth's weal, to vrestle with storms, and
not to tremble in the shipwreck's crash. Clouds gather
over me—the moon hides her light—the hamp dies away!
Vajours arise!—Red beams dart around my head—a
horror wafts down from the vault, and seizes me! I feel
h;—thou art hovering round me, prayer-compelled
Spirit! Reveal thyself! Ifa! what a tearing in my
heart! All my senses are upstirring to new feelings!
I feel my whole heart surrendered to thee! Thou
must—and hought it osts my life.

(He seizes the book, and pronounces mysteriously the sign of the Spirit. A red flame flashes; the Spirit appears in the flame.)

Spirit. Who ealls to me?

FAUST (turning away). Terrible vision!

Spirit. Thou hast mightily drawn me, long sucked at my sphere, and now—

FAUST. Woe's me! I endure thee not!

40	Faust	486-515
Getft. Du fleh	st erathmend, mich zu schauen,	
Meine Stim	ne zu hören, mein Antlit zu fehn ;	
Mich neigt b	ein mächtig Seelenflehn:	
Da bin ich ! -	— Welch erbärmlich Grauen	
Faßt Ueberm	enichen bich! Wo ift ber Seele Ruf?	490
	ruft, die eine Welt in sich erschuf	
	d hegte, die mit Frendebeben	
Erichwoll, fic	h uns, den Geistern, gleich zu heben ?	
Wo bift bu, §	Jauft, deß Stimme mir erklang,	
	rich mit allen Kräften brang ?	495
	er, von meinem Handy umwittert,	
	enstiefen zittert,	
Ein furchtsan	ı weggefrümmter Wurm!	
Faust. Soll ich	dir, Flammenbildung, weichen ?	
Ich bin's, bir	t Faust, bin beines Gleichen !	500
Geift. In Lebe	nsstuthen, im Thatensturm	
Wall' ich auf		
Webe bin un'	h her t	

Geburt und Grab. Gin ewiges Meer, Ein wechfelnb Beben, Ein alfibend Leben.

Co ichaff' ich am faufenben Bebitubl ber Reit. Und wirfe ber Gottheit lebenbiges Rleib. Wanft. Der bu bie weite Welt umidweifft.

Befchäftiger Beift, wie nah fühl' ich mich bir ! Bein. Du gleichft bem Beift, ben bu begreifft.

Nicht mir t

(Berichwindet.) Gaup (gufammenfturgenb). Richt bir ? Mem benn ?

505

510

515

SURIC. Thou prayest, panting to behold me, to hear my voice, to see my face; thy mighty soul-entreaty bends me: here am II—What pittful terror seizes thee, the superhuman being? Where is the soul's call! Where is the broat which created in itself a world, and bore and fostered it,—which swelled, with tremors of joy, to lift itself to a level with us, the spirits! Where art thou, Faust, whose voice rang to mm—who pressed towards me with all his energies! Art thou he! thou who, fanned around by my breath, tremblest in all the depulss of life, a timidly writhing worm!

FAUST. Shall I yield to thee, Shape of Flame? I am he, am Faust, am thine equal!

SPIRIT. In the tides of life, in the storm of action, I wave up and down, waft hither and thither! Birth and grave, an eternal sea, a changeful weaving, a glowing life—thus I ply at the whirring loom of time, and work the living garment of the Deity!

FAUST. Thou who rovest about the wide world, busy Spirit, how near I feel myself to thee!

Spirit. Thou art like the spirit whom thou comprehendest,
—not me! (Vanishes.)

FAUST (collapsing). Not thee! Whom then ? I, image of

525

535

540

Ich, Ebenbild ber Gottheit! Und nicht einmal dir!

Und nicht einmal dir! (Es flopfi.) D Tod! ich kenn's — das ift mein Famulus — Es wird mein schönstes Glüd zu nichte!

Daß biefe Fülle ber Gefichte

Der trodne Schleicher ftoren muß !

Wagner, im Schlaftode und ber Nachtmube, eine Lampe in ber hant. Fauft wentet fich unroillig.

Bagner. Berzeiht, ich hör' euch beclamiren; Ihr laf't gewiß ein Griechisch Trauerfoiel?

In dieser Kunst möcht' ich vons prositiren, Denn beut zu Tage wirst das viel.

Ich hab' es öfters rühmen hören,

Gin Romobiant tonnt' einen Pfarrer fehren.

Faus. Ja, wenn ber Pfarrer ein Komöbiant ift ;

Wie das denn wohl zu Zeiten kommen mag. Wagner. Ach! wenn man so in sein Musenm gebaunt ist, 530 Und sieht die Welt kann einen Feiertag,

Raum burch ein Fernglas, nur von weiten, Wie toll wor lie durch Naberredung leiten

Wie foll man fie durch Ueberredung leiten ? Ranft. Wenn ihr's nicht fiblt, ihr werbet's nicht eriagen,

Fangt. Wenn ihr's nicht fühlt, ihr werbet's nicht erjagen, Wenn es nicht aus ber Seele bringt,

Und, mit urfräftigem Behagen Die herzen aller hörer zwingt.

Sibt ihr nur immer! Leimt gufammen,

Braut ein Ragout von andrer Schmaus, Und blaf't die fümmerlichen Flammen

Aus euerm Afchenhäufchen 'raus! Bewindrung bon Kindern und Affen,

Wenn ench barnach ber Gaumen fteht ;

the Deity,—and not even thee! (A knock.) Oh death!

I know it—that is my famulus—my fairest fortune
comes to nought! That the dry groveller must disturb
this fulness of visions!

(WAGNER, in his dressing-gown and night cap, a lamp in his hand. FAUST turns round, displeased.)

Wagner. Excuse me! I hear you declaiming; you were surely reading a Greek tragedy † I should like to pick up something in this art, for nowadays it has a great effect. I have often heard say, an actor might instruct a parson.

FAUST. Yes, if the parson is an actor; as may indeed happen now and then.

Wanner. Ah, when one is thus confined to ono's study, and hardly sees the world on a holiday—hardly through a telescope, only from afar—how is one to lead it by persuasion?

FAUSE. If you do not feel is, you will not get it by hunting for it,—if it does not rush from the soul, and compel the hearts of all heavers with intense delight. Sit at it for ever; glue together; cook up a hash from the feast of others, and blow the miserable flames forth out of your little ash-heap—the admiration of children and apes, if Rauft. Gud' Er ben reblichen Bewinn ! Sen Er fein ichellenfanter Thor ! Es tragt Berftand und rechter Sinn 550 Mit wenig Kunft fich felber por : Und wenn's end Ernft ift, mas an fagen. Nit's nothig, Worten nachaniggen ? Na, eure Reben, bie fo blinkend find,

In benen ihr ber Menfchheit Schnibel franfelt, Sind unerguidlich, wie ber Nebelwind. Der herbstlich burch bie burren Blatter faufelt. Und furs ift unfer Leben.

Bagner, Ach Gott ! bie Runft ift fang. Mir wird bei meinem fritischen Bestreben 560 Doch oft um Ropf und Bufen bang. Bie ichwer find nicht bie Mittel gu erwerben. Durch bie man gu ben Onellen fteigt ! Und eh man nur den halben Weg erreicht.

Muß wohl ein armer Teufel fterben. 565 Fauft. Das Bergament, ift bas ber beil'ge Bronnen, Woraus ein Trunf ben Durft auf ewia ftillt? Erquidung haft bu nicht gewonnen, Benn fie bir nicht aus eigner Seefe guillt. 570

Bagner, Bergeift! Es ift ein groß Ergeben. Sich in ben Geift ber Beiten gu berfeben, Ru ichanen, wie bor uns ein weiser Mann gedacht. Und wie wir's bann gulest to herrlich weit gebracht.

Wanft. Dia, bis an bie Sterne weit!

your palate craves for that! But you will never touch the hearts of others, if it does not come from your own.

Wagner. But delivery makes the orator's success; I feel indeed that I am still very backward.

Fausr. Seek you the honest triumph! Be you no belltinkling fool! Judgment and good sense express themselves with little art; and if you are in carnest to say something, is it necessary to hunt after words? Your speeches, I say, which are so glittering, in which you cut! up shreds for mankind, are unrefreshing as the mist-wind which rustles through the dry leaves in autumn.

Wagner. Ah, God! art is long and our life is short. Yet often, during my critical efforts, I feel oppressed in head and heart. How hard to acquire the means through which one mounts to the sources! And before one gets but half-way, a poor devil, in sooth, must die.

FAUST. Parchment—is that the holy well from which one draught allays the thirst for ever? Thou hast not gained refreshment, if it gushes not from thine own soul.

Wagner. Excuse me! It is a great pleasure to transport oneself into the spirit of the times; to see how a wise man has thought before us, and then, at last, how gloriously we have got on.

FAUST. Oh yes, as far as to the stars! My friend, the

46	Fauft	575-605
Mein Fre	und, die Zeiten der Bergangenheit	575
Sind uns	ein Buch mit sieben Siegeln ;	
Was ihr t	ben Beift ber Beiten heißt,	
Das ift in	ı Grund der Herren eigner Geift,	
In bem bi	ie Beiten fich bespiegeln.	
Da ift's bi	enn wahrlich oft ein Jammer !	580
Man länf	t ench bei bem erften Blid bavon.	
Ein Rehri	chtfaß und eine Rumpelkammer,	
Und höchft	tens eine Saupt- und Staatsaction,	
Mit treffli	den pragmatifden Maximen,	
Bie fie ber	n Buppen wohl im Munde gienten !	585
Wagner. A	Mein bie Belt ! bes Menfchen Berg und	Beift!
Möcht' jeg	licher boch was bavon erkennen.	
Gauft. 3a, 1	was man fo erfennen heißt!	
Wer barf	bas Rind beim rechten Namen nennen?	
Die wenig	en, die was davon erfannt,	590
Die thörid	ht g'nug ihr volles Berg nicht wahrten,	
Dem Bobe	el ihr Gefühl, ihr Schauen offenbarten,	
Sat man t	oon je gefrengigt und verbraunt.	
Ich bitt' e	nch, Freund, es ift tief in der Nacht;	
Wir muffe	n's diesmal unterbrechen.	595
Wagner. 3	d) hatte gern nur immer fortgewacht,	
	ehrt mit euch mich zu besprechen.	
Doch more	nen, als am erften Oftertage.	
Erlaubt m	ir ein' und anbre Frage,	
Mit Gifer	hab' ich mich ber Studien befliffen ;	600
Swar weif	ich viel, boch möcht' ich alles wiffen.	(216.)
). Wie nur bem Ropf nicht alle hoffnung	
	rfort an ichalem Benge flebt,	
	er Hand nach Schähen gräbt,	
	ft, wenn er Regenwürmer findet!	605

times of the past are to us a book with seven seals. What you call the spirit of the times, that is at bottom the gentlemen's own spirit, in which the times are mirrored. Then it is often, in truth, a pitful business! One runs from it, believe me, at the first glance. A rubbial-bin and a lumber room; and at best, a high state-tragedly, with excellent pragmatical maxims, such as well beesem the mouths of the numets.

Wagner, But the world! The heart and spirit of man! Every one surely would like to know something of these.

FAUST. Ay, what is called knowing! Who dares give a thing its right name! The flow who have known somewhat about them, who, foolishly enough, did not guard their full hearts—revealed their feelings, their views, to the mob—have very been curified and burnt. I beg you, friend—it is the depth of night; we must break off for the present.

Wagner. I would fain have kept waking, to converse with you so learnedly. To-morrow, however, being the first day of Easter, permit me a question or two. I have applied myself with zeal to studies; true, I know much; but I would fain know everything. (Exit.)

FAUST. How on earth does not all hope vanish from that brain which cleaves continually to stale trash, gropes with eager hand for treasures, and is glad when it finds grubs!

61 c

625

620

635

soo veriete paus muny mugnty ettouter?
Jond ach für diestant damit ich it;
Dem ärmlichten von allen Ercherfohnen.
Den tiffen mid ovo vor Verzegeschlism [as,
Die mit die Simme soon vor Verzegeschlism [as,
Die mit die Simme soon ze retteren wollte.
Ach i die Erchöchung war ze richtengroß,
Daß ich mid verde als Bewerg amplienen sollte.
Zah, Ekenbith der Gottent, das sich sich soon
Gang nach gebünkt dem Spieges der der Wachteit,
Ertin felds genoß, im Simmerfsglanz und Atarbeit,

omg dan geomit i em Erpege i on gir sochyeter, Gein jelbig geondi, in Simuelsglang und Nacheit, Und dageltreift den Erdenjohr; 3cd, mehr als Gerns, delign i freis Kraft Signe dunch die Erdern, delign i reie Kraft Signe dunch die Übern der Natur zu fleigen, Und, jediend, odhertecken zu gemießen.
Sich ahungsvoll verung, die muß ich büßen! Ein Zomerchort fat mich führwegereift.
Mich der für der zu diedem mich vermellen.

Hob' ich Erch' bid auguich befeffen,
Sa jenen jefen Kune Kreit.
An jenen jefen Mugnistiet
Ah flick mid jo l'etin, jo god's;
Mi fließe ganden mid gartlet,
Just ungewife Menjekotos.
Ber lefert mid by voos foll ich medon?
Ber lefert mid by voos foll ich medon?
Ell ich dechoeffen jenen Brance?

Soll ich gehorden jenem Brang ? Uch ! unfre Thaten felbft, so gut als unfre Leiben, Sie hemmen unfres Lebens Gang. Dem Kerrslichten. was auch der Weitt enwsangen.

Drängt immer fremd und frember Stoff fich an ;

Dare such a human voice sound here, where the Spirit's fulness surrounded me? Yet ah, this once I thank thee, poorest of all the sons of carth! I Thou didst snatch me away from the despair which was already on the point of destroying my senses. Ah, the vision was so gigantic that I could not but feel like a dwarf!

I, image of the Deity, who had faucied myself already quite near to the mirror of eternal truth,—enjoyed myself in heaven's lustre and clearness, with the earthing stripped off;—I, more than cherul, whose free strength already dared, in forecast, to flow through the veins of nature, and, in creating, to enjoy the life of the gods—how must I expiate it! One thunder-word has swept me away.

I dare not pressume to be like thee! If I have possessed the power to draw thee to me, I had no power to hold thee. In that blossed moment, I felt so little, so legal; then cruelly didst thrust me back on man's uncertain lot. Who will teach not 'What am I to shari 'Must Dit obey that impulse' Alasi our very actions, as well as our suffrings, obstruct the course of our life.

Alien, and more alien, matter still thrusts itself on whatover of noblest the spirit has conceived. When we

655

660

Wenn wir zum Guten biefer Welt gelangen, Dann heißt das Befire Trug und Wahn. Die uns das Leben gaben, herrliche Gefühle Erstarren in dem irdischen Gewähse.

Wenn Phantalie lich jonst mit fühnem Flug lind höffinungsvolf zum Ewigen etweitert, So ist ein Keiner Naum ürr unn genug, Wenn Glüd auf Glüd im Zeitenstrubel scheitert. Die Sorge nistet gleich im tiesen Perzen, Dart wirfel für gesteine Schwerzen.

Dort wirtet sie geheime Schwerzen, 615 Unrusje voegt sie sie den die die sie der Auft und Ang'; Sie doet sie sie sie nie eure Mosten pa, Sie mag als Haus und Hof, als Weid und Kind erspeinen, Als Fener, Wesser, Odh und Gill; On besti von allem, was siedt trifft. 620

Du bebst vor allem, was nicht trifft, Und was du nie verlierst, das mußt du stets beweinen.

Den Göttern gleich' ich uicht! An tief ist es gesühlt; Dem Wurme gleich' ich, ber den Staub durchwühlt, Den, wie er sich im Staube nährend lebt, Des Mand'rers Tritt vernichtet und bearäbt.

Ift es nicht Stanb, was diese hohe Wand, Aus hundert Fächern, mir verenget, Der Tröbel, der, mit tansendsachem Tand.

In dieser Mottenwelt mich dränget? Hier soll ich sinden, was mir sehlt? Soll ich vielleicht in tausend Büchern leseu,

Daß überall die Wenschen sich gequält, Daß hie nud da ein Glücklicher gewesen? —

Bas grinfeft bu mir, hohler Schabel, ber?

have attained to the Good of this world, then the Better is called deception and illusion. The glorious feelings which gave us life grow torpid in the earthly turmoil.

- Though fancy, with bold flight, and full of hope, dilates at a scarlier time to the Infinite, yet now a little species is enough for her, when venture upon venture goes to wreek in the whiripool of time. Care nestless traightway in the deep heart; there she produces scere griefs, rocks herself readealy, and disturbs happiness and rest. She is constantly covering herself my with new disguises; she may appear as house and homestead, as wife and child; as fire, water, dagger, and poison. Thou tremblest at all that does not befull thee; and that which thou never looses, thou must continually lament.
- I am not like the gods! Too deeply is it felt; I am like the worm which burrows through the dust, which, as it lives feeding in the dust, the wanderer's tread destroys and buries.
- Is it not dust, that which, from a hundred compartments, contracts for me this lofty wall if the rubbils which crowds me with thousandfold trash in this world of moths! Shall I find here what I want! Shall I read perchance in a thousand books that everywhere men have grieved; that here and there has been a happy non—Why grimnest thou down on me, hollow skull,

68 s

6ca

Mis daß dein hirn, wie meines, einst verwirret, 665 Den leichten Tag gesicht und in der Dämm'rung schwer, Mit Lust nach Wahrheit, jämmerlich getree! Kr. Unftrumente freilich svottet wein.

Mit Rab und Kännnen, Balg' und Bügel. Ich frand am Thor, ihr folliet Schlüffel febn :

Ich ftand am Thor, ihr solltet Schlüssel jehn ; 670 Bwar ener Bart ift trans, boch hebt ihr nicht die Riegel.

Geheimnisvoll am lichten Tag, Läßt sich Natur bes Schleiers nicht berauben,

Und voa sie beinem Geist nicht offenbaren mag, Das zwingst du ihr uicht ab mit Sebesn und mit Schrauben. Du alt Geräste, das ich nicht gebraucht, 676

Du alt Gerätze, das ich nicht gebraucht,
Ou siehst nur hier, weil dich mein Bater brauchte.
Du alte Rolle, du wirst angeraucht,
So lang an besem Bulk die tribe Lambe schmanchte.

So lang an diesem Pult die trilbe Lampe schmanchte. Weit besser hätt' ich doch mein Weniges verpraßt, 680 Als, mit dem Wenigen belastet, hier zu schwigen 1 Was du erreft von deinen Wätern hast, Erwirb es, nm es zu bessere.

Was man nicht nützt, ift eine schwere Last; Nur was der Angenblick erschafft, das kann er nützen.

Dach marum beftet fich mein Blid auf iene Stelle?

Sjt jenes Klājchchen bort ben Augen ein Wagnet? Warum wird mir auf einmal fieblich helle, Als wenn im nächt'gen Walb uns Wonbenglanz umweht?

Ich grüße bich, du einzige Bhiole, Die ich mit Andach nun herunterhole ! In dir verehr' ich Menschenwih und Annst. Du Inbearist der hoden Schlummeriäfte. but that thy brain, once bewildered like mine, sought the buoyant day, and, in the heavy twilight, with zeal for truth, did lamentably err ? Ye instruments are surely mocking me with wheel and cogs, cylinder and handle. I stood at the gato; we were to be the key: true, your wards are intricate, but ve raise not the bolts. Mysterious in broad day, Nature does not let herself be robbed of her veil; and what she does not choose to reveal to thy spirit, thou wilt not wrest from her with levers and with screws. Ye ancient tools, which I have not used, ye only stand here because my father used you. Thou, ancient scroll, thou hast been growing besmoked since the dim lamp first smouldered by this desk. Much better, surely, had I squandered my little than, burdened with the little, to be sweating here. What thou hast inherited from thy sires, earn it, in order to possess it! What one does not use is a heavy burden; only that which the moment creates can it use

But why does my glance fix itself on that place? Is that phial there a magnet to the eyes? Why, of a sudden, grows all delightfully bright to me, as when moonlight gleams around us in the nocturnal wood?

I hail thee, thou unique phial, which I now take down with devotion! In thee, I honour the wit and art of man. Thou essence of kind slumber-juices, thou extract

700

Erweije beinem Meister beine Gunft 1 3ch sieh bid, es wird der Schwerz gesindert, 3ch stille die Setreden wird gemindert, Des Geistes Fluthstrom ebbet nach und nach. Ins hope Weer werd ich hinausgewicsen, Die Spiegasting ergatugt zu meinen Fäsien, In neuen Usern soch eine Argent

Du Auszug aller töbtlich feinen Rrafte.

Ein Fenerwagen ichwebt auf leichten Schwingen Un mich beran! Ich fühle mich bereit. Muf neuer Bahn ben Mether gu burchbringen, Bu neuen Spharen reiner Thatialeit. Dies hohe Leben, Dieje Götterwonne! Du, erft noch Wurm, und bie verbieneft bu? 3a, tehre nur ber holben Erbenfoune Entichloffen beinen Rücken au! Bermeffe bich, bie Bforten aufzureifen. Bor benen jeber gern porüberichleicht! Sier ift es Beit, burch Thaten gu beweifen, Daß Mannesmurbe nicht ber Götterhobe weicht. Bor jeuer bunteln Soble nicht au beben. Ju ber fich Bhantafie gu eigner Qual verbammt. Rad jeuem Durchgang binguftreben, Um beffen engen Mund bie gange Solle flammt; Bu biefem Schritt fich beiter gu entichließen,

Und mar' es mit Gefahr, ins Richts babin au fliegen.

Nun komm herab, kryftallne reine Schale, Hervor ans beinem alten Futterale, An bie ich viele Rabre nicht gebacht! 720

710

715

of all deadly-subtle forces, show thy favour to thy master! I see thee—the pain is soothed; I grasp the —the struggle is lessened; the flood-tide of the spirit ebbs little by little; I am beekoned out to the main sea; the glassy flood glitters at my feet; a new day allures to new shores.

A charist of fire floats on light pinions towards met I feel ready to penetrate the other, on a new track, to new spheres of pure activity. This lotty life, this god-like joy—thou, but now a worm, dost thou deserve them? Ay, only turn by a ker-solvidy on carth's kindly sun! Dare to tear open the gates which every one is fain to like by 1 Now is the time to show by deods that man's dignity yields not to the sublimity of the gods; to tremble not before that dark; this which phantacy damms itself to its own torment; to press right on to that entrance round whose narrow month all hell is flaming; to resolve sexuely on this step, even were it at the peril of fright gath way with no nothingness.

Now come down, pure crystal goblet, on which I have not thought for many years, forth from thine old case!

740

745

Du glangteft bei ber Bater Frenbenfefte, Erheiterteft bie ernften Gafte, Wenn einer bich bem anbern gugebracht. 725 Der vielen Bilber fünftlich reiche Bracht. Des Trinfere Pflicht, fie reimweis gu erflaren, Muf einen Rug bie Boblung auszuleeren. Erinnert mich an manche Jugenbnacht; Ich werbe jest bich feinem Nachbar reichen. 730 Ich werbe meinen Wit an beiner Runft nicht zeigen : Bier ift ein Gaft, ber eilig trunten macht. Mit brauner Fluth erfüllt er beine Soble. Den ich bereitet, ben ich mable. Der feste Trunt fen nun, mit ganger Seele,

Mis feftlich hoher Gruß, bem Morgen gugebracht! (Gr febt bie Schale an ben Munb.)

Glodenflang und Chorgefang.

Chor ber Engel. Christ ift erstanben ! Frende bem Sterblichen. Den bie berberbfichen. Schleichenben, erblichen Mangel umwanben.

Fanft. Welch tiefes Summen, welch ein beller Ton Rieht mit Gewalt bas Glas von meinem Munbe ? Berfünbiget ihr bumpfen Gloden ichon Des Diterfeites erfte Reierftunde ? Ihr Chore, fingt ihr ichon ben troftlichen Gefang. Der einft um Grabesnacht von Engelslippen flang,

Gewißheit einem neuen Bunbe?

Thou didst glitter at the feasts of my sires, didst, gladden the grave guests, when one had passed thee to the other. The artistically rich splendour of many figures, the drinker's duty to explain them in rhyme,—to drain the eavily at a draught—remind me of many a night of my youth. I shall not now such thee to a neighbour; I shall not display my wit on thino art. Here is a juice which quickly intoxicates. It fills thy cavity with a brown flood. Be the last draught which I have prepared, which I choose, quaffed now, with full soul, as a festally high greeting to the morn!

(He puts the goblet to his mouth.)

Peal of bells and choral songs.

Chorus of Angels.

'Christ is riscu! Joy to the mortal, whom the corrupting, creeping, hereditary defects enveloped!'

FAUST. What deep humming, what clear strain, draws the glass by force from my mouth 1 Do ye, hollows sounding bells, proclaim already the first festal hour of Easter 1 Ye choirs, do ye already sing the comforting song which once, round the sepulchre's night, sounded from angel-lips; assurance of a new coreannt?

Chor ber Melher. Mit Spezereien Satten wir ihn gepflegt, 750 Bir feifte Treuen Satten ihn hingelegt; Zuder und Binben Reinlich umwanden wir. Ach! und wir finben 755 Chrift nicht mehr bier. Chor ber Gugel. Chrift ift erftauben ! Gelig ber Liebenbe, Der die betrübenbe. Seiliam' und übenbe 760 Priifung beftanben.

Fauft. Bas fucht ihr, machtig und gelinb. Ihr Simmeletone, mich am Staufe ? Mingt bort umber, wo weiche Meniden find.

Die Botichaft hor' ich wohl, allein mir fehlt ber Glaube : 265

Das Wunder ift bes Glaubens liebftes Rind. Ru ienen Spharen mag' ich nicht gu ftreben, Woher die holbe Rachricht tont:

Und boch, an biefen Rlang bon Ingend auf gemobnt. Ruft er auch fett gurud mich in bas Leben. Souft fturate fich ber Simmelafiehe Ruft

Auf mich herab in ernfter Sabbatbftille: Da flang fo ahnungsvoll bes Glodentones Fille, Und ein Gebet war brünftiger Genuß;

Ein unbegreiflich holbes Gehnen Trieb mich, burch Balb und Biefen bingugebn,

Chorus of Women.

'With spices had we ministered to Him; we, His faithful ones, had laid Him down. We swathed clothes and bands cleanlily round. Ah! and we find Christ no more here!'

Chorus of Angels.

'Christ is risen! Happy the Loving One, who has stood the afflicting, wholesome, and testing trial!'

EAUST. Why, yo heavenly tones, mighty and mild, seed yo no in the dust 1 Ring around where there are tender men 1 I hear the message, indeed, but I lack faith; minde is the dearest child of faith. I dare not aspire to those spheres from whence the gradous tidings sound; and yet, accustomed from youth upwards to this peal, it even now call me back to life. In other days, the kiss of heavenly love descended upon me in the solemn stillness of the subbath; then the fulness of the bell-tone pealed so presagefully, and a prayer was fervent enjoyment. A longing, inconceivably sweet, drove me to go forth through wood and meadows; and I felt,

785

790

795

800

Und unter tausen beschen Tzichnen züst! din nie eine Welt entstehn. Dies Lied verfünderd der Augend muntre Spiele, Der Früßtingsfeter freies Gläd; Erhanzung halt mich nun, mit fublichem Gefähle, Bom lehten, ernsten Schritt guräd. D löter fort, für füßen Jimmelsfächer!

Die Thrane quillt, die Erbe hat mich wieber !

Sat der Begrabene

Schon lich nach oben, Lebenb Erhobene, Hertlich erhobene; Her in Werebelnit Schaffenber Freude nach; Uch an ber Erbe Bruif, Sind duit ginn Leibe de. Lich er die Seinen Schmachtend uns hier gurück, Uch in wie beweiten, Maß I wie beweiten, Weitere beit Ginfal

Chor ber Engel. Chrift ift erstanden Uns der Berwejung Schooß! Reißet von Banden Frendig ench los!

Thätig ihn preisenben, Liebe beweisenben, Brüberlich speisenben. amidst a thousand hot tears, a world arise for me. This strain harbingered the gay sports of youth, the springfestival's free happiness. Memory now holds me back, with childlike feeling, from the last grave step. Oh sound on, ye sweet, heavenly strains! The tear flows, the earth has me again!

Chorus of Disciples.

*Whilst the Buried One—subline in His life, has already raised Himself gloriously on high—whilst, in the bilss of becoming, He is already nigh to creative joy—ah, we are still, for suffering, here! He left us, His own, behind, languishing here! Ah, we bewail, Master, Thy happiness!

Chorus of Angels.

'Christ is risen out of the lap of corruption! Joyfully tear yourself free from bonds! To you, praising Him by active work, manifesting love, faring like brethren,

Predigenb reifenben. Wonne berbeifenben. Gud ift ber Meifter nab. Euch ift er ba !

8ac

Bor bem Thor.

Charlerganger affer firt gieben binauf.

Einige Saubwerteburiche. Warum benn bort hinaus? Mubre. Wir gehn hinaus aufs Magerhaus.

Die Erften. Wir aber wollen nach ber Dahle manbern.

Ein Sandwerteburide. Ich rath' euch, nach bem Bafferhof au gebn.

Bwetter. Der Weg babin ift gar nicht ichon,

Die Bweiten. Bas thuft benn bu? Ein Dritter.

Ich gehe mit ben anbern. Bierter. Rach Burgborf fommt berauf! Gewiß bort finbet

ihr Die iconften Mabchen und bas befte Bier. Und Banbel von ber erften Gorte.

815

Gunfter. Du überluftiger Befell,

Sudt bich gum brittenmal bas Rell? 3ch mag nicht bin, mir graut es bor bem Drie.

810 Dienstmaden. Rein, nein! ich gebe nach ber Stabt gurud,

Mubre. Bir finben ihn gewiß bei jenen Bappeln fiehen. Erfte. Das ift für mich fein großes Glud:

Er wird an beiner Seite geben. Mit'bir nur tangt er auf bem Blan.

Bas gehn mich beine Frenben an !

825

preaching as ye travel, promising bliss, the Master is nigh! to you He is here!'

Before the Gate.

Promenaders of all kinds pass out.

Some Journeymen. Why, then, that way ? Others. We are going up to the Jägerhaus.

THE FORMER. But we are going to the mill.

A JOURNEYMAN. I advise you to go to the Wasserhof.

A SECOND. The way to it is not at all pleasant.

THE OTHERS. What will you do then?

A THIRD. I am going with the others.

A FOURTH. Come up to Burgdorf; there you will certainly find the prettiest girls, and the best beer, and rows of a prime sort.

A FIFTH. You wild fellow, is your skin itching for the third time ? I don't like going there; I have a horror of the place.

SERVANT-GIRL. No, no! I shall go back to the town.

Another. We shall certainly find him standing by those poplars.

THE FIRST. That is no great luck for me. He will walk by your side; with you alone, he dances on the green. How do your pleasures concern me?

835

840

850

Mubre. Beut ift er ficher nicht allein ;

Der Rraustopf, fagt' er, wurde bei ibm fenu.

Schuter. Blig! wie bie wadern Dirnen fchreiten !

Berr Bruber, tomm ! wir muffen fie begleiten.

Ein ftartes Bier, ein beigenber Tobad,

Und eine Magb im But, bas ift nun mein Geichmad.

Burgermaben. Da fieh mir nur bie fchonen Rnaben! Es ift wahrhaftig eine Schmach ;

Befellichaft tonnten fie bie allerbefte haben,

Und laufen biefen Magben nach!

Bweiter Chitter (gum erften). Richt fo gefchwind! bort binten fommen amei.

Sie find gar nieblich angerogen.

's ift meine Nachbarin babei;

Ich bin bem Mabden febr gewogen.

Sie geben ihren ftillen Schritt,

Und nehmen uns boch auch am Enbe mit.

Gruer. herr Bruber, nein ! ich bin nicht gern genirt.

Geschwind! baß wir bas Wilbpret nicht verlieren.

Die Sanb, bie Camstags ihren Befen führt,

Wirb Sonntags bich am beften eareifiren.

Burger. Dein, er gefällt mir nicht, ber neue Burgemeifter !

Run. ba er's ift. wird er nur taglich breifter.

Und für bie Stadt was thut benn er ?

Wirb es nicht alle Tage fchlimmer ?

Gehorchen foll man mehr als immer. Und zahlen mehr als ie borber.

Bettler (fingt). Ihr guten Berrn, ihr iconen Frauen,

Co wohlgeputt und badenroth. Belieb' es euch, mich angufchauen,

Und feht und milbert meine Roth !

855

- Another. To-day, he is sure not to be alone; the curlyhead, he said, would be with him.
- STUDENT. Zounds, how the gallant lasses step out! Come, brother, we must attend them. Strong beer, stinging tobacco, and a servant-girl in full trim,—that now is my taste.
- Burgher's Daughter. Now, do but look at the fine lads! It is really a shame; they might have the very best of company, and are running after these servant-girls.
- SECOND STUDENT (to the first). Not so fast! Two are coming behind there; they are quite nicely dressed. One of them is my neighbour; I am much attracted to the girl. They are walking in their quiet way, and yet will take us with them in the end.
- The First. No, brother! I do not like being under restraint. Quick! lest we lose the game. The hand which on Saturday plies its broom will fondle you hest on Sunday.
- BURGHER, No, he does not please me, the new Burgomaster. Now that he has become so, he grows daily more audacious. And then, what is he doing for the town? Are not things growing worse every day? One must obey more than ever, and pay more than in any time before.
- Beggar (sings). 'Ye good gentlemen, ye lovely ladies, so trimly dressed and resy cheeked, be pleased to look upon me, and see and relieve my need! Let me not

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Logit hier mich nicht pergebens leiern ! Rur ber ift frob, ber geben mag. Gin Zag, ben alle Meniden feiern.

Er fet für mich ein Erntetag.

Anberer Bürger. Dichts Beffers weiß ich mir an Sonn. und Feiertagen,

Mis ein Geipräch von Arieg und Ariegsgeichrei,

Wenn hinten, weit, in ber Tfirfei, Die Bolfer auf einander ichlagen.

Man fteht am Fenfter, trinft fein Glaschen ans

Und fieht ben Mink binab die bunten Schiffe aleiten :

Dann fehrt man Abende froh nach Sans,

Und fegnet Fried' und Friedenszeiten.

Dritter Burger, Berr Rachbar, ig ! fo laff' ich's auch aeichehn:

Sie mogen fich bie Ropfe fpalten.

Mag alles burch einander gebn,

Doch nur zu Saufe bleib's beim Alten.

Mite (gu ben Burgermabden). Gi! wie geputt! bas ichone iunge Blut!

Ber foll fich nicht in euch vergaffen ? -

Mur nicht fo ftola ! es ift ichon aut ! Und mas ihr münicht, bas wüßt' ich wohl ju ichaffen.

Bürgermabmen. Maathe, fort! ich nehme mich in Mcht,

Dit folden Begen öffentlich ju geben;

Sie ließ mich awar in Sanct Anbreas' Racht Den fünft'gen Liebften leiblich feben.

Die Anbre. Mir zeigte fie ihn im Driftall, Solbatenhaft, mit mehreren Berwegnen :

Ich feh' mich um, ich fuch' ihn überall. Mflein mir will er nicht begegnen.

go on grinding here in vain! He only is happy who likes to give. A day which all men are keeping as a holiday, be it for me a harvest day!

- ANOTHER BURGHER. For me, I know nothing better on Sundays and bolidays than a chat of war and war's alarus; when behind, far away, in Turkey, people are behalouring one another. One stands at the window, empties once glass, and sees the gay-coloured ships glide down the river; then, in the evening, one returns hearfully heme, and blesses peace and times of peace.
- THEE BURGHER. Ay, neighbour, I, too, have no objection to that; they may split one another's heads; everything may go helter-skelter; only let things go en at home in the old way.
- OLD WOMAN (to the Burghers' Daughters). Heyday! how smart! the pretty young creatures! Who would not be smitten with you? Only not so proud! It is all very well; and what you wish, I could perhaps procure.
- BURGHER'S DAUGHTER. Come along, Agatha! I take care not to walk publicly with such witches; true, on St. Andrew's eve, she showed me my future sweetheart bodily.
- THE OTHER. She showed me mine in the crystal, seldierlike, with other bold fellows; I look around, I seek him everywhere, but he will not meet me.

Madege mit folgen,
Söffnenben Ginnen
Meige it de gewinnen i
Riften it des Müßen,
Dertifde ber Bohn i
Inde bie Zeompete
Seifen wir merben,
Mie an ber Breube,
Go aum Berberfon.
Das it ein Stittmen!
Das it den Stittmen!
Das it den Stittmen!
Stiden in des Stiften
Stiften in Stiften
Stiften in Stoffen
Stiften in Stoffen
Stiften in des Stiften,
Dertifde ber Bohn I
Inde bie Soffen
Stiften in des Stiften,
Dertifde ber Bohn I
Inde bie Soffen
Stiften in des Stiften,
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Stiften in des Stiften,
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Biehen babon.

Fanst. Bom Eise befreit find Strom und Väche Durch des Frühfungs holden, belebenden Blidt; Jim Thale grünet Hoffmungshlüdt; Der alte Winter, in seiner Schwäche, Ban isch in rande Beree aurück.

Bon borther senbet er, fliehend, nur Ohnmächtige Schauer körnigen Eises In Streisen über die grünende Kinr.

Mber die Sonne duldet tein Weißes; Neberall reat sich Bildung und Streben. Soldiers (sing). 'Castles with high walls and battlements, maidons with proud, scornful thoughts, fain would I win! Bold is the endeavour, glorious the reward!

'And we let the trumpet engage us, as to joy so to destruction. That is a storming! That is a life! Maidens and castles must surrender. Bold is the endeavour, glorious the reward! And the soldiers march away!'

Faust and Wagner.

Fairs. Stream and broots are freed from ice by the kindly, quickening glance of Spring; the joy of hope grows verdant in the valley; old Winter, in his weakness, has retreated to the bleak mountains. From thence he sends, as he fifes, only importent showers of granulous ice in stripes over the green-growing plain. But the Sun ondures no white; formation and effort are everywhen stirring. He is bent upon enlivoning everything with

70	Fauft	913-943
Alles will fi	ch mit Farben beleben ;	
Doch an Bli	umen fehlt's im Revier,	
	geputte Menfchen baffir.	915
	nt, bon biefen Sohen	, ,
	abt zurück zu sehen.	
Aus dem ho	hlen, finstern Thor	
Dringt ein I	untes Gewimmel herbor.	
Jeber fount	fid) heute so gern ;	920
Sie feiern bi	e Auferstehnig bes Herrn:	
Denn fie fin	felber auferstanben,	
Aus niebrige	er Saufer bumpfen Gemachern,	
Aus Handiv	erfs. und Gewerbesbauben,	
Ans bem Dr	nd von Giebeln und Dachern,	925
Uns ber Str	aßen quetfchenber Enge,	
Aus ber Rir	hen ehrwürdiger Nacht	
Sind fie alle	ans Licht gebracht.	
Sieh nur, fie	h! wie behend fich die Menge	
Durch bie G	arten und Felber gerichlägt,	930
Bie ber Fin	ß, in Breit' und Länge,	
So manchen	lustigen Nachen bewegt ;	
Und, bis gun	ı Sinfen überladen,	
Entfernt fich	biefer lette Rahn.	
	es Berges fernen Pfaden	935
Blinken uns	farbige Kleiber an.	
	n bes Dorfs Getümmel ;	
	Bolfes wahrer Himmel,	
	ichzet Groß und Rlein:	
	Mensch, hier barf ich's senn.	940
	euch, Herr Dottor, zu spazieren	
	und ift Gewinn ;	
Doch würd' i	ch nicht allein mich her verlieren,	

colours. The landscape, however, lacks flowers; he takes gaily-dressed folk instead. Turn round to look back on the town from these heights! Forth from the hollow, gloomy gate presses a motley crowd. Every one is so fain to sun himself to-day. They celebrate the rising of the Lord, for they themselves have risen :-from the dank rooms of mean houses, from the bonds of labour and trade, from the compression of gables and roofs, from the crushing narrowness of streets, from the venerable gloom of churches, they are all brought to the light. Only look !- look how quickly the multitude is dispersing through the gardens and fields; how the river, in its breadth and length, sets so many merry boats in motion; and how this last wherry, overladen to the point of sinking, is putting off! Even from the distant paths of the mountain, coloured dresses glance brightly on us. I hear already the bustle of the village! Here is the true heaven of the people; great and small are huzzaing contentedly : here I am a man-here I may be one !

Wagner. To walk with you, Doctor, is honourable, and is an advantage; but I would not lose myself here alone, because I am an enemy to all coarseness. The fiddling,

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Weil ich ein Feind von allem Roben bin. Das Fiebeln, Schreien, Regelichieben Ift mir ein gar verhaßter Mana : Sie toben, wie bom bofen Beift getrieben, Und nennen's Freude, nennen's Gefang.

> Bauern (unter ber Linbe). Sang und Gefang.

Der Schäfer putte fich jum Taug, Mit bunter Rade, Band und Grang : Schmud war er angezogen. Schon um die Linde war es voll. Und alles taugte fchon wie toll. Suchbe ! Suchhe!

Buchheifa ! Beifa ! Be ! So ging ber Fiebelbogen.

Er brudte haftig fich berau, Da ftieß er an ein Mabchen an Mit feinem Ellenbogen. Die frifche Dirne fehrt' fich um Und fagte : Min. bas find' ich bumm ! Studibe ! Studibe ! Judiheifa ! Beifa ! Be !

Send nicht fo ungezogen ! Doch hnrtig in bem Rreife ging's, Sie tangten rechts, fie tangten lints.

Und alle Rode flogen. Sie wurden roth, fie wurden warm

Und ruhten athmend Arm in Arm. Andhe! Auchhe!

965

sheuting, skittle-playing, are to me a thoroughly detestable sound. They rave as if driven by the evil spirit, and call it pleasure, call it song.

Peasants under the Lime-Tree.

Dance and Song.

'The shepherd decked himself out for the dance with party-coloured jacket, ribbon, and garland: smartly was he dressed. Already it was full round the lime-tree, and all danced already like mad. Hurrah, hurrah! Huzza, huzza! So went the fidlle-stiek.

'He eagerly pressed near; he pushed there against a maiden with his elbow; the buxon girl turned round and said: "Now, that I think stupid!" Hurrah, hurrah! Huzza, huzza! "Don't be so ill-bred!"

'Yet sped it nimbly in the ring; they danced to right, they danced to left, and all the kirtles flew. They grew red, they grew warm, and rested panting arm-in-arm.

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Juchheisa ! Beisa! Be! Und Buft' an Ellenbogen,

Und thu' mir doch nicht so vertraut! Wie mancher hat nicht seine Braut Belogen und betroaen!

Er schweichelte sie boch bei Seit', Und von der Linde scholl es weit:

Judhe! Judhe! Judheifa! Beifa! Be!

Judheija! Deifa! De! Gefchrei und Fiedelbogen.

Miter Baner. Herr Dottor, bas ift icon von euch, Daß ihr uns heute nicht verschmäht,

Und unter biefes Bolfsgebrang', Mis ein jo Sochgelahrter, geht.

So nehmet auch ben schönften Krug, Den wir mit frischem Trunt gefüllt.

Ich bring' ihn gn und wünfche laut, Daß er nicht nur ben Durft euch ftillt:

Daß er nicht nur ben Durft ench fti Die Bahl ber Tropfen, die er begt,

Seh euren Tagen zugelegt. Fauft. Ich nehme ben Erquidungstrant,

Ertviebr' euch allen Seil und Dank. Das Bott sammelt fich im Kreis umber,

Miter Baner. Fürwahr! es ift fehr wohlgethan, Daß ihr am frohen Tag erscheint; Sabt ihr es vormals doch mit uns

An bojen Tagen gut gemeint! Gar mander iteht lebendia bier.

Ben euer Bater noch zulest

Der heißen Tieberwuth entriß,

Hurrah, hurrah! Huzza, huzza! And elbow upon hip.

"And don't make so free with me! How many a man has cajoled and deceived his botrothed!" Yet ho coaxed her aside; and from the lime-troe sounded far Hurrah, hurrah! Huzza, huzza! shouting and fiddlestick."

One PasaNT. Doctor, it is handsome of you not to scorn us today, and, great scholar as you are, to go among this crowd of people. Take, then, also the handsomest jug, which we have filled with fresh drink. I pledge you in it, and wish aloud that it may not only queed your thirst—may the number of drops which it holds to added to your days!

FAUST. I accept the refreshing draught; I return to all of you health and thanks!

(The people gather round in a circle.)

OLD PEASANT. Of a truth, it is very well done of you to appear on this happy day; for in evil days, formerly, you have wished us woll. Full many a one stands here alive whom your father snatched, even at the last, from

76	Fauft	00-1029
Als er ber Se	uche Biel gesett.	1000
Auch bamals i	hr, ein junger Mann,	
	edes Kranfenhaus ;	
Gar manche L	eiche trug man fort,	
Ihr aber famt	gefund heraus,	
Beftanbet man	che harte Proben ;	1005
Dem Helfer ha	lf der Helfer droben.	
MITE. Gefundheit	bem bewährten Mann,	
Daß er noch la	nge helfen kann !	
Jauft. Bor jenen	n broben fteht gebüdt,	
Der helfen lehi	t und Sülfe fcidt!	1010
	(Gr geht mit Wagnern weiter.)	
Wagner. Welch	ein Gefühl mußt bu, o großer Maun,	
Bei ber Berehr	ung biefer Menge haben !	
D glüdlich, we	r von feinen Gaben	
Sold einen Bi	ortheil ziehen kann !	
Der Bater zeig	t dich feinem Enaben,	1015
Ein jeber fragt	und brängt und eilt,	
Die Fiebel ftod	t, der Tänger weilt.	
Du gehft, in R	eihen ftehen fie,	
	gen in die Höh' ;	
	t, so bengten fich die Rnie,	1020
Als fäm' bas L	Benerabile.	
Jaufi. Mur weni	g Schritte noch hinauf zu jenem Stein!	
Sier wollen wi	r von unfrer Wandrung raften.	
hier faß ich oft	gebankenvoll allein,	
	h mit Beten und mit Faften.	1025
	eich, im Glauben feft,	
	Seufzen, Händeringen	
Dacht' ich bas (
Bom Herrn beg	Simmels zu erzwingen.	

the hot fever's rage, when he set bounds to the pestilence. You, too, at that time a young man,—you went into every sick house: full many a corpse was borne forth, but you came out sound, stood many hard trials: the Helper on high helped the helper.

ALL. Health to the well-proved man, that he may long still be able to help!

FAUST. Stand bowed before Him on high, who teaches how to help, and sends help!

(He proceeds with WAGNER.) .

Wanser. What a feeling, Oh groat man, must you have at the renoration of this multitude! Oh, happy he who can draw much an advantage from his gifts! The father points you out to his boy; every one questions, and presson, and hastens; the fiddle stops, the dancer pauses. You pass—they stand in rows, the caps if yu, and they all but bond the knee, as if the flost were coming.

FAUST. Only a few steps further, up to that stone! Here we will rest from our walk. Here I often sat, thoughtful, alone, and tormented myself with prayer and with fasting. Rich in hope, firm in faith, I thought to extort from the Lord of heaven, with tears, sighs, wringing of

Gewiffenhaft und pünktlich auszuüben ? Benn du, als Jüngling, beinen Bater ehrit, hands, the end of that pestilence. The applause of the multitude now sounds to me like mockery. Oh, could you read in my inmost seul, how little worthy have father and sen been of such a fame! My father was an obscure, worthy man, who mused on Nature and her holy circles in honesty-after his fashion, howeverwith whimsical toil; whe, in the company of adepts, shut himself up in the dark kitchen, and poured together contraries, after endless recipes. Thore was a red lion, a bold wooer, wedded in the tepid bath to the lily, and both were then tormonted with open flame from one bride-chamber into another. If thereupon the young oneen appeared with variegated coleurs in the glasshere was the medicine; the patients died, and no one inquired who recovered. Thus have we, with hellish electuaries, raged in these valleys, these mountains, far worse than the pestilence. I myself have given the poison to thousands; they pined away: I must live to hear people praise the shameless murderers!

Wagner. How can you trouble yourself about it! Does not a good man enough in practising conscientiously and accurately the art which was committed to him? If you, as a youth, honour your father, you will willingly

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So wirft bu geru von ihm empfangen; Wenn du, als Mann, die Wiffenstägest vermehrst, So fannt dein Sofn zu höherm Ziest gesangen. Vanst. D glüdlich, wer woch hossen dann, Uns biesen Weer des Frethums aufzntanchen!

Unis dielen Meer des Jerthjuns anfgistanden ! Bas man nicht weiß, das eben brauchte man, Und vost man weiß, fann man nicht brauchen. Doch faß uns dieser Stunde schnes Gut Duch solchen Schliebun nicht verkimmern ! Betrachte, wie in Mendbungsfuh

Ding jewig Artonyla nig vertimineti i Betrachte, wie in Kleinhformegnith Die grihmungebnen Hitten fchiumern ! Sie rüdt und weicht, der Zag ift iberlebt, Dort eil jie hin und hörbert neues Lebet, D daß tein Klügel nich vom Boden hebt, Ihr nach und immer nach zu frechen !

36 füß im ewigen Wendstraß

Die little Bed zu meinen Gäßen,

Gutzinke alle John, beruhigt ides Tha,

Den Silverdaß in geben Servine fließen.

Richt hemmt bem den gliegelächen Lauf

Der wilde Verg mit allen ieinen Schluchen.

Soden inte des Werer is mit erwirchten Anglen

Bor ben erstaunten Augen auf.

Dob siehen der Schluchen und bestehen der eine Kontenten Anglen

Dob die deht die Götten erwisch weganfluten;

Allein der neue Trieb erwacht, Ich eile fort, ihr ewiges Licht zu trinken, Bor mir den Tag und hinter mir die Nacht, Den Himmel über mir und unter mir die Wellen. Ein schwert Trann, indessen sie entweicht.

Ein igoner Trainn, indeljen he entweigt. Agl zu des Geistes Flügeln wird so leicht Kein körperlicher Flügel sich gesellen. receive of him; if you, as a man, cularge knowledge, your son may attain to a higher mark.

FAUST. Oh, happy he who can still hope to emerge from this sea of error! What one knows not, that very thing one would like to use; and what one knows, one cannot uso. But let us not embitter the lovely boon of this hour with such sadness! Mark how the green-girt cottages shimmer in the glow of the setting sun! Ho moves and recedes; the day is spent; yonder he hurries off, and quickons new life. Oh that no wing lifts me from the ground to strugglo after, and over after, him ! I should see, in the everlasting evening-ray, the still world at my feet, all the heights kindled, every valley lulled, the silver brook flowing into golden streams. Not then would the wild mountain, with all its ravines, arrost my godliko course. Alroady the sea, with warmed bays, opons before my astonished eyes. Yot the god seems at last to sink away. But the now impulse awakens; I hurry on to drink his everlasting lightthe day before me, and the night behind me; the heaven above me, and under me the waves. A beautiful dream! meanwhile, he vanishes. Alas! no bodily wing will so easily accompany the wings of the spirit. Yet it is

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Doch ift es jedem eingeboren, Daß fein Gefühl hinauf und vorwärts bringt, Wenn über uns, im blauen Raum verloren,

Ihr schmetternd Lieb die Lerche fingt, Wenn über schroffen Vichtenhöhen

Der Abler ausgebreitet schwebt,

Und über Flächen, über Seen Der Kranich nach ber Seimath ftrebt.

wagner. Ich hatte selbst oft grillenbate Stunden, Doch solden Trieb hab' ich noch nie empfunden. Man ficht sich leicht an Wald und Keldern sett,

Des Bogels Fittig werb' ich nie beneiben. Wie anders tragen uns die Geistesfreuben Bon Buch zu Buch, von Blatt zu Blatt!

Da werben Winternächte hold und schön, Ein selig Leben wärmet alle Glieber,

Ein jeug Leben warmet alle Glieder, Und ach ! entrollft du gar ein würdig Pergamen, So steigt der ganze Himmel zu dir nieder.

Sangt. Du bift bir nur bes einen Triebs bewußt; O ferne nie den andern kennen!

Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach! in meiner Bruft, Die eine will fich von ber anbern trennen; Die eine balt, in berber Liebesluft.

Sie eine gatt, in verver Revesant,
Sich an die Welt, mit Klammernden Organen;
Die andre hebt gewaltfam sich vom Dust
Bu den Gessieden hoher Uhnen.

O giebt es Geister in ber Luft, Die zwischen Erb' und Himmel herrschend weben, So steiget nieber aus bem goldnen Duft, Und führt mich weg, zu neuem, buntem Leben!

Ja, ware nur ein Baubermantel mein,

inborn in every one that his feelings should press upwards and onwards, when over us, the lark, lost in the blue expanse, sings its trilling lay; when ever rugged, pino-elad heights, the eagle sears outspread; and overplains, over seas, the erane is striving towards her home.

Wanner. I myself have often had whimsical hours, but never yet have I experienced such an impulse. One easily looks one's fill of woods and fields. I shall never envy the wing of the bird. How differently the pleasures of the mind bear us from book to book, from page to page! Thence wrinter nighths become pleasing and hright; a happy life warms all one's limbs; and all when you actually muroll a worthy parchment, the whole heaven discends to you.

Faust. Thou art conscious of the one impulse only; oh never learn to know the other! I we souls, alast I dwell in my breast; the one is beat on separating itself from the other. The one adheres, in vigorous passion, with clinging organs, to the world; the other lifts itself forcibly from the dust up to the regions of its lotty ancestors. Oh, if there be spirits in the air which hover, ruling, between earth and heaven, descend ye from your golden atmosphere, and lead me away to new varied life! Ay were but a magic mante mine, and could it Und trüg' er mich in fremde Läuber, Mir follt' er um die fösstläcklen Gewänder, Richt feil um einen Königsmantel fehn. Wagner. Bernfe nicht die voolsbefante Schaar,

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Die ftromend fich im Dunftfreis überbreitet, Dem Menichen tansendfaltige Gefahr, Bon allen Euben her, bereitet!

Son alen Eusen ger, bereitet i Bon Norben brüngt ber ficharfe Geisterzahn 1230 Auf dich herbei, mit pfeilgespitzten Jungen ; Bon Norgen ziehn, vertrodnend, sie heran,

Und nähren fich von deinen Lungen ; Wenn fie der Mittag aus der Wüste schiet, Die Gluth auf Gluth um deinen Scheitel häusen, ***25

Ste Gung and Gung and between Superet ganger,
So bringt ber Weft ben Schwarm, ber erft erquidt,
Um bigh und Hedd und Lie zu erfäufen.
Sie hören gern, zum Schaben froh gewandt,

Behorden gern, weil fie uns gern betrugen ; Sie ftellen wie vom himmel fich gefandt,

Und lispeln englisch, wenn fie lügen. Doch geben wir! Ergrant ift schon die Welt, Die Luft gefühlt, ber Nebel fällt!

Um Abend fößigt man erst das Hans. — Was stehst dan die in der Däumering so ergreisen? Was kam dies in der Däumering so ergreisen? Rans. Sieht die könderzen Hand die Saat und Stoudel

ftreifen? Wagner. Ich fah ihn lange fcon; nicht wichtig fchien er

mir. Fanst. Betracht' ihn recht! Für was hältst du das Thier?

yanst. Betracht' ihn recht! Für was hälfit bu das Thier? wagner. Für einen Bubel, ber auf feine Weise x150 Sich auf ber Sbur des Gerren plaat. bear me into foreign lands, I would not barter it for the costliest garmonts, for a king's mantle.

Wagner. Invoke not the well-known troop which diffuses itself, streaming, through the atmosphere, and prepares danger, thousandfold, from all quarters hither, to man! From the North, the sharp tooth of the spirits presses up to you, with arrow-pointed tongues; from the East, they approach, parching, and feed upon your lungs; if the South sends from the desert those which heap fire after fire upon your crown, the West brings the swarm which at first refreshes, in order to drown you, and field, and meadow. Gladly alert for mischief, they like to listen,-like to obey, because they like to deceive us; they foign to be sent from heaven, and lisp like angels when they lie. But let us be going! The world is already grown grey, the air chilled; the mist is falling, Not till the evening does one approciate home.-Why do you stand thus, and gaze astonished out there? What can so eatch your attention in the twilight?

FAUST. Seest thou the black dog ranging through corn and stubblo ?

Wagner. I saw him long since; he did not seem to mo important.

FAUST. Regard him well! For what dost take the brute ?

WAGNER. For a poodlo, which, after his wont, is toiling and moiling on the track of his master.

Fauft. Bemertit bu, wie in weitem Schnedenfreise Er um uns her und immer naber jagt? Und irr' ich nicht, fo zieht ein Teuerstrudel Anf feinen Bfaben hinterbrein. Wagner. Ich febe nichts als einen ichwarzen Unbel : Es mag bei euch wohl Augentäuschung febn. Jang. Mir fcheint es, bag er magifch leife Schlingen Bu fünft'gem Band um unfre Sine gieht. Bagner. Ich feh' ihn ungewiß und furchtfam uns fpringen. TYGO Beil er, ftatt feines Serrn, zwei Unbefannte fieht. Faust. Der Rreis wird eng, icon ift er nab! Wagner. Du fiehft, ein Sund, und fein Gefpenft, ift ba. Er fnurrt und zweifelt, legt fich auf ben Bauch, Er webelt - alles Snubebrauch. 1165 Janft. Gefelle bid ju mus ! Romm bier ! Bagner. Es ift ein pubelnärrifch Thier. Du ftebest ftill, er wartet auf : Du fpricift ibn an, er ftrebt an bir binauf : Berliere was, er wirb es bringen, 1170 Rach beinem Stod ins Baffer fpringen. Jauft. Du haft wohl recht; ich finbe nicht bie Gonr Bon einem Beift, und alles ift Dreffur. Bagner. Dem Sunbe, wenn er gut gezogen, Wird felbft ein weifer Mann gewogen. 1175

Ja, beine Gunft verbient er ganz und gar, Er, ber Stubenten trefflicher Scolar.

- FAUST. Dost mark how he courses round us, in a wide spiral circlo,—hithor, and ever nearer † And if I mistake not, a stream of fire moves after on his paths.
- Wagner. I see nothing but a black poodlo; there may perhaps be some optical illusion with you.
- FAUST. Mescems that he is drawing magically light nooses, for a future toil, around our feet.
- Wagner. I see him bounding doubtfully and timidly round us, because, instead of his master, he sees two strangers.
- FAUST. The circle grows narrow; he is already near!
- WAGNER. You see! A dog, and no phantom, is horo. He growls and hesitates, lies on his bolly; he wags his tail—all dog-fashion.
- FAUST. Come along with us! Come here!
- Wagner. It is a very droll brute. You stand still—he begs; you call him—he fawns upon you; lose anything —he will fetch it; will jump into the water after your stick.
- FAUST. Perhaps you are right; I do not find the trace of a spirit, and all is training.
- Wagner. Even a wise man gots attached to a dog when it is well brought up. Yes, he theroughly deserves your favour—he, the rare pupil of the students!

(They go within the town-gate.)

1500

Stubirgimmer.

Fauft (mit bem Bubel fereintretenb).

Berlaffen bab' ich Relb und Muen.

Die eine tiefe Radf bedocht,
Mit ahungsvollem, heit gem Granen
In nus die bejere Gerle vooch.
Entsfalgen find nun wide Triebe,
Mit jedem ungefühnen Thur;
Wit jedem ungefühnen Thur;
Ergel fich die Mensihernichee,
Die Liebe Gottes vogt fich nun.

Ach, wenn in univer engen Zelle Die Kompe freundlich wieder brunst, Dann wird's in unigenn Bylen helfe, Im Derzen, dos sich felber fennt. Bernunst sängt wieder an zu sprechen, Und hossings wieder an zu blisch zu Man sehnt sich wieder an zu blisch zu Man sehnt sich wieder an zu blisch zu Ach in ach des Sechens Busselle abgein, Ach in ach des Sechens Amelie Auf

Faust's Study. (2)

FAUST (entering with the toodle).

I have left field and meadows, which a deep night covers, and, with inspiring, holy awe, wakes the better soul within us. Wild impulses are now fallen asleep, with every violent action. The love of man is stirring, the love of God is stirring now.

Be quiet, poodle! Run not to and fro! What are you smalling at here on the threshold! Lie down behind the stove! I give you my best cushion. As outside, on the mountain path, you have amused us with running and boundings so accept now from me attention in return, as a welcome, quiet guest.

Ah, when, in our narrow cell, the lamp burns cheorfully again, then all becomes clear in our bosom,—in the heart that knows itself. Reason begins again to speak, and hope again to bloom; one longs for the streams of life,—ah! for the source of life!

Amere nicht, Bubel! Ru ben beiligen Tonen. Die jeht meine gange Geel' umfaffen. Bill ber thierifche Lant nicht baffen. Wir find gewohnt, daß die Menichen verhöhnen. 1205 Mas fie nicht verftehn. Daft fie bor bem Guten und Schonen. Das ihnen oft beidwerlich ift, murren : Will es ber Sund, wie fie, befnurren ? Aber ach ! ichon fühl' ich, bei bem beiten Willen, Befriedigung nicht mehr aus bem Bufen guillen. Aber warum muß ber Strom fo balb verfiegen, Und wir wieber im Durfte liegen ? Davon hab' ich fo viel Erfahrung. Doch biefer Mangel läßt fich erfeben ; 1215 Bir fernen bas Heberirbifche ichaten. Wir fehnen uns nach Offenbarung, Die nirgenbe würd'ger und ichoner brennt. Als in bem neuen Testament. Mich brangt's, ben Grunbtert aufzuichlagen. 1330

Mit reblichem Gefühl einmal Das heilige Original In mein geliebtes Deutich zu übertragen.

(Gr fclagt ein Balum auf, und fchidt fich an.)

Gefdrieben fteht : " Im Anfang war bas 2Bort." Sier ftod' ich ichon! Ber hilft mir meiter fort? 3ch fann bas Wort fo hoch unmöglich ichaben. Ich muß es anbers überfeben. Benn ich vom Beifte recht erlenchtet bin, Gefdrieben fteht : "Im Anfang war ber Sinn."

Growl not, poodle! The brutish sound ill accords with the sacred tones which now infold my whole soul. We are used to me deriding what they do not understand, to their grumbling at the good and beautiful, which is often troublesome to them: is the dog disposed to snarl at it like them?

But ah, I feel already that, with the best intentions, contentment wells no longer from my bosom! But why must the stream dry up so soon, and we again lie athirst! Of that I have so much experience! This want, however, admits of being compensated. We learn to grive the supernatural; we long for revelation, which nowhere burras more worthily and beautifully than in the New Testament. I feel impelled to open the original text, just to translate with eardid spirit the secred oricinal into my beloved German.

(He opens a volume, and applies himself to it.)

It is written: 'In the beginning was the Word.' Here 1 am already at a stand! Who will holp me on further ! I cannot possibly value the Word so highly; I must translate it otherwise, if I am truly enlightened by the Spirit. It is written: 'In the beginning was Thought.'

Welch ein Gespenst bracht' ich ins Haus! Schon sieht er wie ein Nilpserd aus, Wit feurigen Augen, schrecklichem Gebis.

D! bu bift mir gewiß! Für folche halbe Höllenbrut Alt Salomonis Schlüffel aut. 1255

Consider well the first lim, that thy pnn be not overheaty! Is it Thought that works and creates overything? It should stand: 'In the beginning was Fore:' Yot, oven as I am writing this down, something warrs more already not to keep to it. The Spirit helps me; all at once I see guidance, and write confidently: 'In the beginning was Action'.

If I am to share the room with you, poodle, cease howling, cease barking! I cannot ondure so disturbing a companion near. One of us two must quit the cell. Richardshy, I withdraw housitality; the door is open; you have free range. But what do I see! Can that come to pass naturally! Is it shadow! Is it reality! How long and broad up poodle grows I be raises himself with violence: that is not the form of a dog! What a phantom I have brought into the house! He looks already like a hippochamus, with fivery eyes, terrific teath. Oh, I am sure of thee! For such a half-hellish brood, Sobomor's key is good.

rotio

1265

1270

1275

тоЯо

Weifter (auf bem Gange).

Drinnen gefangen ift einer! Bleibet haußen, folg' ihm feiner !

Bie im Gifen ber Fuchs, Bagt ein alter Söllenluchs.

Aber gebt Acht!

Schwebet bin, ichwebet wieber.

Auf und nieber. Und er hat fich losgeniacht.

Röunt ihr ihm nüten.

Lagt ihn nicht figen !

Denn er that und affen

Schon viel an Gefallen.

Fauft. Erft gu begegnen bem Thiere,

Brauch' ich ben Spruch ber Biere :

Salamanber foll glüben, Unbene fich winden.

Sniphe verichwinden.

Robold fich mühen!

Wer fie nicht fennte. Die Elemente,

Thre Kraft Und Gigenschaft.

Bare fein Deifter Ueber bie Beifter.

Berichwind' in Mammen.

Salamonher 1

SPIRITS (in the passage).

One is caught within I Stay without I Follow him none! As the fox in the gin, quakes an old lynx of hell. But boware I Hover thither, hever back, up and down, and he has got himself leese! If ye can aid him, leave him not in the lurch! For at other times he has done many a favour to all of us.

FAUST. First, to confront the beast, I use the Sentence of the Feur: Salamander shall glow, Undine writhe, Sylph vanish, Cobeld teil!

He who knew them not,—the elements, their strength and quality,—were no master ever the spirits.

Vanish in flames, Salamander! Flow rushingly together,

Kaunst du ihr lesen, Den nie entsproßnen, Unausgesprochnen, Durch alle Himmel gegoßnen, Fredentlich durchstachnen?

Sinter ben Ofen gebaunt.

Schwillt es wie ein Elephant;

1310

1305

Undine! Shine, Sylph, in meteor-beauty! Bring homely help, Incubus! Incubus! Step forth, and make an end!

Not one of the Four sticks in the beast: he lies quite calm, and grins at me! I have not yet hurt him. Thou shalt hear me conjure more strongly.

Art thou, comrade, a fugitive from hell? Then see this sign, to which they bow,—the black legions!

Already it swells up, with bristling hairs,

Reprobate being! canst thou read him, -the never-originated, unexpressed, diffused through all heavens, criminally transpierced?

Spellbound behind the stove, it is swelling like an elephant; it fills up the whole room; it is about to melt

1320

1325

1330

Den ganzen Raum füllt es an, Es will zum Nebel zerfließen. Steige nicht zur Decke hinan !

Lege dich zu bes Meisters Füßen! Du siehst, daß ich nicht vergebens brobe.

Ich verfenge bich mit heiliger Lohe!

Erwarte nicht

Das breimal glithenbe Licht!

Erwarte nicht Die stärkste von meinen Künsten!

Die startife bon meinen Schnigen ! Mephiftopheles (tritt, indem der Rebel fallt, gelleibet wie ein sabrenter Scholaftient, binter bem Dfen bervor).

Wozu ber Lärm ? was steht dem Herrn zu Diensten ? Kaust. Das also war des Budels Kern!

Faus. Das also war des Pudels Kern! Ein fahrender Scolaft? Der Casus macht mich lachen. Webbisobaces. Ich falutire den gelehrten Herrn!

Ihr habt mich weidlich schwigen machen.

Fauft. Bie nennft bu bich? Wephiftophetes. Die Frage icheint mir tlein

Für einen, ber bas Wort so sehr verachtet, Der, weit entfernt von allem Schein,

Nur in der Wesen Tiefe trachtet. Zanst. Bei euch, ihr Herrn, tann man das Wesen

Gewöhnlich aus bem Namen lefen, Bo es fich allaubentlich weift.

Wenn man euch Fliegengott, Berberber, Lügner heißt.

Nun gut, wer bift bu benn?

Rephtstopheles.

Ein Theil von jeuer Kraft.

Die ftets bas Boje will und ftets bas Gute fchafft.

Fangt. Bas ift mit biesem Rathselwort gemeint? Mephistophetes. Ich bin ber Geift, ber ftets verneint! into mist. Mount not up to the ceiling! Lay thyself at thy master's feet! Thou seest that I threaten not in vain. I will scoreh thee with holy fire. Await not the triple-glowing light! Await not the strongest of my arts!

(MEPHISTOPHELES, while the mist is sinking, comes forward, dressed like a travelling scholar, from behind the stove.)

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why this noise ? What is the gentleman's pleasure ?

FAUST. That, then, was the kernel of the poodle! a travelling scholar ? The casus makes me laugh.

Mephistopheles. I salute the learned gentleman. You have made me sweat soundly.

FAUST. What is your name?

MEPHISTOPHELES. The question seems to me petty for one who so much despises the Word; who, far removed from all seeming, strives only [to penetrate] into the depth of things.

FAUST. With you gentlemen, one may ordinarily understand the being from the name, where it appears all too plainly if you are called Fly-god, Destroyer, Liar. Now, then, who are you?

MEPHISTOPHELES. A part of that power which is constantly willing evil, and constantly producing good.

FAUST. What is meant by this riddle ?

MEPHISTOPHELES, I am the spirit that constantly denies!

Und das mit Recht: benn alles, was entfieht, Ift werth, daß es zu Grunde geht; Drum besser wär's, daß nichts entstünde.

So ift benn alles, was ihr Sünde,

Berftorung, fury bas Boje nennt,

Mein eigentliches Glement.

Fanst. Du nemift bich einen Theil, und stelft boch gang vor mir? Wephtropoetes. Beicheib'ne Wahrheit sprech' ich bir. 2346 Benn sich ber Mensch, die kleine Navrenwelt,

Gewöhnlich für ein Banges halt;

Ich bin ein Theil bes Theils, ber Aufangs alles war,

Ein Theil ber Finsterniß, bie fich bas Licht gebar,

Das ftolze Licht, bas nun ber Mutter Nacht

Den alten Rang, ben Raum ihr ftreitig macht. Und boch gelingt's ihm nicht, da es, so viel es strebt,

1355

1360

1465

Berhaftet an ben Körpern flebt;

Bont Körpern ftrömt's, bie Körper macht es ichon, Gin Körper hemmt's auf feinem Gange:

So, hoff' ich, dauert es nicht lange,

So, hoff' ich, dauert es nicht lange, Lab mit das Bärbare wird's zu Cleu

Und mit ben Körpern wird's gu Grunde gebn.

unst. Run kenn' ich beine wurd gen Pelichten: Du kannst im Großen nichts vernichten,

Und fängst es nun im Aleinen an. Dephistopheres. Und freilich ift nicht viel bamit gethan.

Bas fic dem Richts entgegenstellt,

Das Etwas, Diese plumpe Welt,

So viel als ich fcon unternommen,

Ich wußte nicht ihr beizukommen, Mit Wellen, Stürmen, Schütteln, Brand;

Geruhig bleibt am Ende Meer und Land !

Und bem verbammten Beng, ber Thier und Menfchenbru.

and justly so; for everything which comes into being is worthy that it should go to ruin; better therefore were it that nothing should come into being. So, then, everything which you call sin, destruction—in short, Evil—is my proper element.

FAUST. You call yourself a part, and yet stand whole before me?

MEPHISCOPHELES. I tell you the modest truth. Though man, folly's microcism, commonly esteens himself a whole, I am a part of the part which, in the beginning, was All; a part of the Darkness which brought forth with Mother Night for her ancient rank and space. And yet he succeeds not; for, strive as much as he may, he cleaves, captured, to hodies. From bodies he stream; a bodies he makes fair; a body stops him on his course. So I hope he will not last long, and will, with bodies, periah.

FAUST. Now I know your worthy functions! You can destroy nothing on a great scale, and are now sotting about it on a small one.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And, candidly, not much has been done in that way. That which is opposed to nothing—the something, this chursey world—much as I have already tried, I have not been able to get at it with waves, storms, shakings, fire. See and hard remain tranquil after all! And of the damned trash—the brood of

1370-1400

1370

1375

1380

1385

1390

Bie viele hab' ich ichon begraben ! Und immer circufirt ein neues, frifches Blut. So geht es fort, man möchte rafend werben !

Der Luft, bem Baffer, wie ber Erben Entwinden taufend Reime fich.

Im Trodnen, Feuchten, Barmen, Ralten ! Satt' ich mir nicht bie Mamme vorbehalten.

Ich hätte nichts Avarts für mich. Rauft. Go febeft bu ber ewig regen,

Der heilfam ichaffenben Gewalt Die talte Teufelsfauft entgegen,

Die fich vergebens tückisch ballt! Bas anbers fuche zu beginnen, Des Chaos wunberlider Sohn!

Mentiffonbeles. Bir wollen wirflich uns befinnen ; Die nächstenmale mehr babon !

Dürft' ich wohl biesmal mich entfernen?

Fauft. Ich febe nicht, warum bu fragft.

3ch habe jest bich tennen fernen;

Befuche nun mich, wie bu maaft. hier ift bas Fenfter, bier bie Thure,

Ein Rauchfang ift bir auch gewiß. mephiftophetes. Befteh' ich's nur! bag ich binausfpagiere,

Berbietet mir ein fleines Sinberniß, Der Drubenfuß auf enrer Schwelle.

Gauft. Das Bentagramma macht bir Bein? Ei, fage mir, bu Cohn ber Solle.

Wenn bas bich bannt, wie tamft bu benn berein?

Wie warb ein folder Geift betrogen ? mennifionneres. Beichaut es recht! es ift nicht gut gezogen ; brutes and men—of that there is now no getting the better at all. How many have I buried already! And a new, fresh blood is ever circulating. Things go on so—it is enough to make one made. From the air, the water, as from the earth—in dryness, moisture, hear, cod—a thousand germs detech themselves. Had I not reserved flame, I should have nothing apart for myself.

FAUST. So, to the eternal motion—the beneficently creative force—you oppose your cold devils fist, which elenches itself maliciously in vain! Try, wondrous Son of Chaos, to begin something else!

MEPHISTOPHELES. We will really bethink ourselves; more of that next time! Might I be permitted this time to retire?

FAUST. I see not why you ask. I have at present made your acquaintance; call on me now as you feel inclined. Here is the window, here tho door; you may also make certain of the chimney.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I must confess it at once; a small obstacle forbids that I should walk out—the wizard-foot on your threshold.

FAUST. The pentagram troubles you? Why, tell me, you Son of Hell, if that confines you, how came you in? How was such a spirit cozened?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Look at it well! it is not rightly

1405

1411

1420

Der eine Wintel, ber nach außen au. Ift, wie bu fiehft, ein wenig offen. Wanft. Das hat ber Rufall aut getroffen !

Und mein Gefangner warft benn bu?

Das ift von ungefähr gelungen!

Dephinophetes. Der Bubel merfte nichts, als er hereingefbrungen.

Die Sache fieht jest anbers aus :

Der Teufel tonn nicht aus bem Saus.

Mann. Doch warum gehft bu nicht burch's Tenfter ?

Dephiftophetes. 's ift ein Befet ber Teufel und Gefpenfter : Wo fie bereingeschlübft, ba müffen fie bingus.

Das erfte fteht uns frei, beim zweiten find wir Rnechte.

Sautt. Die Solle felbit bat ihre Rechte?

Das find' ich gut, ba ließe fich ein Batt,

Und ficher wohl, mit euch, ihr herren, fchließen? IdIS Dephifiophetes. Bas man berfpricht, bag follft bu rein genießen.

Dir wird babon nichts abgegtvadt.

Doch bas ift nicht fo furs zu faffen.

Und wir besprechen bas gunachit;

Doch icho bitt' ich, hoch und hochft. Sir biefesmal mich zu entlaffen.

Fauft. Go bleibe boch noch einen Augenblid,

Um mir erft aute Mabr zu fagen.

Mephiftopheres. Sest lag mich los! ich tomme balb gurud; Dann magft bu nach Belieben fragen. 1425 Gangt. Ich habe bir nicht nachgestellt,

Bift bu boch felbft ins Warn gegangen.

Den Tenfel halte, wer ihn halt !

Er wird ihn nicht fo balb zum zweitenmale fangen.

- drawn; one angle—the one on the outside—is, as you see, a little open.
- FAUST. That has chance well hit! And you, then, should be my prisoner ? That has prospered by accident.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. The poodle noticed nothing as he sprang in. The affair looks differently now; the devil cannot get out.
- FAUST. But why do not you go through the window ?
- MEPHISTOPHELES. It is a law of devils and phantoms: where they have slipped in, there must they out. The first is free to us; as regards the second, we are slaves.
- FAUST. Hell itself has its laws? I am glad of that. Then it would be possible to conclude a bargain,—and a binding one, surely,—with you gentlemen?
- MEPHISTOPHELES. What is promised, that shall you onjoy in its entirety; nothing of it will be pinched off from yon. But that is not a matter for a few words, and we will discuss it the next time; but at present, I beg you most earnestly to release me this once.
- FAUST. Pray, wait yet a moment, to give me, first, some good intelligence,
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Let me go at present! I shall soon come back: then you may question as you like.
- FAUST. I have laid no traps for you; why, you have yourself gone into the not. Let him hold the devil who holds him! He will not so soon catch him a second time.

Mephiftophetes. Wenn bir's beliebt, fo bin ich auch bereit, Dir gur Gefellichaft bier gu bleiben ; 1431 Doch mit Bebingniß, bir bie Reit Durch meine Runfte wurbig gu vertreiben. Fauft. 3ch feh' es gern, bas fteht bir frei : Mur bağ bie Runft gefällig fen! 1425 Menninopheles. Du wirft, mein Freund, für beine Ginnen In biefer Stunde mehr gewinnen. Mis in bes Nabres Einerlei. Bas bir bie garten Beifter fingen, Die iconen Bilber, Die fie bringen. 1440 Sind nicht ein leeres Rauberfpiel. And bein Bernd wirb fich ergeben, Dann wirft bu beinen Gaumen leten, Und bann entzückt fich bein Gefühl. Bereitung braucht es nicht poron : 1445 Beifammen find wir, fanget au! Geifter. Schwindet, ihr bunfeln Wölbungen broben ! Reizenber schaue Freundlich ber blau 1450 Mether herein ! Wären die bunkeln Wolfen zerronnen Sternelein funteln. Milbere Sonnen 1455 Scheinen barein. Simmlifcher Sohne Beiftige Schone. Schwankenbe Bengung Schwebet vorüber,

MEPHISTOPHELES. If it pleases you, I also am ready to stay here to keep you company; but on condition of whiling away the time worthily for you by my arts.

FAUST. I shall like it; that is allowed you, provided only that the art be agreeable.

MEPHISTOPHILES. You will gain, my friend, more for your senses in this hour than in the monotony of a year. What the dainty spirits sing to you—the fair images which they bring—ano not an empty play of magic. Your smell also will be regaled, you will them gainty your palato; and then your sense of touch will be ravished. Making ready beforehand is not needed; we are together—begin!

SPIRITS. 'Vanish, ye dark vaults above! More charmingly let the blue ether look kindly in! Would that the dark clouds were melted away! Starlets sparkle, softer suns shine in. Spiritual beauty of the heavenly sons, a

1461-1491	Fauft	108
	Sehnenbe Neigung	
	Folget hinniber ;	
	Und ber Gewänder	
	Flatternbe Bänber	
1465	Decken bie Länber,	
	Deden bie Laube,	
	Wo fich fürs Leben.	
	Tief in Gebanten,	
	Liebenbe geben.	
1470	Laube bei Laube !	
	Sproffenbe Ranten!	
	Lastende Trande	
	Stürz ins Behälter	
	Drangenber Relter,	
1475	Stürzen in Bächen	
	Schäumenbe Weine.	
	Rieselu burch reine,	
	Eble Gefteine.	
	Laffen bie Sohen	
1480	Sinter fich liegen.	
-4	Breiten zu Seen	
	Sich ums Genfigen	
	Grünenber Sügel.	
	Und bas Geffügel	
1485	Schlürfet fich Wonne,	
-1-3	Flieget ber Soune,	
	Mieget ben bellen	
	Infelu entgegen.	
	Die sich auf Wellen	
1490	Ganfelnb bewegen :	
	Wo wir in Chören	

swaying curve, floats by; longing inclination follows over. And the fluttering ribbons of their garments cover the fields, cover the bower where lovers, deep in thought, give themselves for life. Bower on bower! Sproating tendrils! The down-weighing cluster tumbles into the vat of the hard-squeezing press; foaming wines tumble in streams, purl through pure precious stones, leave the heights lying behind them, broaden into lakes around the charm of green-growing hills. And the winged throng sips delight, files to the sun, files towards the bright isles which dancingly move on the waves; where we hear shouters in choruses, see dancers over the

110	Fauft 1.	192-1520
	Jauchzenbe hören,	
	Ueber ben Anen	
	Tanzende schauen,	
	Die fich im Freien	1495
	Alle zerstrenen.	
	Ginige Mimmen	
	Ueber die Höhen,	
	Andere schwimmen	
	Ueber die Seen,	1500
	Andere schweben ;	
	Mile gum Leben,	
	Mile zur Ferne	
	Liebenber Sterne,	
	Seliger Hulb.	1505
pespistor Ju	1. 16108. Er schläst! So recht, ihr lust'gen,	zarten
Ihr hab	t ihn treulich eingesungen!	
Für bies	Concert bin ich in eurer Schuld.	
Du bift :	noch nicht ber Mann, ben Teufel festzuhalten!	
Umgaufe	elt ihn mit füßen Traumgestalten!	1510
Berfentt	ihn in ein Meer bes Bahns!	-
Doch bie	fer Schwelle Bauber zu gerspalten,	
Bebarf i	ch eines Rattenzahns.	
Richt lar	ige brauch' ich zu beschwören ;	
Schon ra	ischelt eine hier, und wird sogleich mich hören.	1515
Der Herr	e ber Ratten und ber Mänse,	
	gen, Frösche, Wangen, Läufe,	
	bir, bich hervorzuwagen	
	Schwelle zu benagen,	
	r sie mit Del betupst-	1520
		*250

meadows, who are all disporting in the open air. Some elimb over the heights, others swim over the lakes, others are hovering—all towards life, all towards the farness of loving stars, of blissful grace.'

MEPHISTOPHEMES. He sleeps! Well done, ye airy, dolicate youngsters! Ye have fairly sung him to sleep. For this concert I am in your dobt. Thou art not yet the man to hold fast the devil! Play around him with sweet dream-shape, sink him in a sea of illusion! But to rive the spoll of this threshold, I require a rat's tooth. I need not conjune long: one is already rustling hore, and will hear ne directly.

The lord of rats and mice, of flies, frogs, bugs, lice commands thee to venture forth, and to gnaw this threshold as soon as he touches it with oil:—there thou com'st Da kommst bu schon hervorgehupft!

Rur frifch ans Bert! Die Spige, bie mich bannte,

Sie fitt gang bornen an ber Rante.

Roch einen Big, fo ift's geschehn!-

Run, Fauste, träume fort, bis wir uns wiedersehn! 1525

Berichwindet jo der geisterreiche Drang, Das mir ein Traum den Teufel vorgelogen,

Und daß ein Bubet mir entsprang?

Stubirgimmer.

Faust. Es flopft? Gerein! Wer will mich wieber plagen? 1530

mephistophetes. Ich bin's.

Fauft. Berein!

Du mußt es breimal fagen.

Bauft. herein benn ! Mebbiftobbeles. Go gefällft bu mir.

Wir werben, hoff' ich, uns vertragen !

Denn bir bie Grillen gu verjagen,

Bin ich, als ebler Junter, hier, In rothem, golbverbramtem Rleibe.

Das Mäntelchen von ftarrer Seibe,

Die Sahnenfeber auf bem Sut, Mit einem langen, fpigen Degen,

Und rathe nun bir, furz und gut,

Dergleichen gleichfalls anzulegen, Damit bu. losgebunden, frei

Erfahrest, was bas Leben seh.

Bann. In jebem Meibe werb' ich mohl bie Bein

Des engen Erbelebens fühlen.

1545

1535

1540

hopping forth already! Now quick to work! The point which confined me lies right in front, on the ledge. One bite more, and it is done. Now, Faust, dream on till we see each other again!

FAUST (waking). Am I, then, once more deceived? Does the spiritual throng vanish—so that a dream has fabled to me the dovil, and [only] a poodle escaped me?

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. A knock ? Come in! Who wants to plague me again?

MEPHISTOPHELES. It is I.

FAUST. Come in !

MEPHISTOPHELES. You must say it thrice.

FAUST. Come in, then !

MEPHISTOPHEMS: Thus you please me. We shall, I hope, agree. For, to chase away your vapours, I am here as a young noble, in red gold-heard coat—the little mantle of stiff silk, the cock's feather in the hat—with a long pointed sword; and, to he hrief, I advise you also to put on the like; so that, unrestrained, free, you may try what life is.

FAUST. In every dress, I dare say, I shall feel the torture of earth's narrow life. I am too old merely to play, too

Much ba wird feine Raft gefchentt,

Mich werben wilbe Tranne idreden. Der Gott, ber mir im Bufen wohnt,

Rann tief mein Innerftes erregen : Der über allen meinen Rraften thront, Er fann nach außen nichts bewegen.

Und fo ift mir bas Dafenn eine Laft, Der Tob erwünscht, bas Leben mir berhafit.

Mentiftonbeles. Und boch ift nie ber Tob ein gang willfommmer Gaft.

Bauft. D felig ber, bem er im Siegesglange Die blut'gen Lorbeern um bie Schlafe winbet,

Den er, nach rafch burchraftem Tange,

1565

1570

young to be without a wish. Say, what can the world afford me? Thou shalt do without! Thou shalt do without! That is the eternal song which rings in every one's ears,-which, our whole life long, every hour is singing hoarsely to us. With horror only I awake in the morning. I would fain weep bitter tears to see the day. which will not, in its course, fulfil for me one wishnot one : which, with perverse carping, lessens even the anticipation of every pleasure, and cramps the creative work of my active breast with a thousand ugly realities. I must also, when night descends, stretch myself anxiously on my bed; even there no rest is bestowed; wild dreams will affright me. The god who dwells in my bosom and can deeply stir my inmost being, who reigns over all my energies,-he can effect nothing outwardly. And thus is existence a burden, death desired. life to me detestable.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And yet death is never a quite welcome guest.

FAUST. Oh, happy the man round whose temples, in the brightness of victory, he winds the bloody laurels, whom, after the swiftly raged-through dance, he finds in

In eines Mabchens Urmen finbet! D mar' ich vor bes hoben Geiftes Rraft Entzüdt, entfeelt babin gefunten ! Menniftonbeles. Und boch bat iemand einen braunen Saft In iener Racht nicht ausgetrunten. 1480 Gauft. Das Spioniren, icheint's, ift beine Luft. Menniftonbeles. Allwiffend bin ich nicht; boch viel ift mir bemußt. Wange. Wenn aus bem ichredlichen Gewühle Ein füß befannter Ton mich goa. Den Reft bon findlichem Gefühle 1585 Mit Antlana frober Reit betroa : So fluch' ich allem, was bie Seele Dit Lod. und Gaufelwerf umfpannt. Und fie in biefe Tranerhöhle Dit Blend. und Schmeichelfraften baunt ! 1500 Berflucht voraus bie hobe Meinung. Womit ber Geift fich felbft umfangt ! Berflucht bas Blenben ber Ericeinung, Die fich an unfre Sinne branat! Berflucht, was uns in Traumen beuchelt, 1595 Des Rubms, ber Namensbauer Trug ! Berflucht, mas als Befit uns ichmeichelt. Mis Weib und Rind, als Rnecht und Bflug ! Berflucht fen Mammon, wenn mit Schaten Er und gu fühnen Thaten regt, 1600 Wenn er zu mußigem Ergeben Die Boliter uns gurechte leat! Fluch fen bem Balfamfaft ber Trauben! Much iener höchften Liebesbulb! Fluch fen ber Soffnung! Fluch bem Glauben,

Und Much bor allen ber Gebulb!

1605

a maiden's arms! Oh that I had sunk away, enrapt, exanimate, before the lofty Spirit's might!

MEPHISTOPHELES. And yet a certain person did not drink a brown juice on that night.

FAUST. Playing the spy, it seems, is your pleasure.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I am not omniscient; yet much is known to me.

FAUST. Since a sweetly familiar tone drew me out of the terrible tumult, and beguiled the remnant of childliko feeling with the echo of a happier time,-therefore I curse all that surrounds the soul with charm and jugglery. and confines it in this den of wretchedness with dazzling and flattering forces. Accursed, first, the lofty opinion with which the spirit surrounds itself! Accursed, the dazzle of appearance which intrudes upon our senses! Accursed, what feigns to us in dreams,-the cheat of glory, of lasting name! Accursed, what flatters us as possession, as wife and child, as servant and plough! Accursed be Mammon, when he incites us with treasures to bold deeds, when he adjusts our cushions for indolent delight! A curse be on the balsam-juice of the grape! A curse on that highest favour of love! A curse be on hope! A curso on faith! And, above all, a curse on patience!

Thro

1615

1620

1625

1630

Wehl wehl

Du haft fie gerftort,

Die icone Welt.

Mit mächtiger Fauft;

Sie fturat, fie gerfällt !

Ein Salbgott bat fie gerichlagen ! Wir tragen

Die Trümmern ins Nichts hinüber,

Und flagen

Ueber bie perforne Schone.

Mächtiger

Der Erbenionne. Brächtiger

Baue fie wieber. In beinem Bufen bane fie auf!

Reuen Lebeuslauf

Beginne. Mit hellem Sinne.

Und neue Lieber Tonen barauf!

Menntnonneles. Dies find bie fleinen

Bon ben Meinen. Sore, wie au Luft und Thaten Altfling fie rathen !

In Die Welt weit. Mus ber Einsamfeit.

Wo Sinne und Safte ftoden. Wollen fie bich locken.

Bor' auf mit beinem Gram gu ivielen.

1635

Chorus of Spirits (invisible).

"Woe, woe! Thou hast destroyed it, the fair world, with mighty hand; it is precipitated, it falls to pieces! A demiged has shattered it! We bear away the fregments into nothingness, and lament over the lost love-liness. Mighty one of the sons of earth, build it more splendidly again—build it up in thy bosom! Begin a now ourse of life with dear sense, and thereupon now songs will sound!"

MEPHISTOPHELES. These are the little ones of my train. Hark, how preceiously they counsed to pleasure and action! They wish to lure you into the wide world, out of the solitude where senses and juices stagnate.

Cease to toy with your grief, which, like a vulture,

1645

1650

1660

Der, wie ein Geier, dir am Leben frißt! Die schlechteste Gesellschaft läßt dich füßlen, Daß du ein Mensch mit Menschen bist. Doch so ist's nicht gemeint,

Dich unter bas Pack zu ftoßen. Ich bin feiner von ben Großen ; Doch willft bu, mit mir pereint.

Deine Schritte burch's Leben nehmen, So will ich mich gern bequemen.

Dein zu sehn, auf der Stelle. Ich bin dein Geselle.

Und, mach' ich bir's recht, Bin ich bein Diener, bin bein Knecht!

Rang. Und was foll ich bagegen bir erfillen?

Mephinopheles. Dazu haft bu noch eine lange Frift.

Und thut nicht leicht um Gottes willen,

Bas einem anbern nüglich ift. Sprich bie Bebingung beutlich aus!

Sprig die Bedingung deutich aus ! Ein solcher Diener bringt Gefahr ins Haus. 1655 Wephikapheles. Ich will mich hier zu beinem Dienst ver-

binden, Auf deinen Wink nicht raften und nicht ruhn; Wenn wir uns drüben wieder finden,

So follft bu mir das Gleiche thun, Fauft. Das Drüben tann mich wenig tummern ;

Faust. Das Drüben kann mich wenig kümmern ; Schlägst du erst diese Welt zu Trümmern,

Die andre mag darnach entstehn. Aus dieser Erbe quillen meine Freuden,

Und biefe Sonne fcheinet meinen Leiben ;

feeds upon your life! The worst company will make you feel that you are a man with men. Still it is not meant to thrust you among the rabble. I am not one of the great; but if, united with me, you will lake your steps through life, i will restly accommodate myself to be yours upon the spot. I am your companion, and, if I suit you I am your servant, am your slavel.

FAUST. And what am I to do for you in return?

Mephistopheles. You have still a long day of grace for that.

FAUST. No, no! The dovil is an egoist, and scarcely does for love what is useful to another. Speak out the condition plainly! Such a servant brings danger into the house.

MEPHISTOPHEMS. I will bind myself to your service here,—at your beek not to rest, and not to ropose. When we meet again on the other side, you shall do the like for me.

FAUST. The other side can little trouble me. If you will first knock this world to pieces, the other may arise afterwards. From this carth well my joys, and this sun shines upon my sufferings. If I can once sever

Kann ich mich erft von ihnen scheiben. 1665 Dann mag, was will und fann, geichehn. Davon will ich nichts weiter hören. Db man auch fünftig haßt und liebt, Und ob es auch in jenen Spharen Gin Oben ober Unten giebt. 1670 Mephifiophetes. In biefem Ginne fannft bu's magen. Berbinbe bich! bu follft, in biefen Tagen. Mit Freuden meine Runfte febn. Ach gebe bir, was noch fein Menich gesehn. Jauft. Bas willft bu armer Teufel geben? 1675 Barb eines Menichen Beift, in feinem hoben Streben. Bon beines Gleichen je gefaßt? Doch haft bu Speife, bie nicht fattigt, haft Du rothes Golb, bas ohne Raft, Quedfilber gleich, bir in ber Sanb gerrinnt, 1680 Ein Spiel, bei bem man nie gewinnt, Ein Mabchen, bas an meiner Bruft Mit Angeln fcon bem Nachbar fich verbinbet, Der Chre fchone Gotterfuft, Die, wie ein Meteor, verichwindet. 1685 Beig' mir bie Frucht, bie fault, eh man fie bricht. Und Baume, die fich taglich nen begranen ! mephinopheres. Ein folder Auftrag ichrect mich nicht. Mit folden Schaben tann ich bienen. Doch, guter Freund, bie Reit fommt auch berau. 1600 Wo wir was Guts in Ruhe fdmaufen mogen. Faust. Werb' ich bernbigt je mich auf ein Kaulbett legen.

Rannft bu mich schmeichelnb je belügen. Daß ich mir felbft gefallen mag.

So fen es gleich um mich gethan!

1695

myself from them, what will and can may then come to pass. I will hear nothing more about it—whether, in the future also, there is hating and loving, and whether, in those spheres also, there is an above or below.

- MEPHISTOPHELES. In this sense, you may venture it. Bind yourself; and, during these days, you shall see my arts with joy; I will give you what no man yet has seen.
- PAUST: What, poor devil, wilt thou give! Was ever mars spirit in its high endeavour conceived by the like of the? True, then hast food that satisfies not; the hast red gold that, restless, like quick-silver, male sawn yin one's hand; a game at which one never wim; agint who, on my breast, allies hencelf already with he gives to my neighbour; the fair, godlike joy of honour, that vanishes like a meteor 1-Show me the fruit that rots before one plucks it, and trees that daily grow green never!
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Such a commission scares me not; I can provide such treasures. But, good friend, the time also draws near when we may like to feast on something good in peace.
- FAUST. If ever I shall lie down composedly on a couch of idleness, be there at once an ond of me! If thou canst ever flatteringly delude me so that I may be pleased

1705

1710

1715

Rannft bu mich mit Benuft betrügen : Das fen für mich ber lette Zag !

Die Wette biet' ich !

Mephiftopheles. Ton 1 Sauft.

Und Schlag auf Schlag ! Berb' ich jum Augenblide fagen :

Berweile boch ! bu bift fo fcbon !

Dann magft bu mich in Feffeln fchlagen,

Dann will ich gern zu Grunde gehn !

Dann mag bie Tobtenglode ichallen. Dann bift bu beines Dienftes frei,

Die Uhr mag ftehn, ber Reiger fallen.

Es fen bie Beit für mich vorbei!

Mephiftophetes. Bebent' es mohl! wir werben's nicht pergeffen.

Rauft. Dagu haft bu ein volles Recht.

Ich habe mich nicht freventlich vermeffen :

Wie ich beharre, bin ich Anecht, Db bein, was frag' ich, ober weffen.

Mennistonheles. Ich werbe heute gleich, beim Doctorichmaus, Mis Diener, meine Bflicht erfüllen.

Rur einst - Ilm Lebens ober Sterhens millen

Bitt' ich mir ein paar Reilen aus.

Rauft. Much mas Gefdriebnes forberft bu, Bebant? Saft bu noch feinen Mann, nicht Manneswort gefannt?

Mit's nicht genug, bak mein gesprochnes Mort Auf ewig foll mit meinen Tagen ichalten?

Raf't nicht bie Belt in allen Stromen fort.

1720 Und mich foll ein Berfbrechen halten ? Doch biefer Babn ift und ind Sers gelegt :

Wer mag fich gern babon befreien?

with myself, if .thou canst cheat me with enjoyment, be that for me the last day! I offer the wager.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Done!

FAUST. And my hand upon it! If I shall say to the passing moment: 'Ah, stay, thou art so fair!' then mayst thou lay me in irons; then will I readily perish! Then may the death-bell sound, then thou art free from thy service; the clock may stop, the index-hand fall; for me let time he over!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Consider it well; we shall not forget it.

FAUST. To that thou hast full right. I have not wantonly presumed. As I stand, I am a slave—what care I whether thine or whose!

MEPHISTOPHELES. This very day, at the Doctor's feast, I shall perform my duty as servant. Only one thing: on account of [the uncertainty of] life or death, I must trouble you for a line or two.

FAIST. Pedant, dost thou require something written also! Hast thou known neither man nor man's word! I sit not enough that my spoken word shall dispose of my days for ever! Does not the world! rave on it all its currents, and is a promise to hold me? Vet this delusion is placed in our hearts—who would willingly free himself from it! Happy he who least extul pure in his bosom;

126	Fanft	1724-1754
Beglückt, wer Tre	me rein im Bufen trägt,	
Rein Opfer wirb	ihn je gerenen!	1725
Allein ein Pergan	nent, beschrieben und beprägt,	
Ift ein Gefpenft,	bor bem fich alle ichenen.	
Das Wort erftirb	t icon in ber Feber,	
Die Herrschaft fül	hren Wachs und Leber.	
Bas willft bu, bo	fer Beift, bon mir ?	1730
Erz, Marmor, Pe	ergament, Papier ?	
Soll ich mit Griff	jel, Meißel, Feber fcpreiben ?	
Ich gebe jede Wal	hl dir frei.	
Mephiftopheles. L	Wie magst du beine Rednerei	
Rur gleich fo hiti	g übertreiben?	1735
Ift boch ein jebes		
Du unterzeichnest	bich mit einem Tröpfchen Blut.	
Jauft. Wenn bies b	oir vollig G'nilge thut,	
So mag es bei ber	r Frage bleiben.	
Mephiftopheles. S	Blut ift ein ganz besondrer Saft.	1740
Faugt. Rur feine F.	urcht, daß ich bies Bündniß breche !	
Das Streben meir	ner ganzen Kraft	
Ift grabe bas, wa	s ich verspreche.	
Ich habe mich gu !		
In beinen Rang g	gehör' ich nur.	1745
Der große Beift h	at mid verschmäht,	
Bor mir berfchließ	t fich die Natur.	
Des Dentens Fab		
Mir efelt lange bo	r allem Wiffen.	
Laf in ben Tiefen	ber Simlichfeit	1750
Uns glühenbe Leib	enschaften ftillen!	
In undurchbrungn		

Seh jebes Bunder gleich bereit! Stürzen wir uns in bas Rauschen ber Beit, no sacrifice will ever make him repent! But a parchment, written and tamped, is a spectre which all shrink from. The word dies away already in the pen; wax and leather hold the mastery! What wilt thou, Evil Spirid, of mel-mass, marble, parchment, paper! Shall I write with graver, chied, pen? I give thee each option freely.

MEPHISTOPHELES. How can you forthwith overdrive your rhetoric so hotly? Surely any sort of leaflet will do. You will subscribe your name with a little drop of blood.

FAUST. If this will fully satisfy you, it may stand part of the farce.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Blood is quite a peculiar juice.

FAUST. Only no fear that I shall break this compact. The endeavour of my whole strongth is precisely what I promise. I have inflated myself too highly; I belong to your grade only. The great Spirit has spuraed me; Nature shate herealf against me. The thread of thought is snapped. I have long been disgusted with all knowledge. Let us allay our glowing passions in the depths of sensuality! In impervious veils of magic, be every marvel forthwith ready! Let us east ourselves into the

Ins Rollen ber Begebenheit! 1755 Da mag benn Schmerz und Genuß, Gelingen und Berbruft Mit einander wechfeln, wie es fann : Rur raftlos bethätigt fich ber Mann. mephiftophetes. Euch ift fein Dag und Biel gefeht. 1260 Beliebt's euch überall zu naschen, Im Fliehen etwas zu erhafden, Befomm' euch wohl, mas euch ergebt. Mur greift mir gu, und fenb nicht blobe ! Bauft. Du horeft ja, von Freud' ift nicht bie Rebe. Dem Taumel weiß' ich mich, bem ichmerglichften Gemiß, Berliebtem Sag, erquidenbem Berbruß. Mein Bufen, ber vom Wiffensbrang geheilt ift. Soll feinen Schmergen fünftig fich verschließen, Und was ber gangen Menichheit zugetheilt ift. 1770 Bill ich in meinem innern Gelbft genießen, Mit meinem Geift bas Bochft' und Tieffte greifen. Ihr Bohl und Beh auf meinen Bufen haufen, Und fo mein eigen Selbft ju ihrem Selbft erweitern, Und, wie fie felbft, am End' auch ich zerscheitern. Mephifiopheles. D glaube mir, ber manche taufenb Sahre Un biefer harten Speife faut, Dag von ber Biege bis gur Babre Rein Menich ben alten Squerteig perbaut! Glaub' unfer einem, biefes Gange 1780 3ft nur für einen Gott gemacht! Er findet fich in einem em'gen Glange, Uns hat er in die Finfternifi gebracht.

Und euch taugt einzig Tag und Nacht.

rushing of time, into the rolling of accident! There, pain and pleasure, success and vexation, may then alternate with each other as best they can! Only when unresting does man prove himself.

MEPHISTOPHELES. No measure, or bound, is assigned to you. If you like to steal sweets everywhere, to snatch at anything as you fly by, much good may what pleases you do you! Only fall to, and don't be coy.

FAUST. Now hear—don't, you t—the question is not of pleasure. I devote myself to the whirl of passion, to the most poignant enjoyment, to enamoured hate, to animating vexation. My bosom, which is cured of gine impulse to know, shall hencefort close itself agains no pauge; and that which is allotted to all manifold will I enjoy in my inner sell. I will gram with my spirit the highest and deepes; heap upon my bosom their weal and woo, and thum dilate my own individuality to their; and, in the end, like themselves, I also will be wrecked.

MEPHISOPHELES. Oh beläre me, who many thousand years have been cheving on this hard food, that, from the enalls to the hier, no human being digest state the old leaven! Believe one of us, this Whole is only made for a food! He exists in an eternal brightness; see he has brought into darkness; and for 900, day and night only are proper.

FAUST. But I am resolved.

Das läßt fich hören ! Menhittanheles. Doch nur por Einem ift mir bana : Die Beit ift furg, bie Runft ift lang. 3ch bacht', ihr ließet euch belehren. Uffociirt end mit einem Boeten, Laft ben Gerrn in Gebanten ichweifen. 1790 Und alle eblen Qualitäten Auf enern Chrenicheitel baufen. Des Löwen Muth. Des Biriches Schnelligfeit, Des Stalianers feurig Blut, 1795 Des Norbens Dau'rbarfeit. Lagt ihn euch bas Geheimniß finben. Großmuth und Arglift zu verbinben. Und euch, mit warmen Jugenbtrieben, Rach einem Blane zu verlieben. 1800 Möchte felbit fold einen Gerren fennen. Burd' ibn Berrn Mifrofosmus nennen. Jangt. Bas bin ich benn, wenn es nicht möglich ift, Der Menichbeit Krone zu erringen. Rach ber fich alle Sinne bringen ? 1805 menntuophetes. Du bift am Enbe - mas bu bift. Geb' bir Berruden auf von Millionen Loden, Sen' beinen Ruft auf ellenhobe Soden, Du bleibit boch immer, mas bu bift. Bauft. 3ch fühl's, vergebens hab' ich alle Schape TRYO Des Menidengeifts auf mich berbeigerafft, Und menn ich mich am Enbe nieberfete. Quillt innerlich boch feine neue Rraft; Ich bin nicht um ein Saar breit hoher. Bin bem Unenblichen nicht naber.

MEPHISTOPHEMES. There's something in that! But I am only anxious for one thing,—time is short, art's long. I should think you would listen to reason. Assort yourself with a poet; let the gentleman sweep in thought, and heap all noble qualities on your honoured crown,—the lion's course, the stag's swiftness, the Italian's feety blood, the standfastness of the North! Let him find out for you the secret of combining magnatimity with craft, and of your being in love, with the warm impulses of youth, after a set plan! I myself should like to know such a gentleman; I would call him Mr. Microsoum.

FAUST. What, then, am I, if it is not possible to wrest the crown of humanity which all the senses are pressing after?

MEPHISTOPHELES. You are in the end—what you are. Put on wigs of million curls, set your foot upon ell-high socks, yet you remain ever what you are.

FAUST. I feel it; in vain have I swept together upon myself all the treasures of man's spirit; and when, at the end, I sit down, still no new strength wells up within: I am not higher by a hair's-breadth, am not nearer to the Infinite.

. 1845

mephiftophetes. Mein guter Berr, ihr feht Die Sachen, Bie man bie Cachen eben fieht : Wir muffen bas gescheibter machen, (Fh und bes Lebens Freude fliebt. Bas Senter! freilich Banb' und Fuße +830 Und Ropf und & - . bie find bein! Doch alles, was ich frifch genieße, Nit bas brum weniger mein? Menn ich feche Bengite gablen fann, Sind ihre Rrafte nicht bie meine? 1825 Ich renne zu und bin ein rechter Mann, Mis hatt' ich vierundzwangig Beine. Drum friich! Lag alles Ginnen fenn. Und grab' mit in die Welt hinein! Ich fag' es bir : ein Rerl, ber fveculirt, 1830 It wie ein Thier, auf burrer Beibe Bon einem bojen Beift im Rreis herum geführt. Und rings umber liegt icone grune Beibe. Bauft. Wie fangen wir bas an? Mebhiftopheles. Bir geben eben fort. Bas ift bas für ein Marterort? 1835 Bas beißt bas für ein Leben führen, Sich und bie Jungens ennuniren ? Laft bu bas bem Berrn Nachbar Banft! Mas willft bu bich bas Stroh zu breichen plagen ? Das Beite, was bu wiffen fannft, 1840 Darfit bu ben Buben boch nicht fagen. Gleich hor' ich einen auf bem Gange ! Bauft. Mir ift's nicht möglich ihn gu febn. menbiftonbeles. Der arme Rnabe wartet lange,

Der barf nicht ungetröftet gehn.

MEPHISTOPHELES. My good sir, you see things precisely, as things are seen; we must manage that more sensitily, before the jey of life flies from us. What the dence is unrely hands and feet, and head and h.——m, they are yours; but everything which I enjoy with sets, is that therefore the less mine? If I can pay for six stallons, are not their powers mine! I course along, and am a proper man, as if I had four and twenty legs. Then quick! leave all reflection alone, and straight wary with me into the world! I tell you, a follow who speculates ilke a brute driven round in a circle on a barren heath by an evil spirit, and everywhere about lies fair green pasture.

FAUST. How shall we set about it?

MEPHISTOPHELES. We will just be off. What sort of torture-place is this ! What sort of life to lead of you call this—wearying oneself and the youngsters! Leave you that to your neighbour, Mr. Panneh! Why will you plague yourself to threat start ! Why, the best you can know, you dase not tell the lads! I hear one just now in the passage.

FAUST. It is not possible for me to see him. .

MEPHISTOPHELES. The poor lad is long a-waiting; he

1855

1860

1865

1870

Komm, gieb mir beinen Rock und Mühe; Die Maske muß mir köftlich stehn. (Er tiebet fich um.) Nun überlaß es meinem Wiße!

Ich brauche nur ein Biertelstünden Beit; Andelsen mache dich zur schönen Kahrt bereit!

(Fauft ab.)

Mephistophetes (in Taufts langem Aleibe). Berachte nur Bernunft und Wiffenschaft, Des Wenschen allerhöchte Araft, Laß nur in Blend- und Zauberwerten

Dich von dem Lügengeist bestärken, So hab' ich dich schon unbedingt —

Ihm hat das Schidfal einen Geift gegeben, Der ungebändigt immer vorwärts bringt,

Und bessen übereiltes Streben Der Erbe Freuden überspringt.

Den fchlepp' ich burch bas wilbe Leben, Durch flache Unbebeutenheit;

Er foll mir zappeln, ftarren, fleben, Und seiner Unersättlichkeit

ctilo feines tine-faiththich Soll Speif' und Trank vor gier'gen Lippen schweben ; Er wird Erquickung sich umsonst erstehn ;

Und hätt' er sich auch nicht bem Teufel übergeben, Er müßte boch zu Grunde gehn! (Ein Shaler tritt auf.)

Shiter. Ich bin allhier erft furze Beit,

Cinen Mann zu fprechen und zu kennen, Den alle mir mit Chriurcht neunen.

mephiftopheles. Eure Soflichteit erfreut mich febr !

must not go uncomforted. Come, give me your gown and cap; the disguise must suit me famously.

(He change his dress.)

Now leave it to my wit! I only want a quarter of an hour's time; meanwhile make yourself ready for the fine trip.

(Exit FAUST.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (in FAUNT'S grawn). Only despise reason and knowledge, the highest strength of una; only pernit thyself to be onfirmed in delusion and mage by the Spirit of Lies; and then I have thee unconditionally! Fate has given him a spirit which, unrestrained, is ever pressing forward, and whose overhasty endeavour ofeleages the joys of earth. Him will I drug through wild living, through flat triviality; he shall sprawl, stand annaed, stick fast; and for his insutiableness, food and drink shall hover before his exerving lips; he shall pray for refreshment in vain; and even had he not given himself over to the devil, he would still be lock.

(A STUDENT enters.)

STUDENT. I have been here but a short time, and come, full of devotion, to speak with, and to know, a man whom all name to me with reverence.

Mephistopheles. Your politeness gratifies me much. You

Shiler. Ich wünschte recht gelehrt zu werben, Und möchte gern, was auf der Erben Und in dem Hinmel ist, ersassen, Die Wissenschaft und die Ratur.

Bas wählt ihr für eine Faenltat ?

Mephikophetes. Da fend ihr auf ber rechten Spur; Doch nufft ihr ench nicht gerftreuen laffen. see a man, like many others: have you yet inquired elsewhere?

STUDENT. I pray you, interest yourself for me! I come with every good disposition, tolerable means, and good spirits; my mother could hardly be brought to part with me: I would fain learn out here something worth knowing.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Here you are at the very place.

STUDENT. Frankly, I should like to be off again already: these walls, these halls, are by no means to my taste. It is a very confined space; nothing green, no tree is to be seen; and in the lecture-rooms, on the benches, hearing, sight, and thinking fail me.

MEPHISTOPHELES. That only depends on habit. So, at first, a child does not take kindly to the mother's breast; yet soon it nourishes itself with pleasure. So, with each day, will you take more pleasure at the breasts of wisdom.

STUDENT. I will hang with joy on her neck; tell me, however, how I can get there.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Explain before you go further, what faculty you choose.

STUDENT. I should wish to be profoundly learned, and comprehend what is upon earth and in heaven—science and nature,

MEPHISTOPHELES. There you are on the right track; you must not, however, allow yourself to be diverted.

1904-1933

1005

1010

1015 Arrlichtelire bin und ber. Dann lebret man euch manchen Zag. Daft, mas ihr fouft auf Ginen Schlag Getrieben, wie Effen und Trinfen, frei, 1920 Eins! amei! brei! bagu nothig fen. Amar ift's mit ber Gebantenfabrit Bie mit einem Webermeifterftud. Bo Gin Tritt taufenb Faben regt, Die Schifflein berüber, hinüber ichießen, 1925

Der Bhilojoph, ber tritt herein. Und beweift end, es mußt' fo feyn : Das Erft' war' fo, bas Zweite fo, Und brum bas Dritt' und Bierte fo : Und wenn bas Erit' und Ameit' nicht mar'. Das Dritt' und Biert' mar' nimmermehr.

Die Raben ungefehen fliefen. Ein Schlag taufenb Berbinbungen fchlägt. STUDENT. I am heart and soul in the cause; but, to be sure, a little freedom and pastime would please me on fine summer holidays.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Make use of time! it passes hence so quickly; still method teaches you to gain time. For this reason, my dear friend, I recommend you, first, collegium logicum. There your mind is well trained. laced up in Spanish boots; so that thenceforth it may creep more circumspectly along the path of thought, and not perchance skip, like a will-o'-the-wisp, hither and thither in all directions. Then many a day they will teach you that what formerly you have done at one stroke, as easily as eating and drinking,-one! two! three! is necessary for it. It is indeed with the fabric of thought as with a weaver's masterpiece, where one treadle moves a thousand threads: the shuttles shoot to this side and that; the threads flow unseen; one stroke ties a thousand knots. The philosopher-he steps in, and proves to you, it must be so: the first was so, the second so, and therefore the third and fourth are so; and if the first and second were not, the third and Das preisen die Schüler aller Orten, Sind aber feine Weber geworben.

Wer will was Lebendig's erfennen und beschreiben,

Sucht erft ben Geift herausgutreiben ; Dann hat er bie Theile in feiner Sand,

Bann hat er die Theile in seiner Hand, Kehlt, leider! nur das geistige Band.

Encheiresin nature neunt's die Chemie.

Spottet ihrer felbst, und weiß nicht wie.

Schuler. Rann ench nicht eben gang verftehen. Mephistophetes. Das wird nächstens ichon beffer gehen,

Wenn ihr fernt alles reduciren

Und gehörig classificiren.

Shiter. Mir wird von alle bem fo bumm, Als ging' mir ein Mühlrad im Kopf herum.

Mesbinopheles. Nachher, vor allen andern Sachen.

Rephistopheles. Nachher, vor allen andern Müst ihr euch an die Metaphviik machen!

Da feht, daß ihr tieffinnig faßt,

Bas in bes Menschen Sirn nicht past; Für was brein geht und nicht brein geht,

Gin prächtig Wort ju Dienften fteht.

Doch vorerst dieses halbe Jahr

Nehmt ja der besten Ordnung wahr! Fünf Stunden habt ihr ieden Tag :

Send brinnen mit bem Glodenfchlag!

habt euch vorher wohl praparirt, Baragraphos wohl einstudirt.

Damit ihr nachher beffer feht,

Daß er nichts fagt, als was im Buche fteht; Doch euch bes Schreibens ja besleißt,

Als dictirt' ench der Heilig' Geist! Schuler. Das sollt ihr mir nicht zweimal sagen!

on the man potential page

,

19.40

gehen,

1945

en,

1950

1955

1960

fourth would never be. The students of all countries exted this; but none have become weavers. He who wishes to know and describe anything living, seeks first to drive the spirit out of it; he has then the parts in his hand; only, infortunately, the spiritual bond is lacking. Chemistry calls it enderivais nature, mocks her own self, and knows not in what way.

STUDENT. I can't quite exactly comprehend you.

Mephistopheles. That will go better anon, no doubt when you learn to reduce and classify everything properly.

STUDENT. I feel as stupid about all this as if a mill-wheel were going round in my head.

MEPHISOPHELES. Next, before all other things, you must set to at metaphysics. There, see that you conceive profoundly what does not suit the brain of man. For whatever enters and does not enter there, a pompous word is at your service. But, above all, be sure this half year to observe perfect regularity. You will have five lectures every day; be in at the stroke of the elock! Have yourself well prepared beforehand—paragraphs well-conneid—that you may see better afterwards that he says nothing but what is in the book; yet be sure you apply yourself to taking notes, as if the Holy Ghost were dictating to you!

STUDENT. You need not tell me that twice! I figure to

142		86	uft				196	5-1993
3ch bente mi	, wie vi	iel es n	üßt					1965
Denn was m	an fáir	arz auf	wei	ß befi	ßt,			
Kann man g	troft no	ch Hau	je tr	agen.				
Mephistophel	8. Dog	h wähl	t mi	r eine	Fac	ultät !		
Shiler. Bur	Rechtsg	lehrfar	nfeit	fann	iψ	mich	nicht t	eque
men.								
Mephistophele		fann	eß	eudj	ſο	fehr	nicht	übel
nehmen								1970
Ich weiß, wi				fteht.				
Es erben fich								
Wie eine ew'								
Sie ichleppen					Øe∫d	jlechte		
Und rüden fo								1975
Bernunft wir				t Pla	ge;			
Weh bir, baf								
Bom Rechte,								
Bon bem ift,						٠.		
Schiller. Meir				h euch	ber	mehrt.		1980
O glüdlich b								
Fast niöcht' i								
Mephiftopheli				idjt ei	td) ti	rre zu	führen	
Was diese W								
Es ift fo schu						en,		1985
Es liegt in il								
Und bon ber					terid	er Den		

Es liegt in ihr so viel verborgnes Gift, Und von der Arzenei ist's kaum zu unterscheiden. Am besten ist's auch hier, wenn ihr nur Einen hört.

1990

Und auf bes Meisters Worte schwört. Im ganzen — haltet euch an Worte!

Dann geht ihr burch bie fichre Pforte Bum Tempel ber Gewißheit ein.

Souter. Doch ein Begriff muß bei bem Borte febn.

myself how useful it is; for what one has in black and white, one can confidently carry home.

MEPHISTOPHELES. But pray choose a faculty!

STUDENT. I cannot reconcile myself to jurisprudence.

MERHISTOPHELES. I cannot much blame you. I know how matters stand with this learning. Statutes and laws are inherited like an eternal disease; they truil from generation to generation, and move gently from place to place. Reason becomes nonsense; beneficence, calamity. Weo to these that thou art a grandchild! Of the law which is born with us—of that, unhappily, there is never a question.

STUDENT. My repugnance is increased by you. Oh, happy he whom you instruct! I should almost like now to study theology.

MEPHISCHERES. I would not wish to lead you astray.

As regards this science, it is so difficult to avoid the
wrong way; there lies in it so much hidden poison,
which is hardly to be distinguished from the medicine.
Here also it is bent if you listen to one only, and swear
by the master's word. On the whole—stick to words!
You will then go in through the safe gate to the temple
of certainty.

STUDENT. But there must be some idea connected with the word.

2010

2020

Mentinophetes. Schon aut! Dur muß man fich nicht affananoftlich aualen:

Denn eben mo Beariffe fehlen.

Da ftellt ein Bort gur rechten Beit fich ein. Dit Worten läßt fich trefflich ftreiten,

Mit Worten ein Suftem bereiten,

Un Worte lagt fich trefflich glauben,

Bon einem Wort laft fich tein Nota rauben. Smaler. Bergeibt, ich halt' euch auf mit vielen Fragen.

Allein ich muß euch noch bemüb'n.

Bollt ihr mir von ber Mebicin Richt auch ein fraftig Wörtchen fagen ?

Drei Nahr ift eine furse Reit.

Und, Gott ! bas Gelb ift gar gu weit.

Wenn man einen Fingerzeig nur bat, Läßt fich's icon eber weiter fühlen.

Webhistopheles (für fich). Ich bin bes trodnen Tone nun fatt.

Muft wieber recht ben Teufel fvielen. (Laut.)

Der Geift ber Mebicin ift leicht au faffen :

Ihr burdiftubirt bie groß' und fleine Belt.

Um es am Enbe gebn zu laffen.

Bie's Gott gefällt.

Bergebens, bağ ihr ringsum wiffenschaftlich fcweift, Ein jeber fernt nur, mas er fernen fann ;

Doch ber ben Augenblid ergreift. Das ift ber rechte Mann.

The fend noch ziemlich wohl gebaut.

Un Ruhnheit wird's euch auch nicht fehlen,

Und wenn ihr euch nur felbft vertraut.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Agreed! Only one must not plague onesed too anxiously; for just where ideas fail, a word makes its appearance at the right time. With words one may dispute admirably; with words, prepare a system; in words one may admirably put faith; from a word no inta can be robbed.

STUDENT. Pardon, I detain you with many questions, but I must still trouble you. Will you not also say one or two pithy works to me about medicine? I free years is a short time, and the field, God knows, is all two wide! If one has but a hint, one can feel one's way further all the more easily.

MERMISTOFIBLES (azids). I am tired now of this dry tone: I must play the devil again with a will. (Alondy The spirit of medicine is easy to eath; you satisfy the coughly the great and little world, in order to let things go in the end as it pleases God. In valn you range scientifically round about; end one learns only what learn he can; but he who seizes the moment, that is the right man. You are pretty tolerably well-built, nor will you be wanting in boldness; and if you do but rely on

2035

Bertrauen euch die anbern Seelen. Befonders lernt die Weiber führen; Es ist ihr ewig Weh und Ach,

Es ift ihr etvig Weh und Ach, So taufendfach,

Mus Einem Punkte zu curiren. Und wenn ihr halbweg ehrbar thut, Dann habt ihr sie all unter'm Hut.

Sann habt ihr pe au unter m Dur. Ein Titel muß sie erst vertraulich machen, Daß eure Limit viel Künste übersteigt:

Daß eure Kumft viel Künste übersteigt; 2030 Bum Willfomm tappt ihr dann nach allen Siebensachen, Um die ein andrer viele Jahre streicht,

Berfieht bas Bulslein wohl zu bruden, Und faffet fie, mit feurig ichlauen Bliden,

Und jaffet jie, mit jeurig jchlauen Blide: Wohl um die schlaufe Hifte frei, Ru fehn, wie fest geschnürt fie sen.

Souter. Das ficht icon beffer aus! Man fieht boch, wo und

wie. Wephikopheles. Grau, theurer Freund, ist alle Theorie, Und grün des Lebens goldner Banın.

Schuter. Ich schwör' ench zu, mir ift's als wie ein Traum. 2040 Dürft' ich ench wohl ein anbermal beschweren,

Bon eurer Weisheit auf ben Grund zu hören ? Den biftopheles. Was ich bermag, foll gern geschehn.

Souler. Ich fann unmöglich wieder gehn,

Ich muß euch noch mein Stammbuch überreichen.

Gonn' eure Gunft mir biefes Zeichen ! Mephikophetes. Sehr wohl !

(Cr fcpreibt und giebt's.)

Schüler (lich). Eritis sieut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

(Micchi's chrechinis 118 min conviicht fich.)

framedon observered for our emblight led

yourself, other souls will rely on you. Learn in particular to manage the women: their eternal Ohs I and Ahs I so thousaudfold, are to he cured from a single point; and if you behave with moderate decorum, you will then have them all under your thumb. A diploma must first make them confident that your art surpasses the art of many others; then, at he outset, you feel your we you all the trifles for which another man is many years beating about; you understand how to press well the little palse; and you cleap them freely, with ardently slightly it is leade.

STUDENT. That, to be sure, looks better! One sees, at any rate, the where and the how.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Grey, dear friend, is all theory, and green the golden tree of life.

STUDENT. I vow to you, 'tis like a dream to me. Might I perhaps trouble you another time, to hear of your wisdom thoroughly?

MEPHISTOPHELES. What I have in my power shall be done with pleasure.

STUDENT. I cannot possibly go back hefore handing you my album. Let your favour grant me this token!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Very well. (He writes and gives it.)

STUDENT (reads). 'Erilis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum. (Shuts it reverently, and takes his towe.)

2055

2060

2065

Mephiftophetes. Folg' nur bem alten Spruch und meiner Muhme, ber Schlange.

Dir wird gewiß einmal bei beiner Gottahnlichkeit bange ! Mauft tritt auf.

mauft. Wohin foll es nun gehn ? Menniftonneles. Wohin es bir gefällt.

Wir feint die fleine, bann die große Welt. Mit melder Freude, welchem Ruten

Mirit bu ben Curium burchichmaruten!

Faut. Allein bei meinem langen Bart Fehlt mir bie leichte Lebensart.

Es wird mir ber Berfuch nicht aluden:

Ich mußte nie mich in bie Welt gu ichiden;

Bor andern fühl' ich mich fo flein ;

Ich merbe ftets verlegen fenn.

menniftonheles. Dein auter Freund, bas wird fich alles geben: Sobald bu bir vertrauft, fobald weißt bu gu leben.

Mant. Wie fommen wir benn aus bem Saus ?

Bo baft bu Bferbe, Rnecht und Bagen ? Menhittophetes. Bir breiten nur ben Mantel aus.

Der foll uns burch bie Lifte tragen.

Du nimmft bei biefem tühnen Schritt Mur feinen großen Bünbel mit.

Gin bifichen Feuerluft, Die ich bereiten werbe, Sieht uns bebend pon biefer Erbe.

Und find wir leicht, fo geht es schnell hinauf; Ich gratulire bir gum neuen Lebenstauf.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Only follow the old saying and my cousin the serpent, and assuredly, some time or other, you will grow uneasy with your likeness to God!

FAUST (enters). Where shall we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Where you please. We shall see the little, then the great world. With what joy, what profit, will you sponge through the course!

FAUST. But, with my long beard, I lack easy manners. I shall fail in the attempt; I never knew how to adapt myself to the world. I feel myself so small before others; I shall be constantly embarrassed.

MEPHISTOPHELES. My good friend, all that will come by and by! As soon as you rely on yourself, so soon do you know how to live.

FAUST. How, then, are we to start? Where have you horses, servant, and carriage?

MEPHISTOPHELES. We merely spread out the mantle: that is to carry us through the air. Only, in this bold step, you will take no big bundle. A little flery air, which I shall prepare, will lift us quickly from this earth; and if we are light, we shall mount rapidly. I congentulate you on your new course of life!

2085

2090

Muerbad's Reller in Leibzig.

Redie luftiger Gefelfen.

Grosen. Bill feiner trinfen ? feiner fachen ? Ich will euch fehren Gefichter machen ! Ihr fend ja beut wie naffes Strob.

2075 Und brennt fouft immer lichterfoh. Branber. Das liegt an bir ; bu bringft ja nichts berbei, Richt eine Dummheit, feine Sauerei.

Grofm (gient ibm ein Glas Wein über ben Ropf). Da haft bu beibes !

Branber. Dobnelt Schwein!

Brofm. Ihr wollt' es ja, man foll es fenn ! Stebet. Bur Thur' hingus, wer fich entzweit!

Dit offner Bruft fingt Runda, fauft und ichreit ! Auf! Holla | Hol

Mitmager. Weh mir, ich bin verloren !

Baumwolle her! ber Rerl fprenat mir bie Ohren. Stebel. Bem bas Gewolbe wieberichallt,

Rühlt man erft recht bes Baffes Grundgewalt. Brofd. Go recht! hinans mit bem, ber etwas übel nimmt! 9f I toro foro ha l

Mitmaner. MI tara fara ba! Srofd.

Die Reblen find geftimmt.

(Singt.) Das liebe, beil'ge Rom'iche Reich, Bie balt's nur noch aufammen?

Branber, Gin garftig Lieb! Bini! ein politifch Lieb! Ein leibig Lieb! Dauft Gott mit febem Morgen.

Auerbach's Cellar in Leipzig.

Drinking-bout of boon-companions,

Froson. Will no one drink—no one laugh? I'll teach
you to pull long faces! Why, to-day you are like wet
straw, and at other times you always burn blazingly.

Brander. That is your fault; why, you bring nothing towards it: not one foolery, no beastliness.

FROSCH (pours a glass of wine over his head). There you have both!

Brander. Double swine!

FROSCH. Why, you wanted one to be so!

SIEBEL. Out at the door with him who quarrels! With open breast strike up a chorus, swill, and shout! Up! holla! ho!

ALTMAYER. Woe's me, I am lost! Cotton here! The varlet splits my ears.

SIEBEL. When the vault echoes again, one feels all the more the deep power of the bass.

FROSCH. Right! Out with him who takes anything amiss! Ah! tara, lara, da!

Altmayer. Ah! tara, lara, da!

Frosch. Our throats are tuned. (Sings.) 'The dear, holy Roman Empire, how holds it possibly together?'

Brander, A nasty song! Fie! a political song. An offensive song! Thank God every morning that you Doch muß auch uns ein Dberhaupt nicht fehlen :

Bir wollen einen Bapft ermablen. Ihr wift, welch eine Qualitat

Den Musichlag giebt, ben Mann erhöht.

Froich (fingt). Schwing bich auf, Frau Nachtigall.

Gruß' mir mein Liebden gebentaufenbmal !

Stebet. Dem Liebchen feinen Gruß! Ich will bavon nichts hören !

Grofd. Dem Liebchen Gruß und Rug! bu wirft mir's nicht verwebren!

> (Singt.) Riegel auf! in ftiller Racht. 2105 Miegel auf! ber Liebste macht. Riegel au! bes Morgens friib.

2100

2115

Siebel. Ja, finge, finge nur, und lob' und rubme fie ! 3ch will zu meiner Beit icon lachen.

Sie hat mich angeführt, bir wirb fie's auch fo machen. 2210 Bum Liebften fen ein Robold ihr beichert !

Der maa mit ihr auf einem Kreusweg ichafern :

Ein alter Bod, wenn er bom Blodsberg febrt. Mag im Galoup noch aute Racht ihr medern !

Ein braber Rerl von achtem Fleisch und Blut Ift für bie Dirne viel zu aut.

3ch will bon feinem Gruße wiffen,

Mis ihr bie Fenfter eingeschmiffen !-Branber (auf ten Tifch fcblagenb),

Baßt auf! paßt auf! Beborchet mir !

have not the Roman Empire to care for! I at least hold it large gain that I am not Emperor or Chancellor. Still, to us also a chief must not be lacking: we will elect a Pope. You know what sort of quality turns tho scale and elevates the man.

FROSCH (sings). 'Soar up, dame nightingalo; greet me my sweetheart ten thousand times!'

SIEBEL. No greeting to the sweetheart! I will hear nought of it!

FROSCH. Greeting and kiss to the sweetheart! You shall not hinder me! (Sings.) 'Open bolts! in still night. Open bolts! the lover wakes. Shut bolts! in early morn.'

Sietele. Ay, sing, sing away, and laud and extol her! I doubt not I shall laugh when my time comes. She has taken me in; she will do the same for you. May a goblin be bestowed on her for a lover! He may toy with her on a cross way. An old ram, when he returns from Blocksherg, may bleat, on the gallop, good night to her! A worthy fellow of genuine flesh and blood is fat too good for the wench. I will hear of no greeting but smashing her windows!

BRANDER (striking the table). Attend! Attend! Listen to

154	Faust	2120-2146
Berliebte	n, gesteht, ich weiß zu leben ; Leute sitzen hier,	3130
Und diefer	ı muß, nach Standsgebühr,	
	Racht ich was zum Besten geben.	
	! ein Lieb vom neuften Schnitt!	
Und fingt	ben Runbreim fraftig mit!	2125
(Er fingt	.) Es war eine Natt' im Kellerneft.	
	Lebte nur bon Feit und Butter,	
	hatte fich ein Ranglein angemäft,	
	Ms wie ber Doftor Luther.	
	Die Köchin hatt' ihr Gift gestellt;	2130
	Da ward's fo eng ihr in der Welt,	
	Als hatte fie Lieb' im Leibe.	
Chorus (jan	figenb).	
	Ms hatte fie Lieb' im Leibe.	
Branber.	Sie fuhr herum, fie fuhr heraus,	
	Und foff aus allen Pfühen,	2135
	Bernägt', zerkratt' das ganze Haus,	
	Bollte nichts ihr Buthen nuben ;	
	Sie that gar manchen Mengftefprung ;	
	Balb hatte bas arme Thier genung,	
	MIS hatt' es Lieb' im Leibe.	2140
Chorns.	Ms hätt' es Lieb' im Leibe.	
Branber.	Sie tam vor Angft am hellen Tag	
	Der Ruche zugelaufen,	
	Fiel an ben Berb und gudt und lag,	
	Und that erbarmlich fcmanfen.	2145
	Da lachte die Bergifterin noch :	

me! Confess, gentlemen, I know how to live. Lovesick people are sitting here, and these I must favour with a song to suit their quality, by way of good-night. Mark! A song of the newest cut! And take part in the chorus lustily! (He sings.)

'There was a rat in the cellar-nest, lived only on fat and butter, had fattened a little paunch for itself, like Doctor Luther. The cook had laid poison for it; then things got as tight for it in the world, as if it had love in its belly.'

CHORUS (shouting). 'As if it had love in its belly.'

Brander. 'It ran round, it ran out, and drank up all the puddles, gnawed, scratched the wholo house; its fury could avail nothing; it made full many a bound of anguish; soon the poor beast had enough, as if it had love in its belly.'

CHORUS. 'As if it had love in its belly.'

Brander. 'It came running into the kitchen, for anguish, in broad day; fell on the hearth, and palpitated, and lay, and panted pitiably. Then laughed the poisoner

2155

erfin

2165

2170

Sa! fie pfeift auf bem letten Loch,

Chorus. 2018 batte fie Lieb' im Leife.

Siebel. Bie fich bie platten Buriche freuen !

Es ift mir eine rechte Runft, Den armen Ratten Gift zu ftreuen !

Branber. Sie ftehn wohl fehr in beiner Gunft ?

Mitmager. Der Schmerbauch mit ber fahlen Blatte! Das Unglud macht ihn zahm und milb :

Er fieht in ber geschwollnen Ratte

Sein gang natürlich Ebenbilb.

Fanft unt Mephiftopheles.

Mephinopheles. Ich muß dich nun vor allen Dingen Ju lustige Gesellschaft bringen, Damit du siehst, wie leicht sich's leben laßt.

Dem Bolfe hier wirb jeber Tag ein Fest. Mit wenig Wig und viel Behagen

Dreht jeber fich im engen Birteltang, Wie innac Raten mit bem Schwans.

Wenn sie nicht über Kopfweh Kagen,

So lang ber Wirth nur weiter borgt, Sind fie bergnfigt und unbeforgt. Brander. Die kommen eben von ber Reife.

Man sieht's an ihrer wunderlichen Beise; Sie sind nicht eine Stunde bier.

Brofd. Wahrhaftig, bu hast Recht! Mein Leipzig lob' ich mir!

Es ift ein flein Paris, und bilbet feine Leute.

still: "Ha, it is at its last gasp, as if it had love in its belly."

CHORUS. 'As if it had love in its belly.'

SIEBEL. How the vulgar fellows are delighted! It is, methinks, a proper art to strew poison for the poor rats!

Brander. I presume they stand high in your favour?

ALTMAYER. The paunch with the bald pate! Ill-luck makes him tame and mild; he sees in the swollen rat his own quite natural image.

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Before all things, I must now bring you into merry company, that you may see how lightly life may be passed. To these people here each day becomes a holiday. With little wit and much satisfaction, each turns round in the nurve circle-denee, like kittens with their tails. If they do not complain of a headacho,—so long as their host does but give further credit,—they are pleased and unconcerned.

Brander. They are just come from a journey; one sees it in their strange manner; they have not been here an hour.

FROSCH. Truly you are right! Leipzig is the place for me! It is a little Paris, and forms its folk. Stebel. Für was siehst du die Fremben an ? Froso. Lah mich nur gehn! Bei einem vollen Glaje Lieh' ich, wie einen Kindersahn.

Bich' ich, wie einen Kinderzahn, 2175 Den Burschen leicht die Würmer aus der Nase.

Sie fcheinen mir aus einem eblen hans, Sie fteben ftols und unaufrieben aus.

Sie ftehen ftolg und ungufrieben aus. Branber. Martifchreier find's gewiß, ich wette !

Mitmaber. Bielleicht.

Frofm. Giebt Acht, ich schraube fie! 2180 Webbistopheles (zu Fauft). Den Teufel spürt das Bölltchen nie.

Und wenn er fie beim Aragen hatte! Fangt. Sehd uns gegrußt, ihr Herrn!

Siebel. Biel Dant jum Gegengruß ! (Leife, Mepbiftavbeles von ber Seite anfebenb.)

Was hinft ber Rerl auf einem Tuß?

Mephistopheles. Ift es erlaubt, uns auch zu euch zu sehen? Statt eines guten Trunts, ben man nicht haben tann, 2285 Soll die Gesellschaft uns ergeben.

Mitmayer. Ihr icheint ein fehr verwöhnter Mann.

Frofs. The feth wohl spät von Rippach aufgebrochen ? Habt ihr mit Herren Haus noch erst zu Nacht gespeist ? 2190 Mephinophetes. Sent find wir ihn vorbeigereist:

Wir haben ihn bas lehtemal gesprochen. Bon seinen Bettern wußt' er viel zu sanen.

Bon feinen Bettern wußt' er viel zu fagen, Biel Gruße hat er uns an ieben aufgetragen.

(Er neigt fich gegen Brofch.) Allemaner (leife). Da haft bu's! ber berfteht's!

Alfimaher (letje). Wa halt du'S! der verfleh's! 2195 Tiedel. Ein pfiffiger Hatron! Trofs. Run, warte nur, ich frieg' ihn [chon!] Weshbikobbeles. Wsun ich nicht irrie, hörten wir SIEBEL. What do you take the strangers for ?

FROSCH, Just let me go my own way! With the help of a full glass, I will worm out the fellows' secrets as easily as a child's tooth. They seem to me from some noble house; they look proud and discontented.

Brander. They are mountebanks to a certainty, I wager. Altmayer. Perhaps.

FROSCH. Mark, I'll chaff them !

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST). Those people would never scent the devil, even if he had them by the throat.

FAUST. Our greetings, gentlemen!

SIEBEL. Many thanks in return! (Aside, looking askance at MEPHISTOPHELES.) Why does the follow limp on one foot?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Is it permitted us also to sit with you?

We shall have company to cheer us, instead of good liquor, which one cannot have.

ALTMAYER. You seem a very pampered man,

Frosch. Probably you have set forth at a late hour from Rippach? Did you sup previously with Mr. Hans?

MEPHISTOPHELES. To-day we travelled past him: last time, we spoke to him. He had much to say of his cousins; he charged us with many greetings to each. (He bows towards Froson.)

ALTMAYER (aside). You have it there! He's wide-awake! Siebel. A sharp fellow!

Froson. Now, only wait, I shall have him, no doubt.

MEPHISTOPHELES. If I was not mistaken, we heard prac-

Benbte Stimmen Chorus fingen ?

Bewiß, Befang muß trefflich hier Bon biefer Bolbung wieberflingen !

2215

2220

Froim. Genb ihr mobl gar ein Birtuge? Mephiftopheres. D nein! bie Rraft ift fcwach, allein bie

Luft ift oroß. MItmaner. Geht und ein Rieb!

Menhiftonheles. Wenn ihr begehrt, bie Menge.

Siebel. Rur auch ein nagelneues Stud! mephipophetes. Bir fommen erft aus Sponien gurud. 2205 Dem ichonen Land bes Beine und ber Gefange.

> (Singt.) Es war einmal ein Ronia. Der hatt' einen großen Rloh -

Broid. Bordt! einen Rioh! Sabt ihr bas mobl gefoßt? Ein Rlob ift mir ein faubrer Gaft.

Mephiftopheles (fingt).

Es war einmal ein Ronia. Der hatt' einen großen Rloh. Den liebt' er aar nicht wenig. Mis wie feinen eignen Sohn. Da rief er feinen Schneiber, Der Schneiber fam beran :

Da, miß bem Junter Rleiber. Und mift ihm Sofen au!

Branber. Bergeft nur nicht, bem Schneiber einzuschärfen, Daß er mir aufs genaufte mißt, Und baft, fo lieb fein Ropf ihm ift.

Die Spien feine Salten werfen !

tised voices singing in chorus? Certainly singing must resound superbly from this vault.

FROSCH. Is it possible that you are a virtuoso ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Oh no! the power is weak, but the desire is great.

ALTMAYER. Give us a song!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Plenty, if you like.

SIEBEL. But mind, a brand-new piece!

MEPHISTOPHELES. We have just returned from Spain, the fair land of wine and song. (Sings.)

'Once upon a time, there was a king, who had a great flea-

FROSCH. Hark, a flea! Did you rightly eatch that? A flea, methinks, is a pretty customer.

MEPHISTOPHELES (rings). 'Once upon a time, there was a king, who had a great flea, which he loved not a little, as 'twere his own son. Then called he his tailor; the tailor drew near. "There, measure the young squire for clothes, and measure him for breeches!"'

BRANDER. Only forget not, prithee, to enjoin the tailor that he measure with the greatest nicety, and that, as he loves his head, the breeches throw no creases!

2230

2235

Mebbiftapbeles.

In Sammet und in Seibe War er nun angethan, Satte Banber auf bem Meibe.

> Satt' auch ein Kreus baran. Und war fogleich Minifter,

Und hatt' einen großen Stern. Da wurden feine Gefdmifter

Bei Sof auch große Berrn. Und Serrn und Fraun am Sofe.

Die waren febr geplagt,

Die Ronigin und bie Rofe

Geftochen und genaat. Und burften fie nicht fniden.

Und weg fie inden nicht. Mir fniden und erftiden

Doch aleich, wenn einer fricht. Chorus (jandgenb),

Bir fniden und erftiden Doch aleich, wenn einer fticht.

Broto. Brave! Brave! bas war fcon!

Stebet. Go foll es jebem Floh ergehn ! Branber. Spitt bie Finger und badt fie fein !

Attmager. Es lebe bie Freiheit! es lebe ber Bein! Mephifiophetes. Ich trante gern ein Glas, bie Freiheit hoch su chren.

Wenn eure Weine nur ein bifichen beffer wären. Stebet. Wir mogen bas nicht wieber boren !

Meshittopheles. Ich fürchte nur, ber Wirth beichmeret fich . Sonft gab' ich biefen werthen Gaften

Mus unferm Reller was gum Beiten.

2245

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'In velvet and silk was he now attired, had ribbons on his coat, had also a cross thereon, and was forthwith minister, and had a great star. Then his brethren also became great lords at court.

'And lords and ladies at court, they were sorely plagued; the queen and the waiting women were pricked and bitten, and dared not crack them, nor scratch them away. But we crack and stiffe directly when one pricks.'

Chorus (shouting). 'But we crack and stifle directly when one pricks.'

FROSCH. Bravo! bravo! That was capital.

SIEBEL. So may it befall every flea!

Brander. Point your fingers, and nab them cloverly!

ALTMAYER. Liberty for ever! . Wino for ever!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I would willingly drink a glass in high honour of liberty, if only your wines were a little bit botter.

SIEBEL. We don't desire to hear that again!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I only feared the landlord would be annoyed; otherwise, I would treat these worthy guests out of our cellar.

2260

2270

Stebel. Rur immer her ! ich nehm's auf mich.

Grofe. Schafft ihr ein gutes Glas, fo wollen wir ench loben.

Rur gebt nicht gar zu fleine Proben; Denn wenn ich jubieiren foll,

Berlana' ich auch das Maul recht voll.

Allemaner (leife). Sie find bom Rheine, wie ich fpure.

Wephinopheles. Schafft einen Bohrer an ! Branber. Bas foll mit bem gefchehn ?

Ihr habt boch nicht bie Faller vor ber Thure?

ftehn.

Mephiftopheles (nimmt ben Bohrer). (3u Greich.)

Nun fagt, was wünichet ihr zu schmeden? geogh. Wie meint ihr das? Habt ihr so mancherlei? Mentinopheles. Ich stell'es einem jeden frei.

Mitmaner (gu Froich). Aha! bu fängft ichon an, die Lippen abzuleden.

Groff. Gut! wenn ich wählen foll, fo will ich Rheinwein haben.

Das Vaterland verleiht die allerbesten Gaben. 2265 Wesphikopheles (indem er an dem Blat, wo Trosch fitt, ein Loch in den Tischrand bobert).

Berichafft ein wenig Wachs, die Pfropfen gleich zu machen! Altmaber. Ach, das find Tafchenfpielersachen! Weshistobbeles (zu Branter). Und ihr?

Branber. Ich will Champagnerwein,

Und recht muffirend foll er febn !

(Mephiftenheles bohrt; einer fiat inteffen bie Wachtpfropfen gemacht und verftopft.)

Man tann nicht ftets bas Frembe meiben,

SIEBEL. Hither with it by all means! I take it upon myself.

Frosch. If you provide a good glass, we will praise you.

Only don't give samples all too small; for if I am to judge of the quality, I like my mouth right full.

ALTMAYER (aside). They're from the Rhine, as I guess.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Procure a gimlet.

Brander. What's to be done with it? You have not, I

presume, the casks at the door?

ALTMAYER. The landlord has a little basket of tools stand-

ing behind there.

Mephistopheles (taking the gimlet. To Frosch). Now

say what you would wish to taste?
FROSCH. How do you mean? Have you so many sorts?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I leave it to every one's choice.

ALTMAYER (to FROSCH). Aha, you begin to lick your lips already!

Frosch. Well! If I am to choose, I will have Rhine-wine.

The Fatherland bostows the very best of gifts.

MEPHISTOPHELES (boring a hole in the edge of the table, at the place where Froscri is sitting). Got a little wax to make the stoppers directly. ALTMAYER. Ah, these are juggler's tricks!

ALTMAYER. Ah, these are juggler's tricks

MEPHISTOPHELES (to BRANDER). And you?

Brander. I'm for champagne, and let it be right sparkling!

(MEPHISTOPHELES bores; one of them has meanwhile made the wax-corks and stopped the holes.)

One cannot always avoid what is foroign; the good

2285

Das Gute liegt uns oft jo fern.

Ein achter benticher Mann mag feinen Franzen leiben, Doch ihre Beine trinft er gern.

Siebet (indem fich Mephiftopheles feinem Blage nabert).

Ich umft gestehn, ben fauern mag ich nicht. Gebt mir ein Glas bom achten fußen!

Mephistophetes (bohrt). Euch soll sogleich Tokaier fließen. Attmaner. Nein, Herren, seht mir ins Gesicht!

Ich feh' es ein, ihr habt uns nur gum Beften. Mephifiophetes. Gi! Gi! mit folden eblen Gaften

War' es ein bifichen viel gewagt.

Gefdwind! Rur grad' herans gefagt! Wit welchem Weine kann ich bienen?

Mitmaber. Mit jedem! Rur nicht lang gefragt!

(Rachbem bie Licher alle gebobrt und verftopft finb.)

Mephifiopheles (mit feltfamen Geberben). Tranben tragt ber Beinftod,

Hörner der Biegenbod! Der Bein ift faftig, Gols die Reben.

Der holgerne Tijch fann Wein auch geben. Ein tiefer Blid in bie Ratur !

Sier ift ein Wunder, glanbet nur!

Run gieht die Pfropfen, und genießt! 2290 Atte (indem fie die Propfen ziehen und jedem der verlangte Wein ins Glas lanft).

D fconer Brunnen, der uns fließt! Weshinophetes. Rur hütet euch, daß ihr mir nichts vergießt!

(Sie trinfen wieberfelt.)

utte (fingen). Uns ift gang fannibalifch wohl,

Als wie fünfhundert Sanen !

lies eften se far frem us. A true German cannot bear Frenchmen, but he willingly drinks their wines.

Siedel (while Mephistophieles approaches his place). I must ewn, I den't like it acid; give me a glass of genuine sweet.

MEPHISTOPHELES (boring). Tekay shall flew forthwith for yeu,

ALTMAYER. No, gentlemen, lock me in the face! I perceive you are only making game of us.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Heyday! With such neble guests, it would be a little bit high-hazarded. Quiek! Only speak out at once! What wine may I serve you with ?

ALTMAYER. With any. Only den't be long asking!

MEPHISTOPHELES (with strange gestures, after all the holes are borrd and stopped). 'The vine bears grupes, the hegeat horns. Wine is juicy, vines are weed. The wooden table can also yield wine. A deep glance inte nature! Here is a miraele; only have faith!'

New draw the stoppers and drink!

ALL (while they draw the stoppers, and the desired wine runs into each one's glass). Oh beautiful spring, that flows for us!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Only take care that you spill me nothing.

(They drink repeatedly.)

A.L. (singing). 'We are as jelly as cannibals, like five hundred swine!'. Mephifrophetes. Das Bolf ift frei ! Geht an, wie mobl's ibm geht I 2205

Fauft. Ich hatte Luft nun abaufahren.

mephiftophetes. Gieb nur erft Acht ! bie Beftiglitat Birb fich aar berrlich offenbaren.

Siebet (trinft unvorfichtig : ber Wein fliefit auf bie Erbe unb wirb gur Manune).

Belit ! Fener ! helft! Die Bolle brennt ! Meshiftopheles (bie Mamme befprechenb).

Seb rubig, freundlich Element !

(Bu tem Gefellen,)

2100

2305

Für biesmal mar es nur ein Tropfen Fegefener. Siebet. Bas foll bas fenn ? Bart'l ihr bezahlt es theuer I

Es icheinet, bag ihr uns nicht fennt.

Brofd. Lag Er uns bas jum zweitenmale bleiben ! Mirmaner. Ich bacht', wir biegen ibn gang fachte feitmarts gehn.

Siebel. Bas, Berr ? Er will fich unterfteben.

Und hier fein Sofuspofus treiben? Mebhiftopheles, Still, altes Beinfaft !

Giefiel. Befenftiel !

Du willft uns gar noch grob begegnen ? Branber. Bart nur! es follen Schläge regnen!

2310 MItmager (giebt einen Bfropf aus bem Tifch; es fpringt ibm Wener entaggen).

3ch brenn' l ich brenne !

Siebel. Bauberei ! Stofit au ! ber Rerl ift pogelfrei !

(Gie gieben bie Deffer und geben auf Menfiftenbeles fest)

MEPHISTOPHELES. These people are free; see how they enjoy themselves.

FAUST. I should like now to depart.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Only attend first; their brutishness will display itself right gloriously.

SIEBEL (drinks carelessly; the wine pours on the ground and turns to flame). Help! Fire! Help! Hell is burning!

MEPHISTOPHELES (conjuring the flames). Be still, friendly element! (To the fellow.) This time, it was only a little drop of purgatory.

Siedel. What means that? Wait! you shall pay dearly for it! It seems that you do not know us. Frosch. Leave you that alone another time!

ALTMAYER. I think we should bid him be off quietly.

Siebel. What, Sir! You will presume to work your hocus-pocus here?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Silence, old wine-cask!

SIEBEL. Broomstick! Will you use us rudely into the bargain?

Brander, Just wait! It shall rain blows!

ALTMAYER. (draws the stopper from the table; fire springs out against him). I burn! I burn!

Siebel. Magic! Thrust home! The knave is outlawed! (They draw their knives, and make for Mephistopheles.)

2330

Mephiftophetes (mit ernfthafter Geberbe).

Berändern Sinn und Ort! Seud hier und dort!

(Sie fteben erftaunt und feben einander au.)

Mrtmager. Bo bin ich ? Belches schone Land ! Froid. Beinberge! Seb' ich recht ?

Froin. Beinberge! Seh' ich recht?

Stebel. Und Tranben gleich gur Sand! Branber. hier unter biefem grinen Lanbe,

Seht, welch ein Stod! feht, welche Tranbe!

(Gr faßt Giebeln bei ber Rafe; bie antern thun es wechfelfeit bie Meffer.)

Wephistopheres (wie oben). Frrthum, laß los ber Augen Band! 2320

Und merkt eine, wie der Tenfel fpaße ! (Gr verschwinket mit Sauft; die Geselten fahren aus einander.)

Siebet. Bas giebt's ?

Attimaner. Bie?

Brander (ju Giebel). Und beine fab' ich in ber Sanb !

Attmayer. Es war ein Schlag, der ging durch alle Glieber! Schafft einen Stuhl ! ich finke nieber.

Schafft einen Stuhl 1 ich finde nieber. 2325 Frosch. Nein, fagt mir nur, was ift geschehn ? Tiebel. Mo ist der Kerl ? Wenn ich ibn würe.

Er foll mir nicht lebendig gehn ! Mitmaber. Ich hab' ihn felbft hinaus zur Rellerthüre

Unf einem Jaffe reiten febn - - Es liegt mir bleischwer in ben Fifgen.

(Sich nach bem Tische wendenb.)

Mein! Sollte wohl ber Wein noch fließen?

Siebel, Beirng war alles, Lug und Schein.

MEPHISTOPHELES (with solemn gesture). False form and word change sense and place! Be here and there!

(They stand amased, and gaze at each other.)

ALTMAYER. Where am I? What a beautiful country! FROSCH. Vineyards! Do I see aright?

SIEBEL. And grapes close at hand !

Brander. See here, under this green foliage, what a stem! See, what a bunch!

(He seitest Siehell by the nose. The others do the same reciprocally, and raise their knives.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (as before). Error, loosen the bandage of their eyes! And mark ye, how the devil jests!

(He disappears with FAUST. The fellows start back from one another.)

SIEBEL. What's the matter ?

ALTMAYER, How !

FROSCH. Was that your nose?

Brander (to Siebel). And I have yours in my hand! Altmayer. It was a shock which went through all ono's

limbs! Get a chair, I am sinking.

FROSCH. No, do but tell me; what has happened †
SIEBEL. Where is the fellow? If I track him he shall not

got away alive!

ALTMAYER. I saw him myself ride out at the cellar-door on a cask.—My feet feel as heavy as lead! (Turning towards

a cask.—My feet feel as hoavy as lead! (Turning towards the table.) My! I wonder whother the wine is running still? SIEEEL All was cheat, lying, and sham.

SIEBEL. All was cheat, lying, and shan

Grofe. Mir bauchte boch, als trant' ich Bein.

Brauber. Aber wie war es mit ben Trauben ?

Mitmaber. Run fag' mir eins, man foll fein Bumber glauben!

Derentüche.

Muf einem niedrigen Gerte flest ein geofer Refigi über bem Geuer. In bem Dample, ber deren in die Siele fletz, eigen fich verfolderen Geschaften. Gine Weerfahr fibt bei bem Arfeit mie schammt sig, num ferz, des er nicht aberdinft. Der Weerfahre mit ben Imagen fist densfen und welrmt fich. Wante und Dock fin mit ben eistlichunft "Geschandesten dereichten der

Jauft. Dephtftopheles.

aus. Mir wibersteht bas tolle Zauberwesen!

Berfpricift bu mir, ich foll genejen

In biefem Buft von Raferei?

Berlang' ich Rath von einem aften Beibe ?

Und ichafft bie Subelfocherei

Wohl breißig Jahre mir bom Leibe?

Beh mir, wenn bu nichts Reffers meißet

Schon ist die Hoffnung mir verschwunden.

Sat die Ratur und hat ein ebler Geift

Hat die Natur und hat ein ebler Geift Richt irgend einen Balfam ausgefunden?

weshistopheles. Mein Freund, nun fprichft bu wieber fina !

nephtkophetes. Mein Freund, nun sprichst du wieder klug Dich zu verjüngen giebt's auch ein natürlich Mittel ;

Allein es steht in einem andern Buch, Und ist ein wunderlich Cavitel.

Fauft. Ich will es wiffen.

wesphiespheles. Gut! ein Mittel, ohne Gelb Und Araf und Rauberei zu haben!

Begieb bich gleich hinaus aufs Telb,

Fang' an ju haden und ju graben,

Erhalte bich und beinen Sinn

2345

Frosch. It seemed to me, though, as if I was drinking wine.

Brander. But how was it with the grapes?

ALTMAYER. Now let any one tell me that one must not believe in miracles!

Witch's Kitchen.

(On a low kearth stand; a large caldron over the fire. In the vapour that rise from it appear various figures, A Sire-Monkey site by the caldron and shins it, and takes care that it does not run over. The Ht-Monkey sits near, with the young ones, and warms himself, Walls and ceiling are decked out with the strangest witch furniture.)

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUNT. The mad magic revolts me! Do you promise me I shall recover in this chaos of freuzy? Do I ned counsel of an old woman! And will the mess-cookery really take thirty years from my frame! Woe's me if you know of nothing better! Already hope has vanished. Has nature, and has a noble spirit discovered no sort of balasm!

MEPHISTOPHELES. My friend, now again you talk sensibly! There is also a natural means of making you young again; but it is in another book, and is a strange chapter.

FAUST. I desire to know it.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well! to have a means without money and doctor, and sorcery: betake yourself straightway to the field outside; begin to hoe and to dig; keep your-

In einem gang beschräuften Breife. Ernahre bich mit migemifchter Speife. Leb' mit bem Bieh als Bieh, und acht' es nicht für Raub, Den Ader, ben bu ernteft, felbft gu biingen ; Das ift bas befte Mittel, glaub', 2360 Auf achtgig Jahr bich zu veriftigen ! Fauft. Das bin ich nicht gewöhnt! Ich tann mich nicht bequemen. Den Spaten in bie Sanb gu nehmen. Das enge Leben fteht mir gar nicht au. Mephiftopheles. Go muß benn boch bie Sere bran! 2365 Fauft. Warum benn juft bas alte Beib ! Ranuft bu ben Trant nicht felber brauen ? menntnonnetes. Das mar' ein ichoner Reitvertreib! Ich wollt' inbeg wohl taufenb Bruden bauen. Richt Runft und Wiffenschaft allein. Gebuld mill bei bem Werfe fenn. Ein ftiller Beift ift Nabre lang geichaftig : Die Reit nur macht bie feine Gabrung fraftig. Und alles, was bagu gehört, Es find gar wunberbare Sachen ! Der Teufel bat fie's gwar gelehrt : Mllein ber Tenfel fann's nicht machen. (Die Thiere erblident.) Sieh, welch ein gierliches Geschlecht ! Das ift bie Magb! bas ift ber Ruecht! (Bu ben Abieren.) Es icheint, Die Frau ift nicht zu Saufe? 2380 Die Thiere. Beim Comonie. Mus bem Sans Bum Schoruftein binaus!

self and your senses in a thoroughly confined circle; nourish yourself with unmixed food; live with the beast as beast, and think it not robbery yourself to manure the land which you reap. That, believe me, is the best means of making you young again, up to eighty.

FAUST. I am not used to that; I cannot bring myself to take the spade in hand. The narrow life does not suit me at all.

MEPHISTOPHELES. So then, the witch must do nevertheless.

FAUST. But why the old woman in particular? Cannot you brew the drink yourself?

MEPHISTOPHELES. That were a pretty pastime! I would build about a thousand bridges in the time. Not art and science only, but patience is required for the work. A quite spirit is active at it for years; time alone makes the delicate fermantation strong. And all things that pertain to it are very woulderful matters. The devil, indeed, has audught it her, but the devil cannot make it. (Perceiving the Annalis.) See, what an elegant breed! That is the lass—that is the hall (To the Annalis.) It seems your mistress is not at home!

THE ANIMALS. At the feast, out of the house, out by the chimney.

2395

2405

wehhlischetes. Wie lange plegt sie wohl zu schwarmen? Die Thiere. So sang' wir mis die Proten wärmen. 2983 Wehhlisches (zu Taust). Wie findest du die zarten Thiere?

Faup. So abgeichmadt, als ich nur etwas sach! Mephispopheres. Rein, ein Discours, wie biefer ba, Aft arabe ber, ben ich am liebsten führe!

It grade der, den ich am iteoften fugre

So jagt mir boch, verfluchte Puppen! Bas quirlt ibr in bem Brei berum?

Thiere. Bir fochen breite Bettelfuppen.

Wephiftophetes. Da habt ihr ein groß Bublicum. Der Rater (matt fich berbei unb fcmeichelt bem Merhifterbetes.)

> O würste nur gleich Und mache mich reich,

Und laßt mich gewinnen!

Gar schlecht ist's bestellt, Und wär' ich bei Gelb,

So wär' ich bei Sinnen. Mephifeopheles. Wie glücklich würde sich ber Affe schähen, Könnt' er nur auch ins Lotto sehen l

(Inbeffen haben bie jungen Meertabeten mit einer großen Augel gespielt und rollen fie bervor.)

Der Rater. Das ift bie Belt;

Sie fteigt und fällt Und rollt beftanbig !

Sie klingt wie Glas; Wie bald bricht das? Aft hohl inwendia:

hier glangt fie fehr, Und hier noch mehr.

teno ther more mer

Mephistopheles. Pray, how long is she usually on the rove ${\bf 1}$

Animals. As long as we are warming our paws.

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST). How do you find the delicate animals †

FAUST. As silly as any I ever saw!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Nay, a discourse like the present is precisely what I am fondest of carrying on. (To the ANIMALS.) Tell me, pray, accursed puppets, what are you stirring up in the pap?

Animals. We are cooking thin beggars' broth.

MEPHISTOPHELES. There you have a large public.

The He-Monkey (comes near and favons on Mephistopheless). Oh do but throw the dice directly, and make me rich, and let me win! Things are very badly ordered; and were I in funds, I should be in my wits.

MEPHISTOPHELES. How happy would the ape esteem himself, could he but put into the lottery! (Meanwhile the young Monkeys have been playing with a large

(Meanwhile the young Monkeys have been playing with a large globe, and roll it forwards.)

HE-MONKEY. That is the world; it rises and falls, and

rolls constantly. It rings like glass; how soon breaks that? It is hollow within. Here it glitters much, and

2410-2436	Fauft	178
2410	Ich bin lebenbig !	
	Mein lieber Sohn,	
	Halt dich davon!	
	Du mußt fterben!	

Sie ift von Thon, Es giebt Scherben. Wephtpopheres. Was foll das Sieb?

Der Rater (holt es herunter). Wärft bu ein Dieb, Wollt' ich bich gleich erfennen.

Wollt' ich dich gleich extennen. (Er täuft zur Kähin und läßt fie durchsehen.)

> Sieh burch das Sieb! Erfennst du den Dieb.

Crtennst du den Dieb, 2,220 Und darsst ihn nicht nennen ? Wesphistopheles (Ach bem Kener nähernd). Und dieser Tool?

2415

2425

2130

meephistophetes (und bem gener nagerno). Und oteler Lopf? Kater und Ragin. Der alberne Tropf! Er feunt nicht ben Toof.

Er fennt nicht ben Reffel! Mephistophetes. Unhöfliches Thier! Der Kater. Den Webel nimm bier.

Rater. Den Webel nimm hier, Und feh' bich in Geffel !

(Grnichigt ben Dephistopheles zu fiben.) mit imelder biefe Beit über vor einem Svienel neftanben, fich

Fauft (voelder biefe Seit über vor einem Spiegel geftauben, fich ibm batb genabert batb fich von ibm entjernt hat). Was feh' ich ? Welch eint binnmlifch Bild

Beigt fich in biefem Banberfpiegel! D Liebe, leihe mir ben fcnellften beiner Flügel,

Und führe mich in ihr Gefitb!

Ach, wenn ich nicht auf biefer Stelle bleibe,

Wenn ich es wage, nah zu gehn, Kann ich fie nur als wie im Nebel sehn! —

Das fconfte Bild von einem Weibe!

here still more. I am lively! My dear son, keep thee therefrom! Thou must die! It is of clay; there will be potsherds.

MEPHISTOPHELES. What is the sieve for ?

THE HEMONKEY (takes it down). Wert thou a thief, I should know thee directly. (He runs to the Shir-Monkey, and makes her look through.) Look through the sleve! Dost thou recogniso the thief, and darest not name him?

MEPHISTOPHELES (approaching the fire). And this pot?

HE and SHE-MONKEYS. The silly ninny! He knows not the pot, he knows not the caldron!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Uncivil beast!

He-Monkey. Take hore the whisk, and sit on the settle.

(He makes Merristopheles sit.)

Exact (who, all liki line, has been standing hybre a mirror, now approaching and now reading from it). What do I see I What a havenly image shows itself intiminage mirror! Oh Love, lend me the swiftest of the wings, and bear me to her region! Al, when I do not remain on this spot, when I vonture to go near, I can only see her as in a mist—I'm loveliest image of a

2150

Aft's monlich, ift bas Weib in ichon? Muß ich an biefem bingestredten Leibe Den Inbegriff von allen Simmeln febn ? Co etwas finbet fich auf Erben ? 2440

Mephiftopheles. Ratiltlich, wenn ein Gott fich erft fechs Tage plagt.

Und felbft am Ende Bravo fagt,

Da muß es mas Gleicheibtes merben

Rür biesmal fieh bich immer fatt;

Ich weiß bir fo ein Schätichen auszulpfiren. Und felig, wer bas ante Schidfal hat.

Mis Bräntigam fie beimzuführen !

(Fauft fieht immerfect in ben Spiegel. Debfiftebbeles, fich in bem Geffel bebnent und mit bem Bebel fpieleut, fafret foet gu fprecben.)

Sier fit' ich wie ber Ronig auf bem Throne :

Den Repter halt' ich bier, es fehlt nur noch die Brone, Die Thiere (welche bieber allerfei munberlide Bemeanngen burch einanter gemacht haben, beingen bem Merbifterbeles eine Rrone mir graffem Giefchreit.

D fen boch fo aut.

Mit Schweiß und mit Blut

Die Rrone au feimen ! (Sie geben ungefchieft mit ber Rrone um und gerbrechen fie in zwei Grade,

mit welchen fie berumfpennen.) Mun ift es geichehn!

Wir reben und febn. Wir hören und reimen!

Fauft (gegen ben Spiegel). Weh mir ! ich werbe ichier berrfidt. Mebbiftopheles (auf Die Thiere bentenb). Run fangt mir an

faft felbit ber Robi zu ichwanten.

Die Thiere. Und wenn es uns gludt. Und wenn es sich schickt.

Co find es Gebanten.

2160

woman! Is it possible?—is woman so lovely? Must I see in this recumbent form the epitome of all the heavens? Is there aught like it upon earth?

MEPHISTOPHERES. Naturally when a God first drudges for six days, and himself says barse at the end, something clever must come of it. For this time, by all means, look your fill. I know how to find such a darling for you; and happy he who has the good destiny to bear her home as a bridgeroom.

(FAUST gazes continually in the mirror. MEPHISTOPHELES, stretching himself on the settle, and playing with the whish, continues to seeak.)

Here I sit, like the king on his throne; here I hold the sceptre; the crown alone is lacking.

THE ANIMAIS (which kithers have been making confused) and sort of trange uncernents, bring a crown to Memisson PHERIES with load crick). On do he so good as to glue the crown withs weat and with blood! (They hands the crown unknown with a time to me piece, with which they take about.) Now it is done! We speak and see, we hear and rhyme!

Faust (before the mirror). Woe's me! I am becoming almost distracted.

MEPHISTOPHELES (pointing to the Animals). My own head almost begins to reel now.

THE ANIMALS. And if we are lucky, and if things fit, then they are thoughts!

2470

2,180

Fauft (wie oben). Mein Busen fängt mir an zu brennen ! Entfernen wir uns nur geschwind !

mephikopheles (in obiger Stellung). Run, wenigftens muß man befennen.

Daß es aufrichtige Boeten finb.

(Der Reffel, melden bie Rabin bithe

(Der Reffel, welchen bie Rabin bitber anfer Ucht gelaffen, fangt an übergulaufen; est eutflest eine große Blamme, welche jum Schornftein hinnutichlagt. Die Gere tommt burch bie Blamme mit entsehlichem Gefcher bernntegefelbern.)

Die Bege. An! An! An! An!

Berbammtes Thier! verfluchte Sau!

Berfäumst ben Kessel, versengst die Fran ! Bersuchtes Thier!

Cirpingito Lytti

(Sauft und Mephiftapheles erblident.)

Was ift bas hier? Wer fend ihr hier?

Was wollt ihr ba?

Ber folich fich ein?

Die Fenerpein

Euch ind Gebein! (Sie fahet mit bem Schaumlöffel in ben Leffel und fpeist Flammen nach Lauft.

Dephiftopheles und ben Thierem. Die Thiere minfein.) Dephiftopheles (welcher ben Bebel, ben er in ber Sant halt, umlehet unb

unter bie Glafer und Topfe fcfagt). Entamei ! entamei !

Da liegt ber Brei !

Da liegt bas Glas!

Es ift nur Spaß,

Der Tact, bu Mas, Ru beiner Melabei.

(Intem bie Gere voll Geimm und Gntieben gurudtritt.)

Erfennft bu mich? Gerippe! Scheufal bu!

FAUST (as above). My bosom begins to burn. Let us only begone quickly!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well, one must at least confess that they are candid poets.

(The caldron, which the SHE-MONKEY has hitherto left without attention, begins to run over; there arises a great flame, which thouse out up the chimney. The Wetce comes careering down through the flame with horrible crie.)

THE WITCH. Ow, ow, ow, ow! Dammed beast! Cursed sow! Thou neglectest the caldron, scorchest thy mis-tress! Cursed beast! (Prevening FAUST and MEPHEND-FIRELES.) What is that here! Who are you here! What want you there! Who slunk in! The torment of fire into your bones!

(She dips the shimming-ladle into the caldron, and sprinkles flames at FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and the ANIMALS. The ANIMALS whimper.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (who reverses the whisk which he holds in hit hand, and strikes among the glasses and pots). To picces! To picces! There lies the pap! There lies the glass! It is but a jest—the time, thou carrion, to thy tune!

(While the Wirch steps back, full of rage and amazement.)

Dost thou know me ? Skeleton! Thou monster! Dost

Erfennft bu beinen Berrn und Meifter?	
Was halt mich ab, fo fchlag' ich gu,	
Berichmettre bich und beine Katengeifter!	
Saft bu borm rothen Wamms nicht mehr Refpect ?	248
Rannft bu bie Sahnenfeber nicht erfennen?	
Hab' ich bies Angeficht verftedt?	
Soll ich mich ettna folher nommen 2	

2405

Die Soge. D Berr, verzeiht ben roben Gruß! Seh' ich boch feinen Bierbefnft. Bo find benn eine beiben Maben ?

Mephinophetes. Tür biesmal fommit bu fo bavon :

Denn freilich ift es eine Weile icon. Daß wir nus nicht geseben haben.

Auch bie Cultur, bie alle Belt beledt,

Sat auf ben Tenfel fich erftredt : Das norbifche Phantom ift unn nicht mehr gu ichanen;

Bo fiebit bu Sorner, Schmeif und Mauen ?

Und was ben Ing betrifft, ben ich nicht miffen fann, Der würde mir bei Leuten ichaben ;

Darum bebien' ich mich, wie mancher junge Mann, Seit vielen Nahren falider Baben,

Die Doge (tangenb). Sinn und Berftand verlier' ich fcbier, Seh' ich ben Imfer Satan wieber bier !

Menniftonbeles. Den Ramen, Beib, verbitt' ich mir! 2505 Die Bere. Barum? Bas hat er end gethan?

menninonnetes. Er ift fcon lang ins Fabelbuch geidirieben :

Mlein bie Menichen find nichts beffer bran : Den Bofen find fie los, die Bofen find geblieben. Du nennft mich herr Baron, fo ift bie Sache gut ; 2510

3ch bin ein Cavalier, wie anbre Cavaliere.

thou know thy lord and master! What hinders me from hitting out—from dashing thee and thy monkeys spirits to pieces! Hast thou no more any respect for the red doublet! Canst thou not recognise the cock's feather! Have I concealed this face! Must I peradventure name myself!

THE WITCH. Oh master, pardon the rough greeting! Why,
I see no clove foot! Where, then, are both your
myons?

MEPHISTOPHELES. This time you will get off so; for

certainly it is some while since we have seen each other. Culture also, which liels all the world into shape, has extended to the devil. The Northern phantom is now no more to be seen. Where do you see horst, tail, and claws I And as regards the foot, which I cannot do without, it would damage me with people; therefore these many years I have availed myself, like many a young man, of false calves.

The Witch (dancing). I am almost losing my wits, to see Squire Satan here again!

MEPHISTOPHELES. The name, woman, I deprecate.

THE WITCH. Why ? What has it done to you?

MEPHISTOPHELES. It has long since been relegated to the fable-book; but men are nothing the better for that. They are rid of the Evil One; the evil ones have remained. If you call me Baron, that will do very well. I am a cavalier, like other cavaliers. You do

Du zweifelft nicht an meinem eblen Blut;

Sieh her, bas ift bas Wappen, bas ich führe! (Er macht eine unanflantige Geberre,)

Die Bore (lacht unmäßig). Ha! ha! bas ift in eurer Art! Ihr fend ein Schefm, wie ihr nur immer wart.

Webhiftobheles (in Fauft). Mein Freund, bas ferne wohl berftehn!

Dies ist die Art, mit Hegen unzugehn. Die Bere. Run sagt, ihr Herren, was ihr schafft!

mephinophicies. Gin gutes Glas von bem befannten Saft!

Doch muß ich ench ums ältste bitten; 2520 Die Jahre boppeln seine Kraft.

Die Dere. Gar gern! Sier hab' ich eine Flasche,

Aus ber ich selbst zuweilen nasche, Die auch nicht mehr im minbsten stinkt;

Id) will end gern ein Gläschen geben.

Doch wenn es biefer Mann unvorbereitet trinft,

So fann er, wißt ihr wohl, nicht eine Stunde leben. Wephtkopheres. Es ist ein guter Freund, dem es gedeihen foll;

Ich gönn' ihm gern bas Beste beiner Küche. Rich beinen Kreis, iprich beine Sprücke.

Bieh beinen Kreis, sprich beine Sprüche, 2530 Und gieb ihm eine Taffe voll !

(Die Der mit selftsmen Gefenen, jest einen Reif um halt mumberbare Gogen spinein; inwelfen fongen die Eldfer an ju flingen, die Lefig ju tiven, mad magen Unfelt. Bufepe beingt fie ein großen Gung, fielt vie Meretaben in ben Areis, die fig jum Bult bienen und die Kackeln belten midfen. Gie wielt Bauften, gu fie zu teten.)

Faust (zu Mephistopheles). Nein, jage mir, was soll bas werben?

Das tolle Beng, bie rafenben Geberben,

not doubt of my noble blood; see here, that is the scutcheon which I bear!

(He makes an unseemly gesture.)

- The Witch (laughs immoderately). Ha! ha! that is in your style! You are a rogue, as you always were!
- MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST). My friend, learn to understand that well! This is the way to deal with witches.
- THE WITCH. Now say, gentlemen, what is your pleasure?
- MEPHISTOPHELES. A good glass of the well-known juice!
 But, I must beg you, of the oldest; years double its strength.
- The Witch. Most willingly! Here I have a flask, out of which I myself occasionally sip; which, besides, no longer stinks in the least; I will willingly give you a glass. (Aside.) But if this man drinks it unprepared, he cannot, you know well, live an hour.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. He is a good friend, whom it is meant to benefit. He is welcome, for my part, to the best of your kitchen. Draw your circle, say your sentences, and give him a cup full!
- (The WINCH, with extraordinary gathrus, drawn a circle, and ping, the strange things widshi it; meanshift the glasse begin to ring, the coldrens to round and made music. Lastly, the brings a great book, places the MONKENS in the circle, who are must to seve the for a deck, and to hold the torch. See igns to PAUSE to come to her.)
- FAUST (to MEPHISTOPHELES). No, tell me, what is to come of it? The mad stuff, the raving gestures, the most

2545

2550

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2560

Der abgeschmadtefte Betrug.

Sinb mir befannt, verbaft genug. mephiftophetes. Gi, Boffen! Das ift nur jum Lachen :

Set nur nicht ein fo ftrenger Mann ! Sie muß als Urgt ein Sofuspotus machen,

Damit ber Gaft bir mohl gebeiben tann. (Er nothigt Manften, in ben Rreit an treten.)

Die Bege (mit großer Emphase fangt an ans bem Buche gu

beclamiren). Du mußt verftebn ! 2540

Mus Gins mach' Bebn. Und Awei laß gebn.

Und Drei mach' gleich.

So bift bu reich. Berlier' bie Bier !

Aus Künf und Sechs.

Sp fagt bie Ser'.

Mad' Sieben und Acht. So ift's vollbracht!

Und Denn ift Gins. Und Rehn ift Reins.

Das ift bas Beren-Einmaleins !

Bauft. Dich buntt, Die Alte fpricht im Fieber. Des ift noch lange nicht borüber; 3ch fenu' es wohl, fo flingt bas gause Buch.

3ch habe manche Reit bamit perforen.

Denn ein vollfommuer Miberioruch

Bleibt gleich geheimnigvoll für Rluge wie für Thoren. Mein Freund, bie Runft ift alt und nen :

Es war bie Urt ju allen Beiten,

Durch Drei und Gins, nub Gins und Drei

absurd imposture are well known to me, and odious enough.

MRPHISTOPHELES. Oh, nonsense! That is only fit to laugh at; only don't be so austere a man! Sho must, as doctor, make a hocus-pocus, whereby the juice may agree well with you.

(He makes FAUST enter the circle.)

THE WTDER (legist to declaim with great caphasis from the hood). 'Thou must understand! Of one make ten, and lot two go, and make three oven; so with thou he rich. Drop the four! Out of five and six, so asys the witch, make soven and eight; so it is accomplished: and nine is one, and ten is none. That is the witch's One-one's one.

FAUST. It seems to me, the old woman is talking in fever.

MEPHISTOPHELES. It is not over yet by a good deal. I know it well; so rings the whole book. I have lost many an hour with it; for a perfect contradiction remains equally mysterious for wise men and for fools. My friend, the art is old and new. It was the way at all times through three and one, and one and three to

2562-2588

2966

2585

Irrthum ftatt Wahrheit zu verbreiten.

So schmätzt und lehrt man ungestört; Wer will fich mit ben Narr'n befaffen ?

Gewöhnlich glaubt ber Menfch, wenn er nur Borte hort,

Es miffe fid babei boch auch was benten laffen. Die Boge (führt fort).

Die hohe Kraft

Der Wiffenichaft, Der gangen Welt berborgen!

Und wer nicht beuft.

Dem wird fie geschentt, Er bat fie obne Sorgen

Fauft. Bas fagt fie uns für Unfinn bor?

Es wird mir gleich ber Ropf gerbrechen.

Mich buntt, ich bor' ein ganges Chor

Bon hunderttausend Narren sprechen.

Weshiptopholes. Genug, genug, o treffliche Sibhle! Gieb beinen Trank herbei, und fülle

Die Schale raich bis an den Rand hinan;

Denn meinem Freund wird biefer Trunf nicht schaben: 2580 Er ift ein Mann von biefen Graben.

Der manchen guten Schlud geitjan.

(Die Dere, mit riefen Geremonien, fieuft ben Trant in eine Schafe ; wie fle Bauft an ben Mund beingt, entfleht eine leichte Bfamme.)

Rur frijch hinunter! Immer gu! Es wird dir gleich das Herz erfreuen.

Bift mit bem Teufel bu und bu, Und willft bich vor ber Mamme ichenen?

(Die Berge lift ben Rreit. Unnft tritt fernut.)

Mephistopheles. Run frijch hinaus! Du barfit nicht ruhn. Die Seze. Mög' ench bas Schlidchen wohl behagen! spread error instead of truth. So people prate and teach undisturbed. Who wants to meddle with the dolts? Man usually believes, if he only hears words, that surely something also admits of being thought thereby.

THE WITCH (continues). 'The high power of knowledge hidden from the whole world! And he who thinks not, to him it is granted; he has it without trouble.'

FAUST. What nonsense is she reciting to us? My head will split directly. Mescems, I hear a whole chorus of a hundred thousand zanies talking.

MEPHENOPHELES: Enough, enough, Oh excellent Sihyl! Givo here thy drink, and quickly fill the cup up to the brim; for this draught will not harm my friend. He is a man of many degrees, who has made many a good gulp.

(The Witch, with many ceremonies, pours the drink into a cup. As Faust brings it to his mouth, a light flame arises.)

Quick, down with it! Don't hesitate! It will at once gladden your heart. You are hand in glove with the devil, and will you shrink from flame?

(The Witch dissolves the circle, FAUST steps out.)

Now briskly forth! You must not rest.

THE WITCH. Much good may the little draught do you!

Mephifiopheles (gur Bere). Und fann ich bir mas gu Befallen thun, So barift bu mir's nur auf Balvurais fagen. 2500

Die Bone. Sier ift ein Lieb! wenn ihr's guweifen fingt, So werbet ihr besonbre Wirfung fpfiren.

Mephiftobbeles (gu Tauft). Romm nur gefdwind und laft bich führen !

Du mußt nothwendig transbiriren.

Damit bie Rraft burch Jun- und Menfres bringt. Den eblen Müßiggang febr' ich bernach bich ichaben. Und balb empfindeft bu mit innigem Ergeben. Bie fich Cupibo regt und bin und wieber fpringt.

Bauft. Lag mich nur fchnell noch in ben Spiegel ichquen! Das Frauenbild war gar gu fcon!

2500 Dephiftopheles. Rein! Rein! Du follft bas Mufter offer Franen Mun bald leibhaftig bor bir febn.

(Scife.)

Du fiehft, mit biefem Trauf im Leibe. Balb Selenen in jebem Beibe.

Strafe.

Mauft. Margarete verüber gebenb.

Gauft. Mein icones Franfein, barf ich wagen, Meinen Arm und Geleit ihr ausutragen ? Margarete. Bin weber Franlein, weber fcon, Rann ungeleitet nach Hause gebn. (Sie macht fich los und ab.)

MEPHISTOPHELES (to the WITCH). And if I can do anything to pleasure you, you need only mention it to me on Walpurgis Night.

THE WITCH. Here is a song; if you sing it at times, you will perceive a particular effect.

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FACEST). Only come quick, and let yourself be guided! You must of nocessity perspire; whereby the force penetrates through, inwardly and outwardly. Afterwards I shall teach you to prize noble indolence; and soon you will find, with heartfelt delight, how Cupid bestirs himself, and bounds hither and thither.

FAUST. Let me only look quickly again in the mirror! That female form was all too fair!

MEPHISTOPHELES. No, no! You shall soon see bodily before you the model of all women. (Aside.) With this drink in your body, you will soon see a Helen in every woman.

Street. (1)

FAUST. MARGARET passing by.

Faust. Fair lady, may I venture to offer you my arm and escort $\ensuremath{\mathfrak{f}}$

MARGARET. I'm neither lady nor fair, and can go home unescorted.

(She disengages herself, and exit.)

2615

2620

2625

2630

2635

Sant. Beim Simmel, biefes Rinb ift fcint! So etwas hab' ich nie gefehn, Sie ift fo fitt. und tugenbreich.

Und etwas fanippifc boch qualeich. Der Lippe Roth, ber Bange Licht, Die Tage ber Welt bergeff' ich's nicht!

Bie fie bie Angen nieberichlagt,

Sat tief fich in mein Berg gebragt : Wie fie furs angebunben war.

Das ift nim sinn Entsüden gar !

Metrhiftattheles tritt auf Gauft. Bor', bu mußt mir bie Dirne ichaffen !

Menniffanbeles. Dun melde? Manft.

Sie ging fust porbei. Mennift anneles. Da bie? Sie fam bon ihrem Bfaffen.

Der fprach fie aller Gunben frei : Ich schlich mich hart am Stuhl porbei.

Es ift ein gar unfculbig Ding, Das eben für nichts gur Beichte ging :

Ueber bie hab' ich feine Gewalt ! Santt. Mit über vierzehn Nahr boch alt.

Menniftonnetes. Du fprichft ja wie Sans Lieberlich,

Der begehrt jebe liebe Blum' für fich.

Und bünfelt ihm, es war' fein' Ehr' Und Sunft, Die nicht zu pflüden mar':

Geht aber boch nicht immer an. Bauft. Dein Serr Magifter Lobefan.

Laf Er mich mit bem Gefet in Frieben !

Und bas fag' ich Ihm furz und gut, Wenn nicht bas füße junge Blut

FAUST. By heaven, this child is fair! I have never seen the like! She is so well-behaved and virtuous, and yet somewhat sumpjish withal. The redness of her lip, light of her check,—I shall not forget them all the days of my life! The way she cust down her eyes is stamped deep in my heav; the sharp way in which she answered, —it was really quite ravishing!

MEPHISTOPHELES enters

FAUST. Hark, you must get me the girl!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well, which?

FAUST. She passed just now.

MEPHISTOPHELES. She, there? She came from her priest, who absolved her of all her sins. I stole by close to the confessional. It is quite an innocent thing, that went just for nothing to confession. Over her I have no power!

FAUST. Yet she's over fourteen years old.

MEPHISTOPHELES. You really talk like Jack Rake, who covets every sweet flower for himself, and fancies there is no homour or favour which may not be plucked. It does not always do, however.

FAUST. My worthy magister, leave you me alone with your precepts! And in a word, I tell you this: if the

2650

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2665

Sent Racht in meinen Urmen ruht,

So find wir um Mitternacht geschieben. Mephistophetes. Bebent', was gehn und stehen mag ! Ich brauche wenigstens vierzehn Tag',

Rur bie Gelegenheit auszufpuren.

Fauft. Satt' ich nur fieben Stunden Ruh',

Brauchte ben Teufel nicht bagu,

So ein Geschöpfichen zu verführen. meshistophetes. Ihr sprecht schon fast wie ein Franzos;

Doch bitt' ich, lagt's euch nicht verbrießen :

Bas hilfit's, nur grabe zu genießen ?

Die Frend' ift lange nicht fo groß, Mis wenn ihr erft herauf, herum,

Durch allerlei Brimborium,

Das Büppchen gefnetet und zugericht't,

Jang. Sab' Appetit auch ohne bas. Dephiftopheles. Jest ohne Schinuf und ohne Svaß:

dephistophetes. Jest ohne Schimpf und ohn Ich fag' euch, mit dem schönen Lind

Geht's ein- für allemal nicht geschwind. Mit Sturm ist ba nichts einzunehmen;

Wir miffen uns zur Lift bequemen. Fann. Schaff' mir etwas vom Engelsichat !

Führ' mich an ihren Anheplat ! Schaff' mir ein Halstuch von ihrer Bruft,

Sgaff mir ein Haistug von ihrer Wruft, Ein Strumpfband meiner Liebesluft! Mentisphales, Damit ihr seht, daß ich eurer Bein

Will förberlich und dienstich sehn, Wallen wir keinen Augenblick verlieren.

Will euch noch heut in ihr Zimmer führen.

Sanft. Und foll fie febn? fie haben?

sweet young creature does not rest to-night in my arms, you and I shall be parted at midnight.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Consider what is feasible! I need a fortnight at least, only to find out the opportunity.

FAUST. Had I but seven hours' leisure, I should not need the devil in order to seduce such a little creature.

MEPHISTOPIPLIES. You really talk almost like a Frenchman; but pray,—don't be offended—what boots it out to enjoy straight off! The pleasure is not so great by far as when you have first kneaded and shaped the puppet—up, round about, through all kinds of foolery, as many a Gallic and Italian story teaches.

FAUST. I have appetite even without that.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Now, without pleasantry and without jest, I tell you once for all, there is no managing it quickly with the fair child. Nothing here is to be taken by storm; we must put up with stratagem.

FAUST. Get me something from my angel-treasure! Lead me to her place of repose! Get me a kerchief from her breast, a garter for the ardour of my love!

MEPHISTOPHELES. That you may see that I wish to be useful and serviceable to your torment, we will not lose a moment; I will conduct you this very day to her chamber.

FAUST. And shall I see her ?-have her ?

198	Fauft	2668-2686
Mephistopheles.	Nein !	
Sie wird bei ein	er Nachbarin fenn.	
Inbeffen fonnt i	hr, ganz allein,	
Un aller Hoffnu	ng fünft'ger Freuben	2670
In ihrem Dunft	freis fatt euch weiben.	
Fauft. Ronnen wi	r hin?	
Mephifiopheles.	Es ift noch zu friib.	
Jauft. Sorg' bu 1	nir für ein Geschent für fie!	(216.)
Mephistopheles. er redijiren	Gleich schenken? Das ist bra	v! Da wirt
Ich kenne manch	en schönen Plat	2675
	vergrabnen Schaß:	
Ich muß ein biß	chen revidiren.	(A6.)

	Mbenb.	
	Gin ficines, reintiches Simmer.	
Margarete (ihre B	dopfe flechtenb und aufbiubenb).	
	am, wenn ich nur wüßt',	
Ber heut ber He	rr gewesen ift!	
Er fah getviß rec	ht wader aus,	2680
Und ift aus einer	n edlen Haus ;	
Das fonnt' ich if	m an ber Stirne lefen —	
Er wär' auch for	ift nicht fo ted gewesen.	(216.)
	Mebhiftopheles. Fauft.	
Mephistopheles. Faust (nach einigen	Herein, ganz leise, nur herein! 1 Stillschweigen).	

(216.)

3ch bitte bich, laß mich allein!

Menniftonhetes (herumfvirent). Nicht jedes Madden halt fo rein. MEPHISTOPHELES. No! She will be at a neighbour's.

Meanwhile, quite alone, in her atmosphere, you may
feast your fill on all hope of future joys.

FAUST. Can we go thither?

MEPHISTOPHELES. It is too early yet.

FAUST. Provide me with a present for her.

(Exit.)

MERHISTOPHILES. Making presents directly! That is capital! There he will succeed! I know many a fine place, and many a long-buried treasure. I must look them over a bit. (Exit.)

Evening.

A small, neat room.

MARGARET (braiding and trying up her cue). I would give something for it, if I only knew who the gentleman was to-day! He certainly looked very gallant, and is of a noble house. I could read that on his brow—besides, he would not else have been so impudent.

MEPHISTOPHELES. FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Come in, quite softly, but come in!

FAUST. (after some silence). Leave me alone, I beg of you!

MEPHISTOPHELES (prying about). Not every maiden keeps so neat.

2695

2700

2710

Fauft (rings aufschauenb). Willfommen, füßer Dammerichein. Der bu bies Beiligthum burchwebit! Ergreif' mein Berg, bu fufe Liebespein.

Die bu bom Than ber hoffnung ichmachtenb febit! Wie athmet rings Gefühl ber Stiffe.

Der Orbnung, ber Bufriebenheit ! In biefer Armuth welche Stille !

In biefem Berter welche Seliafeit!

(Er wirft fich auf ben lebernen Geffel am Bette,) D nimm mich auf, ber bu bie Borwelt ichon

Bei Frend' und Schmerz in offnen Arm embfangen ! Bie oft, ach! bat an biefem Baterthron

Schon eine Schaar von Rinbern ringe gehangen !

Bielleicht hat, bantbar für ben beil'gen Chrift, Mein Liebchen hier, mit vollen Rinberwangen.

Dem Abnherrn fromm bie welfe Sand gefüßt.

3d fühl', o Dabden, beinen Beift

Der Fill' und Ordnung um mich fanfeln, Der mütterlich bich taglich unterweift,

Den Teppich auf ben Tifch bich reinlich breiten beifit. Sonar ben Sand gu beinen Sitfen fraufeln.

D liebe Banb! fo abtteraleich!

Die Butte wird burch bich ein himmelreich. Und hier !

> (Gr hebt einen Bettegebang auf.) Bas faßt mich für ein Bonnegraus!

Bier möcht' ich volle Stunden faumen. Ratur! bier bilbeteft in leichten Traumen Den eingebornen Engel aus. Sier lag bas Linb, mit warmem Leben

Den garten Bufen angefüllt,

FAUST (looking round). Welcome, sweet twilight, that pervadest this sanctuary! Seize my heart, thou sweet torment of love, thou that livest languishing on the dew of hope! How the feeling of quiet, of order, of contentment, breathes around! What fulness in this poverty! What blies in this cell! (He threws himself on the lanther aromachier but head;

Oh receive me, thou that hast already welcomed, with open arms, past generations in joy and sorrow! Ah. how often heretofore has a troop of children hung around this paternal throne! Here haply my darling. grateful for the Christmas gift, has, with the full cheeks of childhood, piously kissed the withered hand of her grandsire. I feel, Oh maiden, thy spirit of fulness and order whisper around me, which motherlike instructs thee daily, bids thee spread neatly the cover on the table, and even scatter the sand in circles at thy feet. Oh dear hand, so godlike! the hut becomes through thee a kingdom of heaven. And here (He lifts up a bed-curtain) what blissful dread seizes me! Here could I linger for whole hours. Nature ! here, in light dreams, didst thou form the born angel. Here lay the child, its tender bosom filled with warm life; and here, Und du! Was hat dich hergeführt? Wie innig fühl' ich mich gerührt! Was willft du hier? Was wird das Herz dir schwer?

Armjel'ger Fauft! ich kenne dich nicht mehr. Umglebt mich hier ein Bauberduft? Mich drang's, so grade zu genießen.

2720

2725

2730

2740

Und fühle mich in Liebestraum zerfließen! Sind wir ein Spiel von jedem Drud der Luft?

Und träte sie den Augenblick herein, Wie würdest du für beinen Frevel büßen!

Der große Hans, ach, wie so flein! Läg', hingeschmolzen, ihr zu Füßen.

Mephiftopheles. Befdwind! ich feb' fie unten fommen. Fauft. Fort! fort! Ich fehre nimmermehr!

Meshiftopheles. Hier ift ein Rastden, leiblich schwer; Ich hab's wo anders hergenommen.

Stellt's hier nur immer in den Schrein! Ich schwör euch, ihr vergehn die Sinnen; Ich that euch Sächelchen binein.

Um eine andre zu gewinnen. Zwar Kind ist Kind und Spiel ist Spiel.

Faust. Ich weiß nicht, soll ich? Wesphistophetes. Fragt ihr viel?

Meint ihr vielleicht ben Schat zu wahren? Dann rath' ich eurer Lüsternheit, Die liebe schöne Tageszeit

Und mir bie weitre Müh' gu fparen.

- with holily pure growth, the divine image developed itself.
- And thou !—what has brought thee hither? How deeply stirred I feel! What wouldst thou here? Why grows thy heart so heavy? Miserable Faust, I know thee no more!
- Does a magic air surround me here? I was impelled to enjoy so instantly; and I feel myself dissolving in a dream of love! Are we the sport of every pressure of the air?
- And if she entered at this instant, how wouldst thou atone for thine offence! The braggart—ah, how small!—would lie, melted away, at her feet.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Quick! I see her coming below.
- FAUST, Away, away! I return no more.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Here is a easket, tolerably heavy; I took it from somewhere else. Put it quick here in the press! I swear to you, her senses will fail her. I placed trifles inside to win another. To be sure, child and play is play.
- FAUST. I know not—shall I ?
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Cau you ask? Do you mean perchance to keep the treasure? Then I advise your wantonness to spare the lovely daytime, and further trouble to me.

Ich frah' den Kopf, reib' an den Händen — (Er fiellt das Kaften in den Schrein und dendet nas Schlof wieder zu.) Aur fort! geschwind!—

2743-2768

2750

2760

Um ench bas füße junge Kind Nach Herzens Wunsch und Will' zu wenden ;

Und ihr feht drein,

Als folltet ihr in ben Hörfaal hinein, Als ftünden gran leibhaftig vor ench da

Margarete (mit einer Lampe), Es ift fo fchwal, fo bumpfig bie!

Es ift fo fchwill, fo bumpfig bie!
-(Sie madt bas Tenfter auf.)

Und ift bod eben so warm nicht brank'. Es wird mir so, ich weiß nicht wie — Ich wollt', die Wutter fäm' nach Haus.

Mir läuft ein Schauer übern gangen Leib —

Bin boch ein thoricht, furchtfant Beib! (Sie fangt an gu fingen, indem fie fich antrieft.)

(Sie fangt an gu fingen, intem fie fich antgieft,)

Es war ein König in Thule, Gar treu his an das Grab, Dem sterbend seine Buhle

Einen golbnen Becher gab. Es ging ihm nichts barüber,

Er leert' ihn jeben Schmaus; Die Augen gingen ihm über,

So oft er trant baraus. Und als er tam zu fterben,

Bahlt' er feine Stabt' im Reich,

I hope you are not avaricious! I scratch my head, rub my hauds—(He places the casket in the press, and closes the lock.)

But away, quick — to turn the sweet young child according to your heart's wish and will. And now you look as if you had to go to the lecture-room—as if Physic and Mctaphysic were standing there grey and bodily before you! But away! (Exeunt.)

MARGARET (with a lamp). It is so sultry, so close here I (She opens the windows). And yet it is not exactly warm outside. I begin to feel I know not how—I wish my mother would come home. A shudder runs over my whole body—I am, in sooth, a foolish, timid woman! (She begins to sing as the undersess thereif).

'There was a king in Thule, right true unto the grave, to whom his mistress, dving, gave a golden goblet.

'Nothing was more prized by him; he omptied it at every feast; his eyes overflowed as often as he drank out of it.

'And when he came to die, he counted his cities in the

Gönnt' alles feinem Erben. Den Becher nicht zugleich. Er faß beim Roniasmable. Die Ritter um ihn ber. Auf hohem Bateriagle. Dort auf bem Schloß am Meer. Dort ftanb ber alte Recher. 2775 Trant lette Lebensaluth. Und warf ben heiligen Becher Sinunter in die Muth. Er fab ibn fturgen, trinfen. Und finten tief ins Meer. 2780 Die Augen thaten ihm finten. Trant nie einen Tropfen mehr.

(Gie eröffnet ben Schrein, iftre Rleiber einzuraumen, und erblide bas Schmudfaftden,)

Bie tommt bas icone Raftchen fier berein? Ich ichloß boch gang gewiß ben Schrein.

Es ift boch wunderbar! Bas mag wohl brinne fein? 2785 Bielleicht bracht's iemand als ein Bfand.

Und meine Mutter lieh barauf. Da hanat ein Schluffelden am Banb.

3d bente wohl, ich mach' es auf! Bas ift bas? Gott im Simmel! Schau. So was hab' ich mein' Tage nicht gefehn.

Ein Schnud! Dit bem tonnt' eine Cbelfrau Am böchften Feiertage gehn.

Bie follte mir bie Rette ftehn ?

Bem mag bie Berrlichfeit gehören ?

(Sie pubt fich bamit auf und teitt vor ben Griegel.)

kingdom, granted everything to his heir—not so with the goblet.

'He sat at the royal banquet—the knights around him in the high ancestral hall, there in the castle by the sea.

'There stood the old carouser, drank the last life-glow, and threw the hallowed goblet down into the flood.

'He saw it plunge, fill, and sink deep into the sea; his eyes did sink; never a drop more drank he.'

(She opens the press to put away her clothes, and perceives the easket of jewels.)

How come this beautiful easter in here? Why, most cortainly I locked the press. It is really strong What may be in it, I wonder! Perhaps some one brought it as a pledge, and my nother leat on it. Here hangs a little key on the ribton; I have a good mind to open it. What is that I Good hervona! Look! I lave never som anything like it all my days! A set of fowels! A hely of rank might go with them to the highest festratal. How would the chain suit me! To whom may the magnificence belong! (She adorns herall with them and worth before the glass.)

2816

Benn nur bie Ohrring' meine waren ! Man fieht boch gleich gang anbers brein. Bas hilft euch Schonbeit, junges Blut ? Das ift wohl alles ichon und aut. Mein man lagt's auch alles fenn ;

Man lobt ench halb mit Erbarmen. Rach Golbe braugt,

Mm Golbe hanat

Doch alles! Ach, wir Armen!

Spaziergang.

Jaufe (in Geraufen auf und abgebent). Bu ibm Webhifrabbefes.

Mephiftopheles. Bei aller verfdmahten Liebe! Beim höllifchen Elemente !

Ad wollt', ich wiffte was Aergers, bağ ich's fluchen fonnte Fauft. 2Bas haft ? was fneint bich benn fo febr ?

Co fein Gelicht fab ich in meinem Beben!

Meshiftosbeles. Ich mocht' mich gleich bem Teufel übergeben. Menn ich nur felbit fein Teufel mar'! aßro

Jang. Sat fich bir was int Ropf verfchoben ? Dich fleibet's, wie ein Rafenber gu toben ! Webbiftobbetes. Denft nur, ben Schmud, für Greichen au-

geichafft.

Den bat ein Bfaff binweggerafft!-Die Mutter friegt bas Ding gu ichquen.

Gleich fängt's ihr beimlich an gu grauen :

Die Frau hat gar einen feinen Geruch,

If but the earrings were mine! One really looks at once quite different in them. What does beauty, and young blood avail you? That, no doubt, is all well and good; but people also leave it all alone. They praise you half in pity. After gold presses—on gold hangs—in reality everything. Alas, we poor!

Promenade.

FAUST in thought, going up and down; to him MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES. By all despised love! By the infernal element! I would I knew something worse that I might curse by it!

FAUST. What's the matter with you? What pinches you, then, so hard? I never saw such a face in my life!

MEPHISTOPHELES. I could give myself to the devil directly, if only I were no devil myself!

FAUST. Has anything got deranged in your head ! It becomes you to rave like a madman!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Only think, the set of jewels provided for Grotchen—a priest has snatched it away! The mother gets to see the thing; she at once begins secretly to fear. The woman has a very fine scent, ever snuffles

2818-2848

	Schnuffelt immer im Gebetbuch,	
	Und riecht's einem jeben Möbel an,	
	Db das Ding heilig ift ober profan;	282
	Und an bem Schmud, da fpiirt' fie's flar	202
	Daß babei nicht viel Segen war.	
	" Mein Kind!" rief fie, " ungerechtes Gut	
	Befängt die Seele, zehrt auf bas Blut.	
	Wollen's ber Mutter Gottes weihen,	
	Wirb uns mit Himmelsmanna erfrenen!"	282
	Margretlein zog ein schiefes Manl;	
	Sit halt, dacht' fie, ein geichenkter Gant.	
	Und wahrlich! gottlos ift nicht ber,	
	Der ihn so fein gebracht hierher.	2830
	Die Mutter ließ einen Pfaffen fommen ;	
	Der hatte faum ben Spaß vernommen,	
	Ließ fich ben Anblid wohl behagen.	
	Er fprach : " So ift man recht gefinnt!	
	Wer überwindet, ber gewinnt.	2833
	Die Rirche hat einen guten Magen,	
	Sat gange Lanber aufgefreffen,	
	Und boch noch nie fich übergeffen ;	
	Die Rirch', allein, meine lieben Frauen,	
	Kann ungerechtes Gut verdauen."	2840
9	aust. Das ift ein allgemeiner Brauch,	
	Ein Jud' und König fann es auch.	
9	Nephistophetes. Strich brauf ein Spange, Rett' 1	ınd Ning,
	Mls waren's eben Pfifferling',	
	Dankt' nicht weniger und nicht mehr,	2845
	Als ob's ein Korb voll Ruffe war',	
	Beriprach ihnen allen himmlischen Lohn -	
	Und fie waren fehr erbaut davon.	

in her prayer-book, and tells by the smell of every piece of furniture whether the thing is holy or profane; and in the set of jewels she scents out clearly that there was not much blessing about it. 'My child,' cried she, 'unrighteous wealth troubles the soul, consumes the blood. We will devote it to the Mother of God : she will gladden us with heavenly manna.' Little Margaret drew a wry mouth : in sooth, thought she, it is a gifthorse; and truly he is not godless who brought it here so handsomely! The mother sent for a priest. He had searcely perceived the jest when he seemed well pleased at the sight. Ho spoke : 'This shows a good disposition. He that overcometh wins. The church has a good stomach, has devoured whole countries, and yet has never hitherto overeaten herself. The church alone, my good women, can digest unrighteous wealth.'

FAUST. That is a general custom; a Jew and a king can do it too.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Thereupon he swopt off a clasp, chain, and ring, just as if they were mere trifles; thanked no less and no more than if it were a basketful of nuts; promised them all heavenly reward—and much edified they were by it.

98 so

2855

2860

Fauft. Und Greichen?

Mephifropheles. Sitt nun unruhvoll, Beiß weber was fie will noch foll,

Dentt ans Geschmeibe Tag und Nacht, Roch mehr an ben, ber's ihr gebracht.

ron megr an ben, ber's ihr gebracht. Faust. Des Liebchens Kummer that mir leib.

Fauft. Des Liebchens Rummer thut mir leit Schaff' bu ibr gleich ein neu Geschmeib'!

Schaff' bu ihr gleich ein neu Geschmeib'! Am ersten war in so nicht viel.

mephinophetes. O ja, dem Herrn ist alles Kinderspiel ! Faug. Und mach', und richt's nach meinem Sinn !

Sang' bich an ihre Nachbarin!

Sen Teufel doch nur nicht wie Brei,

Und fcaff' einen neuen Schund herbei!

Mephifiopheles. Ja, guāb'ger herr, von herzen gerne. (Fauft ab.) So ein verliebter Thor verdufft

Euch Sonne, Mond und alle Sterne Zum Zeitvertreib bem Liebchen in die Luft. (216.)

Der Racbarin Saus.

warrise (alichi). Gett verzelf's meinem lieden Mann, 2005 Er hat am im ridin vollogferfan Geft de hirod's in der Mett finein, Ubeft de hirod's in der Mett finein, Ubeft die nich open Werrefo aliein. This tip, weigh Gett recht ferzelfis felden. (Sie weint.) Nicklich's ille er gar tokt 1 — D Kein 1 — 2012 Spit film, weiß erne Odertheffen! FAUST, And Gretchen ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Is now sitting full of restlessness, knowing neither what she wants nor what she should do, thinking on the set of trinkets day and night,—still more on him who brought it for her.

FAUST. My darling's trouble grieves me. Get you directly a new set of trinkets for her! There was not, you know, so much about the first.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Oh, to be sure, all is child's play to the gentleman!

FAUST. And do it, and order it, according to my wish. Stick to her neighbour. Only, pray don't be a milkand-water devil; and bring hither a fresh set of jewels.

Mephistopheles. Yes, gracious sir, with all my heart.

(Exit Faust.)

Such an enamoured fool blazes away into the air sun, moon, and all the stars, by way of pastime for his sweetheart. (Exit.)

The Neighbour's House.

MARTIA (alone). God forgive my dear husband; he has not acted well by me! Ho goes straight away into the world, and leaves me alone on the straw. Yet truly I did not trouble him; God knows, I did love him right heartily. (She weeps.) Perhaps he is even dead!— Oh, torture!—Had I but a death certificate!

0880

2885

Margarete found.

Margarete. Frau Marthe!

Gretelchen, was foll's ? Marthe.

Maxagrete, Saft finten mir bie Rniee nieber ! Da find' ich fo ein Raftchen wieber

In meinem Schrein, von Cbenholg,

llub Sachen, herrlich ganz und gar,

Beit reicher, als bas erfte war.

Marthe. Das muß Gie nicht ber Mutter fagen ; That's wieber gleich gur Beichte tragen.

Margarete. Ach feb' Sie nur! ach ichan' Sie nur! Marthe (punt fie auf). D'bu gladfel'ge Creatur !

Margarete. Darf mich, leiber, nicht auf ber Gaffen.

Roch in ber Rirche mit feben laffen.

Marthe. Komm bu nur oft zu mir berüber. Und feg' ben Schnud bier beimlich an :

Spagier' ein Stünden lang bem Spiegelglas vorüber,

Wir haben unfre Freude bran.

Und bann giebt's einen Anlag, giebt's ein Feft,

Wo man's fo nach und nach ben Leuten feben läft. 2890

Ein Rettchen erft, bie Perle bann ins Ohr ; Die Mutter fieht's wohl nicht, man macht ihr auch was por.

Margarete. Ber fonnte nur bie beiben Raftchen bringen ? Es geht nicht gu mit rechten Dingen! (Es flopft.) Margarete. Ich Gott ! mag bas meine Mutter fenn ?

Marthe (burche Borbangel gudenb). Es ift ein frember Berr - Serein I

Mebhiftopheles tritt auf.

Mephiliophetes. Bin fo frei, grab' bereinzutreten.

MARGARET enters.

MARGARET. Dame Martha!

MARTHA. What's the matter, Gretchen ?

MARGARET. My knees almost sink under me! Here I find in my press just such another casket, of ebony, and

things quite magnificent—far richer than the first was.

MARTHA. You must not tell that to your mother; she'd

carry it at once to confession again.

MARGARET. Ah, only see! Ah, only look!

MARGARET. Ah, only see! Ah, only look

MARTHA (dresses her up). Oh you happy creature! MARGARET. Unfortunately, I must not appear with them

in the streets, nor in the church.

Martha. Do but come often over hither to me, and put

on the set of jewels privately here; walk a little bour before the looking-glass; we shall have our enjoyment in that. And then there comes an occasion, there comes a holiday, when, little by little, one lets people se is; a c shain first, then the pear in the ear. I date say your mother will not see it—or one will make some presence to her.

MARGARET. Who could possibly bring the two caskets? There is something not natural about it. (A knock.) Good God! can that be my mother? MARTHA (peeping through the curtain). It is a strange gentle-

man.—Come in!

MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I've made free to come in at once; I

2015

Bollte nach Frau Marthe Schwerbtlein fragen !

Marthe. Ich bin's. Bas bat ber Berr gu fagen ?

Mephiftophetes (leife gu ibr). Ich fenne Gie jest, mir ift bas

Sie hat ba gar vornehmen Befuch.

Bergeiht bie Freiheit, bie ich genommen.

Will nach Mittage wieber fommen. Marthe (laut). Dent', Rinb, um alles in ber Belt !

Der Berr bid für ein Fraulein balt. Margarete. Ich bin ein armes junges Blut ;

Ach Gott ! ber Berr ift gar gu gut :

Schmud und Gefdmeibe find nicht mein.

mephistopheles. Ad, es ift nicht ber Schund allein;

Sie hat ein Wefen, ein Blid, fo icharf! Bie frent mich's, baß ich bleiben barf!

Marthe. Bas bringt Er benn? Berlange febr -

Meshtitospeles. Ich wollt', ich hatt' eine frohere Dahr'! 3ch hoffe, Sie läßt mich's brum nicht buffen :

Ihr Mann ift tobt, und laft Gie griffen.

Marthe. Aft tobt ? bas treue Berg! D meb! Mein Mann ift tobt! Ach, ich bergeh'!

Margarete. Uch! liebe Frau, verzweifelt nicht! Menniftonbeles. Go bort bie traurige Befchicht'!

2920 Margarete. Ich modite brum mein' Tag' nicht lieben ; Burbe mich Berluft gu Tobe betrüben.

Menniftonneres. Freud' muß Leid, Leid muß Freude haben. Marthe. Ergahlt mir feines Lebens Schluft!

Mepniftopheles. Er liegt in Babna begraben Beim beiligen Autoning.

2025

must beg pardon of the ladies. (He steps back respectfully before MARGARET). I wish to inquire after Mrs. Martha Schwerdtlein.

MARTHA. I am she. What has the gentloman to say?

MEPHISTOPHELES (aside to her). I know you now; that is enough for me; you have a very distinguished visitor there. Excuse the liberty which I have taken; I'll come again in the afternoon.

MARTHA (aloud). Think, child—of all things in the world! The gentleman takes you for a lady.

MARGARET. I am a poor young creature. O heavens! the gentleman is much too good; the jewels and trinkets are not mine.

Mephistopheles. Ah, it is not the jewels only; she has a presence, a glance so ponetrating! How glad I am that I may stay!

MARTHA. What do you bring, then? I am anxious.

MEPHISTOPHELES. I would I had happier news! I hope you will not make me suffer for it. Your husband is dead, and sends you his greetings.

MARTHA. Is dead?—the faithful heart! Oh, woe! My husband is dead! Ah, I shall dio!

MARGARET. Ah, dear dame, do not despair!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well, hear the sad story!

MARGARET. For this reason I should wish nover to be in love all my days; the loss would grieve me to death.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Joy must have sorrow—sorrow, joy.

MARTHA. Relate to me the close of his life!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Ho lies buried in Padua at St Au-

Un einer wohlgeweihten Statte

Bum ewig fühlen Ruhebette.

marthe. Habt ihr foust nichts an mich zu bringen?

Mephinopheles. Ja, eine Bitte, groß und schwer: Laß Sie boch ja für ihn breihundert Messen singen! Im übrigen sind meine Taschen leer.

marthe. Was! Nicht ein Schaustüd! Kein Geschmeib'? Bas jeder Handwerfsbursch im Grund des Sädels spart,

Bum Angebenken aufbewahrt,
2935
Und lieber hungert, lieber bettelt!

Messersossers. Madam, es thut mir herzlich leib; Allein er hat sein Geld wahrhaftig nicht verzettelt.

Auch er har fein Gebler schre, Auch er bereute seine Fehler sehr, Aa, und besammerte sein Ungliid noch viel mehr.

Ra, und bejammerte sein Unglid noch viel mehr. 2940 Margarete. Uch! daß die Menschen so ungläcklich sind! Gewiß ich will für ihn manch Requiem noch beten.

Mephinophetes. Ihr maret werth, gleich in bie Eh' gu

Ihr fend ein liebensmurbig Rind.

Wargarese. Uch nein! das geht jest noch nicht an. 2945 Mephitropheles. Ift's nicht ein Mann, seh's berweil ein

's ift eine ber größten himmelsgaben, So ein lieb Ding im Urm zu baben.

Margarete. Das ift bes Lanbes nicht ber Brauch.

mephistophetes. Brauch ober nicht! Es giebt fich auch. 2950 Warthe. Erzählt mir doch! Mephistophetes.

Mephistrophetes. Ich stand an seinem Sterbebette;
Es war was besser als von Mist,

Bon halbverfaultem Strob; allein er ftarb als Chrift, Und fand, daß er weit mehr noch auf ber Beche hatte. thony's, in a spot well consecrated for an eternally cool bed of rest.

MARTHA. Have you nothing else to bring me?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes; a request great and weighty: pray be sure to have three hundred masses sung for him! As for the rest, my pockets are empty.

MARTHA. What, not a medal? no trinket?—what every journeyman saves at the bottom of his pouch, kept for a token, and rather hungers, rather begs—

MEPHISTOPHELES. Madam, I am very sorry; but really he has not squandered his money. He also much repented of his faults; and bewailed his ill-luck still more.

MARGARET. Alas, that mankind are so unfortunate! Assuredly, I will pray many a requiem for him.

MEPHISTOPHELES. You would be worthy to enter at once into matrimony; you are a lovable child.

MARGARET. Ah, no! that cannot be yet awhile.

MEPHISTOPHELES. If it is not a husband, it may be a gallant meanwhile. It is one of the greatest gifts of heaven to have so sweet a thing in one's arms.

MARGARET. That is not the custom of the country.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Custom or not, it happens all the same!

MARTHA. Pray, relate to me!

Mephistopheles. I stood by his deathbed; it was somewhat better than dung,—of half-rotten straw; but ho died like a Christian, and found that he had still much

Co mein Gewerb', mein Beib fo gu verlaffen !

Ach! bie Erinn'rung tobtet mich.

Bergab' fie mir nur noch in biefem Leben! " --

Marthe (weinenb). Der gute Mann! ich hab' ihm langft veraeben.

"Bie," rief er, " muß ich mich von Grund aus haffen, 2005

Mennifitonbetes. "Allein, weiß Gott! fie mar mehr Schulb

als ich." 2060 Marthe, Das lugt er! Bas! am Rand bes Grabs gu fugen!

Mephiftopheres. Er fabelte gewiß in legten Bilgen, Wenn ich nur halb ein Renner bin.

"Ich hatte," fprach er, " nicht gum Reitvertreib gu gaffen, Erft Rinber, und bann Brot für fie gu ichaffen, 2965

Und Brot im allerweitsten Sinn.

Und konnte nicht einmal mein Theil in Frieden effen."

Marthe. Sat er fo aller Treu', fo aller Lieb' vergeffen.

Der Bladerei bei Tag und Nacht!

Mephiftophetes. Richt boch, er hat euch herglich bran gebacht. Er fprach: " Mis ich nun weg von Malta ging, 2071

Da betet' ich für Frau und Kinber brunftig ;

Uns war benn auch ber Simmel aunftig.

Daß unfer Schiff ein türfifd Sabrzena fina. Das einen Schat bes arpfien Sultans führte.

Da warb ber Tapferfeit ihr Lohn, Und ich empfing benn auch, wie fich's gebührte,

Mein mohlgemeffnes Theil bavon."

martne. Gi wie ? Gi mo? Sat er's vielleicht vergraben ?

Menniftonneles. Ber weiß, wo nun es bie vier Binbe 2080 haben t

Ein ichones Fraulein nabm fich feiner an. Mis er in Navel fremb umberipasierte:

more upon his score. 'How thoroughly,' he cried, 'must I detest myself, so to abandon my business, and my wife! Ah, the recollection kills me! Could she but forgive me while in this life!'

MARTHA (weeping). The good man! I have long forgiven him.

MEPHISTOPHELES. 'But she, God knows, was more in fault

MARTHA. There he lied! What, tell lies on the brink of the grave!

MEPHISTOPHELES. He certainly fabled with his last breath, if I am but half a judge. 'I had not,' he said, 'to gape for pastime—first, children, and then to get bread for them—and bread in the very widest sense—and could not even eat my portion in peace.'

MARTHA. Did he thus forget all my fidelity, all my love, the drudgery by day and night!

MEPHISTOPHILES. By no means; I assure you, he affectionately reflected on it. He said: 'Now, when I went away from Malla, I payed there ferrouthy for my wife and children; heaven also was then so gracious to us that our ship took a Turkish vessel, which carried a treasure of the great Sultan. He roward there came to valour; and I also then received, as was proper, my rightly-measured abare of it.'

MARTHA. Why, how? Why, where? Has he perchance buried it?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Who knows where now the four winds have blown it! A fair damsel took an interest in him, as he was strolling about, a stranger, in Naples. She Sie hat an ihm viel Lieb's und Treu's gethau.

Daß er's bis an fein felig Enbe fparte.	
Marthe. Der Schelm ! ber Dieb an feinen Rinbern !	293
Anch alles Elend, alle Noth	
Kount' nicht sein schändlich Leben hindern!	
mephtftophetes. Ja feht! bafür ift er unn tobt.	
Bar' ich nun jeht an enerm Plate,	
Betraurt' ich ihn ein güchtig Jahr,	299
Bifirte bann unterweil' nach einem nenen Schabe.	
marine. Ach Gott ! wie bod mein erfter war,	
Find' ich nicht leicht auf biefer Welt ben anbern!	
Es konnte kaum ein herziger Närrchen sehn.	
Er liebte nur bas allzuviele Wanbern,	299
Und frembe Weiber, und fremben Wein,	
Und das verfluchte Würselspiel.	
mephiftophetes. Run, nun, fo fonnt' es gehn und ftebe	m,

Wenn er ench ungefähr so viel Bon seiner Seite nachgesehen. Ich schwör' ench zu, mit dem Beding Wechselt ich selch mit ench den Ring 1

Marthe. D, es beliebt bem Herrn zu icherzen l Mephitrophetes (für sich). Run mach' ich nich bei Zeiten fort! Die hielte wohl den Teusel selch beim Wort. 3005 (In Gretten.)

Bie fteht es benn mit Ihrem Bergen ? Margarete. Bas meint ber herr bamit ?

wergarere. 2300 memt ver Hert bundt r Mephistopheles (für sich). Du guts, unschuldigs Kind l (kunt.)

Lebt wohl, ihr Frau'n !

margarete. Lebt wohl! Marthe. D jagt mir boch gejchwind!

~ juge inte oon gengionio

showed much love and truth to him; so that he felt it unto his blessed end.

MARTHA. The villain! The robber of his children! Now even all the wretchedness, all the want, could check his scandalous life!

MEPHISTOPHELES. But see! for that, he is now dead. Now, were I at present in your place, I should mourn him for one chaste year, and meanwhile have an eye towards a new sweetheart.

MARTHA. Ah, God! such as my first was, I-shall not easily find in this world his like. There could hardly be a dearer little fool. He did but love excessive roving, and foreign women, and foreign wine, and the cursed dicing.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Well, well, that might have passed if haply he had indulged you as much on his part. I swear to you, with that condition, I would exchange the ring with you myself.

MARTHA. Oh, the gentleman is pleased to jest!

MEPHISTOPHELES (aside). Now I shall take myself off in time. I dare say she would hold the devil himself to his word. (75 GRETCHEN.) How fares it, then, with your heart?

MARGARET. What means the gentleman by that?

METHISTOPHELES (aside). Thou good, innocent child! (aloud) Farewell, ladies!

MARGARET. Farewell!

MARTHA. Oh do tell me quickly! I should like to have a

3020

9030

Ich möchte gern ein Zeugniß haben, Bo, wie und wann mein Schat gestorben und begraben.

Ich bin von je ber Orbnung Freund gewesen, Möcht' ihn auch tobt im Wochenblättchen lejen.

Weshistosheles. Ja, gute Fran, durch zweier Bengen Mund Bird allerwogs die Wahrheit fund ; Habe noch aar einen feinen Gefellen.

habe noch gar einen feinen Gefellen, Den will ich ench vor ben Richter ftellen.

Ich bring' ihn her.

marthe. D thut bas ja l

Mephikophetes. Und hier die Jungfrau ist auch da ? — Ein brader Knab'! ist viel gereis't;

Frauleins alle Soflichfeit erweift.

margarece. Müßte vor dem Herren schamroth werden. Mephistopheces. Bor feinem Könige der Erden.

Maribe. Da hinterm Saus in meinem Garten Wollen wir ber herrn hent Abend warien.

Strafe.

Sauft. Debbiftpbbeles.

Faust. Wie ist's ? Will's förbern ? Will's balb gehn ? Mepbikopheles. Al bravol Find' ich euch im Fener ? In kuzer Beit ist Gretchen euer. Beut Bend ballt' ibr ile bei Nachbars Martben iehn :

Heut Abend follt' ihr fie bei Nachbars Marthen febn Das ift ein Weib wie anserlesen

Bum Auppler- und Bigennerwefen !

Fauft. So recht!

certificate where, how, and when my darling died and was buried. I have at all times been a friend to method; I should like also to read his death in the weekly naner.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes, good lady, everywhere, through the mouth of two witnesses the truth becomes known. I have, moreover, a distinguished companion, whom I will bring before the judgo for you. I will fetch him hero

MARTHA. Oh be sure to do so!

MEPHISTOPHELES. And the young lady here will be thore too? A fine lad !- has travelled much, shows all courtesy to young ladies.

MARGARET. I should have to blush with shame before the gentleman.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Before no king of the earth!

MARTHA. Behind the house there, in my garden, we will await the gentlemen this evening.

Street, (2)

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST. How goes it ? Will it speed ? Will it soon come off ? MEPHISTOPHELES. Ah, bravo! Do I find you aflame? In

a short time Gretchen will be yours. This evening you shall see her at noighbour Martha's; that is a woman chosen as it were for the pimp and gipsy line, FAUST. That's right!

3055

Mephinopheles. Doch wird auch was von uns begebrt. Fauft. Gin Dienft ift wohl bes anbern werth.

Messtinospetes. Wir legen nur ein gultig Rengnift nieber. Daß ihres Chberrn ausgeredte Glieber

In Babua an beil'aer Statte rubn.

3935 Sant. Gebr flug ! Bir werben erft bie Reife machen miffen. Mentiftonbetes. Sancta simplicitas! barum ift's nicht gu thun:

Bezeugt nur, ohne viel zu wiffen !

Bauge. Wenn Er nichts Beffers bat, fo ift ber Blan gerriffen. Dephistonbetes. D beil'ger Mann! Da mar't ihr's nun! 2041

Mit es bas erfte Mal in euerm Leben,

Daß ibr falich Renanif abgeleat? Sabt ihr von Gott, ber Belt und mas fich brin beweat.

Bom Menichen, was fich ibm in Loof und Serzen reat. Definitionen nicht mit großer Rraft gegeben.

Mit frecher Stirne, fübner Bruft ?

Und wollt ihr recht ins Inn're geben.

Sabt ihr babon, ihr mußt es grab' gestehen,

So viel als von herrn Schwerdtlein's Tob gewußt! Fanft. Du bift und bleibft ein Lugner, ein Cophifte.

Dephifteopheles. Sa, wenn man's nicht ein bifichen tiefer milfite. Denn morgen wirft, in allen Chren,

Das arme Greichen nicht bethoren, Und alle Scelenlieb' ibr fcworen?

maust. Und awar bon Bergen. Gut und ichon ! Menniftopheles.

Dann wird bon ew'ger Tren' und Liebe, Bon einzig überallmächt'gem Triebe -

Wirb bas auch fo bon Bergen gehn ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Still something also is required of us.

FAUST. One good turn indeed deserves another.

MEPHISTOPHELES. We merely lodge a formal deposition that the outstretched limbs of her late lord repose at Padua in holy ground.

FAUST. Very sage! We shall first have to make the journey.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Sancta simplicitas! There's no need of that. Merely depose without knowing too much.

FAUST. If you have nothing better, the plan is broken up.

MEPHISOPHELES. Oh holy man! There, indeed, you would be one! Is it the first time in your life that you have borne false witness? Have you not with great energy, with shausless brow, with bold breast, given definitions of God, the world, and what moved therein of man—what sitrs in his brain and heart? And if you would dive into your conscience, have you known as much of these mattern—you must confess it frankly—as of Mr. Salwardtein's death?

FAUST. Thou art, and wilt remain, a liar, a sophist.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Ay, if one did not look a little deeper. For will you not to-morrow, in all honour, befool the poor Gretchen, and vow to her the love of all your soul?

FAUST. And truly from my heart,

MEPHISTOPHELES. Oh, excellent! Then there will be talk of eternal truth and love, of a single overpowering passion—will that also come from the heart? yaup. Laß das l'Es wird l — Wenn ich empfinde, Här das Gefähl, für das Gewähl 3060 Nach Namen hach, keinen finde, Dann burch die Welf mit allen Sinnen höweife.

Dann durch die Welt mit allen Sinnen schweise, Nach allen höchsten Worten greise, Und diese Gluth, von der ich brenne,

Unenblich, ewig, ewig nenne, 3065 Ift bas ein tenstisch Lügenspiel?

Mephikophetes. Ich hab' boch Recht! Fauft. Hör'! — mert' bir bies —

Sch bitte bich, und schone meine Lunge — Wer Recht behalten will und hat nur eine Zunge,

Behält's gewiß. Und komm, ich hab' des Schwägens Ueberdruß; Denn du haft Necht, vorzüglich weil ich muß.

Garten. Margarete an Fauftens Utm. Marthe mit Mephiftopheles auf und ab fronkenn.

margarete. Ich fühl' es wohl, bag mich ber herr nur icont,

Herab sich läßt, mich zu beschämen. Ein Reisender ist so gewohnt, 3075

Aus Gütigkeit fürlieb zu nehmen ; Ich weiß zu gut, daß folch erfahrnen Manu Wein arm Gelpräch nicht unterhalten kann.

gangt. Gin Blid von bir, Gin Bort mehr unterhalt, Mis alle Beisheit biefer Belt.

(Gr fuft ihre Sanb.)

FAUST. Loavo that! It will —When I feel, and seek after names for the feelings, for the tunult, and find none—then sweep with all my senses through the world, graup at all loftiest words, and call this flame with which I burn ondloss, eternal, eternal—is that a devilish play of lies?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yet I am right!

FAUST. Listen! mark you this, I pray you, and sparo my lungs; he who wills to carry his point, and has but a tongue, will certainly carry it. And come, I am weary of prating; for you are right,—particularly because I cannot help myself.

Garden

MARGARET on FAUST'S arm. MARTHA walking up and down with Maphistopheles.

MARGARRT. I feel indeed that the gentleman only indulges me—demeans himself, and shames me by it. A traveller is so accustomed, out of good-nature, to put up with things. I know too well that my poor talk cannot interest so experienced a man.

FAUST. One glance from thee, one word, is more interesting than all the wisdom of this world. (He kusses her hand.) Margarete. Intommobirt euch nicht! Wie tonnt ibr fie nur füffen ?

Sie ift fo garftig, ift fo raub!

Bas hab' ich nicht ichon alles ichaffen muffen !

Die Mutter ift aar zu genau.

(Wefin vorüber.)

Marthe, Und ihr, mein Serr, ihr reift fo immerfort ? Mennifionneles. Mich. baf Gewerb' und Bflicht uns bazu treifien !

Dit wie viel Comers verläßt man manden Ort. Und barf boch nun einmal nicht bleiben !

marine. In raichen Nahren geht's mohl an,

Co um und um frei burch bie Welt au ftreifen :

Doch fommt bie bofe Reit beran. Und fich als Sagestols allein sum Grab zu ichleifen.

Das hat noch feinem wohl gethan.

Mephinophetes. Mit Graufen feh' ich bas von weiten.

Marthe. Drum, werther Herr, berathet euch in Beiten ! 3005 (Glefin varöber.)

Margarete. 3a, ans ben Mugen, ans bem Sinn ! Die Söflichfeit ift euch geläufig :

Maein ibr habt ber Freunde häufig. Sie find verftanbiger, als ich bin.

Bauft. D Befte ! glaube, was man fo verftanbig neunt, 3200 Mit oft mehr Gitelfeit und Rurgfinn.

Mie 2

Margarete.

Mauft. Ach, baf bie Ginfalt, baft bie Unichulb nie Sich felbft und ihren beil'gen Werth erfennt ! Daß Demuth, Riebrigfeit, Die hochften Gaben

Der liebepoll austbeilenben Ratur -

9090

- MARGARET. Do not incommode yourself! How can you, now, kiss it? It is so ugly, is so rough. What a lot of things have I not had to do already! My mother is much too close. (The pars on.)
- MARTHA. And you, sir-you are always travelling thus?
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Alas, that business and duty drive us to it! With how much pain one leaves many a place, and yet—no help for it—may not tarry!
- MARTHA. In the wild years, it does very well to rove thus freely round about through the world. But the evil time draws near; and to drag oneself as an old bachdor alone to the grave, that has done no good yet to any one.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. I see that with terror from afar,
- MARTHA. Then, worthy sir, bethink you in time! (They pass on.)
- MARGARET. Yes, out of sight out of mind! Politeness is easy to you. But you have plenty of friends; they are more sensible than I am.
- FAUST. Oh dearest! believo, what people thus call sensible, is often rather vanity and narrow-mindedness.
- MARGARET. How?
- FAUST. Ah, that simplicity, that innocence, never knows itself and its holy worth! that humility, lowliness—the highest gifts of kindly-dispensing nature—

Margarete. Deuft ihr an mich ein Augenblidden nur. Ich werbe Reit genng an end zu benten baben. Wann. Ihr fend wohl viel allein? Margarete, Na. unfre Birthidaft ift nur ffein. Hub bod will fie perfeben febn. 3110 Wir haben feine Dagb; muß tochen, fegen, ftriden Und nahn, und laufen früh und fpat : Und meine Mutter ift in allen Studen So accurat t Richt baft fie just fo febr fich einzuschränten bat. 3115 Wir fonnten uns weit eh'r als andre regen : Mein Bater hinterließ ein hübsch Bermogen. Ein Sauschen und ein Gartchen por ber Stabt. Doch hab' ich jest fo ziemlich ftille Tage : Mein Bruber ift Solbat. 3120 Mein Schwesterden ift tobt. Ich hatte mit bem Rind wohl meine liebe Roth : Doch übernähm' ich gern noch einmal alle Blage, So lieb mar mir bas Dinb. Fauft. Ein Engel, wenn bir's alich ! Margarete. 3th 200 es anf, und berglich liebt' es mich. 3125 Es war nach meines Baiers Tob geboren : Die Mutter gaben wir verloren. So elend wie fie bamals lag. Und fie erholte fich febr langfam, nach und nach. Da fonnte fie unn nicht bran benten, 3130 Das arme Burmden felbit an tranfen. Und fo ergog ich's gang allein. Mit Mild und Baffer : fo warb's mein. Auf meinem Arm, in meinem Schoofi

Bar's freundlich, zappelte, warb groß.

MARGARET. Think of me but one little moment; I shall have time enough to think of you,

FAUST. You are much alone, I dare say ?

MARGARER. Yes; our household is but small, and yet it must be locked after. We have no maid; I must cook, sweep, kinit, and sew, and run cardy and late. And my mother is so precise in all things! Not that she has to pinch hones! quite so much; we might make a sit much more than others. My father left a pretty property, a small house, and a little garden outside the town. Dut at present I have fairly quite days. My brother is a sokilor; my little sister is dead. I had, indood, a nice to of trouble with the child; but I would willingly undertake once more all the worrios, so dear was the child to me.

FAUST. An angel, if it resembled thee !

Mancarex: I brought it up, and it loved me heartly. It was born aftor my father's death. We gave my mother up for lost, so wretched as she then lay; and she recovered very slowly, by degrees. Thus, of course, she could not think of smelling the poor little mite herself; and so I roared it all alone with milk and water. So it became mine. On my arm, in my lap, it was chord,licked, and graw.

Mauft. Du haft gewiß bas reinfte Glud empfunben. Margarete. Doch auch gewiß gar manche fchwere Stunden. Des Meinen Biege ftanb gu Racht Un meinem Bett'; es burfte taum fich regen,

War ich erwacht : Balb mußt' ich's tranfen, balb es zu mir legen.

Balb, wenn's nicht fdwieg, vom Bett' aufftehn, Und tangelnd in ber Rammer auf und nieber gehn, Und früh am Tage ichon am Baichtrog ftehn ;

Dann auf bem Marft und an bem Serbe forgen. 3145 Und immerfort wie beut fo morgen.

Da geht's, mein Berr, nicht immer muthig gu; Doch fcmedt bafür bas Effen, fcmedt bie Ruh'. (Webn pariber.)

Marthe. Die armen Beiber find boch übel bran : Ein Sageftols ift ichwerlich zu befehren.

21 90 mebbifiopheres. Es fame nur auf eures Gleichen au, Mich eines Beffern zu belehren.

Marthe. Saat grab', mein Berr, babt ihr noch nichts aefunden?

Sat fich bas Sers nicht irgenbuo gebunden?

Menniftonnetes. Das Sprichwort fagt: Gin eigner Berb, Ein braves Beib, find Golb und Berlen werth. 3156 Marthe. Ich meine, ob ihr niemals Luft befommen?

Menbifionbeles. Man bat mich überall recht höflich aufgenommen.

Marthe. Ich wollte fagen : warb's nie Ernft in enerm Bergen?

Webbiftopheles, Dit Frauen foll man fich nie unterftehn an scheraen. 3160

Marthe. Ach, ihr verfteht mich nicht !

FAUST. You have certainly felt the purest happiness.

MARGARET. Yet certainly full many weary hours also. The little one's endle stood at night by my bed; it could hardly stir but I woke. Now I had to give it drink; now to lay it by me; now, when it was not quiet, to rise from bed, and go skipping up and down the room; and, early in the day, to stand already at the wash-tub; then go to market, and see to the cooking; and on and on, as to-day so to-morrow. Thus, sir, things do not always go cheerily; but eating reliabes, rest reliabes, for in (They pass on).

MARTHA. The poor women are indeed in a sad plight as to that; an old bachelor is hard to convert.

MEPHISTOPHELES. It would depend only on your like to inform me of a better thing.

MARTHA. Say plainly, sir; have you found nothing yet?

Has your heart not attached itself anywhere?

MEPHISTOPHELES. The proverb says—a hearth of one's own, a good wife, are worth gold and pearls.

MARTHA. I mean, has no fancy over taken you?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I have everywhere been received very politely.

MARTHA. I wished to say, was there never anything serious with your heart !

MEPHISTOPHELES. One should never venture to jest with ladies.

MARTHA. Ah, you do not understand me!

3170

3175

Menhiftopheles.

Das thut mir beralich leib! Doch ich berfteh' - bag ihr fehr aftig fenb.

(Gebn porüber.)

Banft. Du fannteft mich, o fleiner Engel, wieber.

Gleich als ich in ben Garten fam?

Margarete. Sabt ihr es nicht? ich ichlug bie Augen nieber. Manst. Und bu perseibst bie Freiheit, die ich nahm.

Bas fich bie Frechheit unterfangen, Mis bu jüngft aus bem Dom gegangen?

Margarete. Ich war bestürzt, mir war bas nie geschehn :

Es founte Diemand von mir Uebels fagen. Ach! bacht' id, hat er in beinem Betragen

Bas Freches, Unanftanbiges gefehn ?

Es ichien ihn gleich nur auguwandeln,

Mit biefer Dirue grabe bin gu hanbeln.

Gefteh' ich's boch! ich wußte nicht, was fich

Ru enerm Bortheil bier gu regen gleich begonnte ; Allein gewiß, ich war recht bol' auf mich.

Daft ich auf euch nicht bofer werben fonnte. mann. Gun Liebchen!

Lakt einmal l Margarete.

(Gie pflüdt eine Sternblume und jubft bie Blatter ab, eins nach bem antern.)

Mas foll bas? Ginen Strauft? Sanft Margarete. Dein, es foll unr ein Spiel. 2180

Mic ? Wanit. Gebt! ibr lacht mich aus. Margarete.

(Sie rurft und murmelt.)

Manft. Bas murmelft bn?

Margarete (balb laut). Er liebt mich - Liebt mich nicht. Sautt. Du holbes Simmelsangefict!

Merhistopheles. I am heartily sorry for it! Still I understand—that you are very kind. (They pass on.)

FAUST. You knew me again, Oh little angel, directly I came into the garden ?

MARGARET. Did you not see it ? I cast down my eyes.

FAUST. And you forgive the liberty that I took?—what my impertinence ventured on, as you were going out of the cathedral lately?

Manaarer. I was confused; it had never happened to me; no one could speak ill of me. Ah, thought I, has he seen anything bold, unbecoming, in thy behaviour I Is seemed simply to strike him directly, to deal with this girl off-hand. I must confess it at once I I knew not what began directly to stir here in your favour; but the creatinly I was very angry with myself, that I could not be angrier with you.

FAUST. Sweet darling!

MARGARET. Just wait! (She gathers an aster, and pulls off the leaves one after the other.)

FAUST. What is that for \(\)—a nosegay \(\)

MARGARET. No; it is only a game.

FAUST. How?

MARGARET. Go! you will laugh at me. (She plucks off the petals and murmurs.)

FAUST. What are you murmuring ?

MARGARET (half aloud). He loves me -loves me not.

FAUST, Thou sweet, heavenly face!

3195

3200

isht mish !

Er liebt mich !

Faust. Ja, mein Kind! Lass diese Alumenwort Dir Götteransspruch seyn! Er siebt dish! 3285 Berstehst die, was das heist? Er liebt dich! (Er sie iber beden dane.)

margarete. Dich überläuft's!

Fauft. D fcanbre nicht! Lag biefen Blid,

Was unaussprechlich ist:

Sich hinzugeben ganz und eine Wonne Zu fühlen, die ewig sehn muß!

Ewig! - Ihr Enbe würbe Berzweiffung feyn. Rein, fein Enbe! Rein Enbe!

in, tein Ende! Rein Ende! (Margarete beudt ihm bie Sanbe, macht fich los und tauft weg. Er

flest einen Anzenblid in Gebanken, bann folgt er ihr.) Marthe (fommenb). Die Racht bricht an.

marthe. Ich bat' ench, langer hier zu bleiben,

Mlein es ift ein gar gu bojer Ort.

Es ift, als hatte Riemand nichts zu treiben Und nichts zu schaffen,

Als auf bes Rachbarn Schritt und Tritt zu gaffen, Und man kommt ins Gereb', wie man sich immer ftellt.

Und unser Pärchen?

Mephikopheles. Ift den Gang dort aufgeslogen. Muthwill'ge Sommervögel! Marthe. Er scheint ihr gewogen.

wephitropheres. Und sie ihm auch. Das ift ber Lauf ber Welt!

MARGARET (continues). Loves me—not—loves me—not
—(plucking off the last petal with ond delight) ho loves
me!

FAUST. Yes, my child! Let this flower-language be to thee a divine decision! He loves thee! Dost thou understand what that means? He loves thee! (He takes both her hands.)

MARGARET. I shake all over!

FAUST. Oh, tremble not! Let this look, let this pressure of the hand, tell thee what is unspeakable;—to give oneself up wholly, and to feel a joy that must be eternal! Eternal!—its end would be despair. No! no end! no end!

(MARGARET presses his hands, disengages herself, and runs away. He stands a moment in thought, then he follows her.)

MARTHA (approaching). The night is coming on,

MEPHISTOPHELES. Yes, and we'll away.

MARTHA. I would beg you to stay here longer, but it is much too wicked a place. It is as if nobody had anything to carry on, or anything to do, but to gape after his neighbour's comings and goings; and one gets talked about, however one behaves. And our little pair !

MEPHISTOPHELES. Have flown up the walk yonder. Wanton butterflies!

MARTHA. He seems taken with her.

MEPHISTOPHELES. And she with him, too. That is the way of the world!

Ein Gartenbauschen.

Mannarete fpringt herein, fledt fich finter bie Thur, balt bie ffingerfpihe an bie Libben, und audt burch bie Mibe.

Margarete. Er fommt l

Fanft (fommt). Ach Schelm, fo nedft bu mich!

Treff' ich bich !

(Gr tont fie.) Margarete (ibn faffenb und ben Ruff gurudaebenb). Befter Mann! bon Bergen lieb' ich bich!

Methiftopheles fiebft an.

Fanft (ftampfenb). Ber ba? Mephiftopheles.

Gut Freund! Fanft. Ein Thier!

Mebhiftobbeles.

Es ift wohl Reit zu icheiben. Marthe (fommt). Ja, es ift fpat, mein Berr.

Darf ich euch nicht geleiten? Sauft. Margarete. Die Mutter würbe mich - Lebt mobi!

Fauft. Muß ich benn gebn?

Lebe wohl ! 3210 Marthe. Sibe!

Auf balbig Wiebersehn ! Margarete. (Fauft und Mephiftopheles ab.)

Margarete. Du lieber Gott ! was fo ein Mann Nicht alles, alles benten fann!

Beichamt nur fteh' ich bor ihm ba. Und fag' au allen Sachen ia.

Bin bod ein arm, unwiffend Linb. 3215 Begreise nicht, mas er an mir finh't. (216.)

A Summerhouse.

(MARGARET springs in, places herself behind the door, holds the tip of her finger to her lips, and peeps through the crevice.)

MARGARET. He comes!

FAUST (comes). Ah, rogue! Dost tease me thus? I've caught thee! (He kisses her.)

MARGARET (embracing him and returning the kiss). Best of men! I love thee from my heart!

(MEPHISTOPHELES knocks.)
FAUST (stamping). Who's there †

MEPHISTOPHELES, A friend.

FAUST. A brute!

MEPHISTOPHELES. It is time to part, I believe,

MARTHA (comes). Yes, sir, it is late.

FAUST. May I not attend you?

MARGARET. My mother would-farewell!

FAUST. Must I then go ? Farewell!

MARTHA. Adieu!

MARGARET. Till our next speedy meeting!

(Excent FAUST and MERIUSTOPHELES.)
Good God! what a lot—a lot—of things such a man

can think about! I merely stand there ashamed before him, and say Yes to all things. I am in sooth a poor ignorant child; I do not understand what he finds in me. (Exit)

Malb und Soble.

Gauft (allein). Erhabner Geift, bu gabft mir, gabft mir Alles, Warum ich bat. Du haft mir nicht umfonft Dein Angeficht im Tener augewendet. Gabit mir die berrliche Natur zum Königreich. Rraft, fie gu fublen, ju geniefien. Dicht Ralt ftannenben Befuch erlaubst bu nur. Bergonnest mir in ihre tiese Bruft, Wie in ben Bufen eines Freunds, ju fchauen. Dn führft bie Reihe ber Lebenbigen 3225 Bor mir borbei, und febrit mich meine Briber Im fillen Buich, in Luft und Baffer fennen. Und wenn ber Sturm im Walbe brauft und fnarrt. Die Riefenfichte frürzend Rachbarafte Und Rachbarftamme quetichend nieberftreift, 3230 Und ihrem Fall bumpf hohl ber Sügel bonnert, Dann führft bu mich gur fichern Soble, zeigft Dich bann mir felbft, und meiner eignen Bruft Gebeime tiefe Bunber öffnen fich. Und fteigt por meinem Blid ber reine Mond 3235 Befanftigenb berfiber, fcmeben mir Bon Relfenwänden, aus bem feuchten Buich,

D bağ bem Menfchen nichts Boltomunes wirb, Empfind' ich nun. Du gabit zu biefer Wonne. Die mich ben Göttern nah und naber bringt, Mir ben Gefährten, ben ich ichon nicht mehr Entbehren fann wenn er gleich, falt und frech,

Der Borivelt filberne Geftalten auf, Und lindern ber Betrachtung ftrenge Suft.

Forest and Cavern.

FAUST (alone). Sublimo Spirit! thou gavest me, gavest me everything for which I prayed. Not in vain hast thou turned to me thy countenanco in fire. Thou gavest me glorious Nature for a kingdom, power to feel, to enjoy her. Not merely a coldly wondering visit dost thou permit; thou grantest me to look into her deep breast, as into the bosom of a friend. Thou bringest past before me the series of living things, and teachest me to know my brethren in the still copse, in air, and water. And when the storm roars and creaks in the forest, the giantpine, precipitating its neighbour-boughs and neighbourstems, sweeps, crushing, down,-and the hill thunders, dull and hollow, to its fall,-then thou leadest me to the safe cavern, showest me then to myself; and secret, deep wonders of my own breast reveal themselves. And when soothingly the pure moon rises above in my sight, the silvery forms of past ages float up to me from the walls of rock, out of the moist copse, and temper the stern delight of contemplation.

Oh, now I feel that nothing perfect comes to man! With this joy, which brings me nearer and nearer to the gods, thou gavest me the companion whom already I can no longer dispense with; though, cold and insolent, he de-

Mls mich am guten Tag gu plagen. Dephiftopheles. Run, nun! ich laff' bich gerne rubn : Du barfft mir's nidt im Ernfte fagen. Un bir Gefellen, unbold, barich unb toll. Aft wahrlich wenig zu verlieren. 3250

Den gangen Tag bat man bie Sanbe boll ! Bas ihm gefällt und was man laffen foll, Rann man bem Seren nie an ber Rafe fpfiren. Jang. Das ift fo juft ber rechte Ton ! Er will noch Dant, baf er mich ennünirt.

1265 Mentiffonneles. Bie batt'ft bu, armer Erbeniobn, Dein Leben ohne mich geführt? Bom Aribstrabs ber Imagination Sab' ich bid boch auf Beiten lang curirt;

Und war' ich nicht, fo war'ft bu fcon Bon biefem Erbball abfbagiert. Bas haft bu ba in Sohlen, Felfenriten 3270

Dich wie ein Schuhu zu verfiten ?

grades me in my own eyes, and, with a word-breath, turns thy gifts to nought. He is busily kindling in my breast a wild fire for that fair image. Thus I reel from desire to enjoyment, and in enjoyment I languish for desire.

MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

- MEPHISTOPHELES. Have not you now had almost enough of this kind of life? How can it delight you for any length of time? It is all very well that one should try it once, but then on again to something now!
- FAUST. I would you had something else to do than to plague me in my happier hour.
- MEPHISTOPHILLES. Well, well! I will leave you to yourself with pleasure;—you need not tell me so in earnest. Truly, it is little to lose in you a companion ungracious, peovish, and erazy. One has one's hands full the whole day! One can never find out from the gentleman's face what pleases him, and what one must let alone
- FAUST. That is so exactly the proper tone! You want thanks, to boot, for wearying me.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Poor son of earth! how would you have led your life without me? I have at least cured you, for some time to come, of the witnisses of imagination; and but for me, you would already have walked off from this globe. What business have you to sit and mope here in caverns and rock-rifts, like an ow! \tau \text{Why}

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Was schlärst aus dumpsem Woos und triesendem Gestein, Wie eine Kröte, Nahrung ein?

Gin lechtung füber Leitnertreih !

Ein schöner, füßer Zeitvertreib! Dir ftedt ber Doctor noch im Leib.

Fauft. Berftehft bu, was für neue Lebensfraft

Mir biefer Wanbel in ber Debe fchafft?

Ja, würdest du es ahnen können,
Du wärest Tensel g'nug, mein Glüd mir nicht zu gönnen.
webbistobberes. Ein überirdisches Bergnügen!

In Nacht und Than auf ben Gebirgen liegen, Und Erb' und Dimmel wonniglich umfassen.

Und Erb' und himmel wonniglich umfaffen Bu einer Gottheit fich aufichwellen laffen,

Der Erbe Marf mit Ahnungsbrang burchwählen,

Alle feche Tagewert' im Bufen fühlen,

In ftolger Kraft, ich weiß nicht was, genießen, Bald liebewonnialich in alles überfließen.

Berichvunden gang ber Erbenfohn,

Und bann bie hohe Intuition - (Dit einer Geberbe.)

Ich barf nicht fagen, wie - gu fchließen.

Mephiftophetes. Das will ench nicht behagen;

Ihr habt bas Recht, gesittet pfui zu sagen. Man barf bas nicht por keuichen Obren nennen.

Bas feusche herzen nicht entbehren fonnen. Und furz und aut, ich gonn' Rom bas Bergnügen,

Gelegentlich fich etwas vorzulügen;

Doch lange halt Er bas nicht aus. Du bift icon wieber abgetrieben,

Und, währt es länger, aufgerieben

In Tollheit ober Angft und Graus. Genug bamit! Dein Liebden fist babrinne.

sening vaniter seem Rievagen figt vaverin

do you sip in nourishment from damp moss and dripping stone, like a toad? A fair, sweet pastime! The doctor still sticks in your body.

FAUST. Dost thou understand what new life-power this wandoring in the wilderness procures for me? Yes, wert thou able to divine it, thou wouldst be devil onough to grudge me my happiness.

MEPHISTOPHEMES. A super-terrestrial pleasure! To lie in night and dow on the mountains, and joyfully members earth and heaven; to swell yourself up to a divinity; to rake through the earth's marrow with preasgeful inpulse; to feel all the six days' works in your boson; to enjoy in proud strongth I know not what;—now to overflow love-empattered into everything, the mortal vanished quito; and then the lofty intuition—(with a getters!) Insut not say how—to close!

FAUST. Fio upon you!

MEPHISTOPHIEAE. That will not please you—you are right; it is decorous to say field 10m must not name before chaste cars that which chaste hearts cannot go without. And, in short, I do not grudey you the pleasure of lying somewhat to yourself to sait the occasion. But you will not keep up that long. You are already again worn out, and if it lasts longer, will be fretch into madness, or enguish and horrow. Enough of this Wie bom geschmolznen Schnee ein Bachlein übersteigt ; Du haft fie ihr ins Herz gegoffen,

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Du haft sie ihr ins Herz gegossen, Run ist bein Bächlein wieber seicht. Mich brinkt, aufget in Walbern zu ehrenen

Wich buntt, auftatt in Balbern zu thronen, Ließ' es bem großen herren gut,

Das arme affenjunge Blut Für seine Liebe zu belohnen. Die Beit wirb ihr erbärmlich lana :

Sie steht am Feuster, sieht die Wollen ziehn Ueber die alte Stadtmauer hin.

Wenn ich ein Böglein war'l so geht ihr Gesang Tage lang, halbe Nächte lang.

Ginmal ift fie munter, meift betrübt, Ginmal recht ausgeweint.

Dann wieber ruhig, wie's scheint, Und immer verliebt.

Fauft. Schlange! Schlange!

Webbistopheles (für sich). Gelt! baß ich bich fange! 3325 Fanst. Berruchter! hebe bich von hinnen,

Und nenne nicht bas schöne Weib! Bring' die Begier zu ihrem fühen Leib

Bring' bie Begier zu ihrem füßen Leib Richt wieber vor bie halb verrücken Sinnen!

Ment weber vor die halb verrücken Sinnen! Mephistophetes. Was soll es benn? Sie meint, du sehst

entflohn, Und halb und halb bift du es schon.

Bauft. Ich bin ihr nah', und wär' ich noch so fern,

Ich fann fie nie vergeffen, nie verlieren;

Your darling sits within there, and everything is growing confined and gloomy to her. You are never out of her thought. She loves you overpoweringly. First came your passion overflown, like a rivulet surcharged with melted snow; you have poured it into her have; now your rivulet is shallow again. Methinks, instead of reigning in forestas, it might seem good to the granging undersat, it might seem good to the granging undersat, it might seem good to they are should be seen to be closed travel away over the olve! The time grows pittably long to her; shot stands at the window, and sees the closed strevel away over the old town-walls. "If I were a little bird!"—so goes her song all the day, and half the night. One while she is cheerful, mostly cast down; one while quite out-wept; then again, as it seems, stull; and ever in love!

FAUST. Serpent! serpent!

MEPHISTOPHELES (aside). I'm sure now-I shall catch thee !

FAUST. Miscreant! Get thee from hence, and name not the lovely woman! Bring not again the desire for her sweet body before my half-distracted senses!

MEPHISTOPHELES. What is to be done, then ? She thinks you are flown; and so in some manner you already are.

FAUST. I am near her, and were I ever so far off, I can

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In, ich beneibe icon ben Leib bes herrn,

Wenn ihre Lippen ihn indeß berühren. 3335 Menniftonneles. Gar wohl, mein Freund! Ich hab' ench oft

heneihet Ums Awillingspaar, bas unter Rosen weibet.

Saust. Entfliebe, Ruppler !

Mebhiftopheles.

Shon! Ihr fcimbft und ich muß ľačien.

Der Gott, ber Bub' und Mabden fduf. Erfannte gleich ben ebelften Berni,

Und felbit Gelegenheit zu machen.

Mur fort! Es ift ein großer Nammer!

Ihr follt in eures Liebdiens Rammer.

Richt etwa in ben Tob.

Bauft. BBas ift bie Simmelsfrend' in ihren Armen ? Laft mich an ihrer Bruft erwarmen !

Filhl' ich nicht immer ihre Noth?

Bin ich ber Afüchtling nicht, ber Unbehaufte, Der Unmenich obne Rwed und Rub'.

Der wie ein Bafferfturg bon Wels an Welfen braufte.

Begierig mitthenb, nach bem Abgrund an ?

Und feitwärts fie, mit findlich bumpfen Sinnen, Im Sutteben auf bem fleinen Muenfelb.

Und all ibr bansliches Beginnen

Umfangen in ber fleinen Welt.

Und ich, ber Gottverhaßte, Satte nicht genna.

Dafi ich bie Relfen faßte

Und fie an Trimmern fchlug!

Sie, ihren Frieden nufit' ich nutergraben!

Du, Bolle, mußteft biefes Opfer haben !

never forget, never lose her. Yes, I envy even the Body of the Lord when her lips are touching it.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Very well, my friend! I have often envied you the twin-pair that feed among the roses!

FAUST. Begone, pander !

MEPHISTOPHELES. Fine! You rail and I must laugh.

The God who eveated lad and lass recognised at the same
time the most noble calling of making opportunity too.
But away! It is a vast pity! You must to your
sweetheart's chamber—not neradventure to death!

FAUST. What is the heavenly bliss in her arms? Bot, it that I warm nyelf on her breastl—do I not always feel her distress I Am I not the fugitive, the houseless one the moster without aim and rest, who reashed like a estandt from rook to rook, greedly neging towards the abysa? Am ishe, beside, with child-like, unwaknost esness, in the cot upon the little Alpine field, and all her houndy work onfolded in that little world! And I, the hatel of God, was not contented that I grasped the rooks and smote them to shatters! Her—her paces—I must undermine! Thou, Hell, requiredat his secrifice;

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2280

Wes muß geicheite, mag's gleich geichein ! Mag itse Geichig auf mich geispunzenstützen Und sie mit wir zu Gemebe geign! Wespsitaspseles. Wie's vieler jehet, wieder glüßt! Geh' ein mid triglie sie, wa Spor! Wo ein Köhpfigen Keinen Kussgang sieht, Sestut er jich gleich des Enke vor:

Silf, Tenfel, mir bie Reit ber Unaft verfürgen !

Ek lebe, wer sich indjer hält! Du bijt doch sout so ziemlich eingetenselt. Nichts Abgeschmackters sind' ich auf der Welt, Als einen Teufel, der verzweiselt.

Gretchens Stube.

Greichent (um Spinnrabe allein).

Meine Ruh' ift hin, Mein herz ift schwer; Ich finbe fie nimmer

Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab' In mir das Grab, Die ganze Welt It mir vernällt.

Mein armer Ropf Ift mir verrüdt, Wein armer Sinn Mi mir serktildt.

ntir zerftüdt. 3385

Help me, devil, to shorten the time of anguish! Let what must happen, happen at once! May her fate fall crushing on me, and she, with me, be ruined!

MEPHISTOPPIELES. How it see the sagain, glows again 1 Go in and comfort her, you foel! When such a noddle sees no outled, it imagines at once that all is at an end. He who bears himself havely, for ever! Yet otherwise, you have had a fair pipe of the devil about you. I know nothing in the world more absurd than a devil who despirat.

Gretchen's Room.

GREYCHEN (alone at the spinning wheel).

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy; I shall find it never and nevermore

Where I have not him, is the grave to me; the whole world is embittered to me.

My poor head is distraught, my poor sense is shattered.

254	Faust	3386-34×3
	Meine Ruh' ift hin,	
	Mein Herz ist schwer;	
	Ich finbe fie nimmer	
	Und nimmermehr.	
	Nach ihm unr schau' ich	3390
	Bum Fenfter hinaus,	
	Rach ihm nur geh' ich	
	Aus bem Haus.	
	Sein hober Bang,	
	Sein' eble Geftalt,	3395
	Seines Munbes Lächeln,	
	Seiner Augen Gewalt,	
	Und feiner Rebe	
	Zauberfluß,	
	Sein Sanbebrud,	3490
	Und ach! sein Kuß!	31-4
	Meine Ruh' ift hin,	
	00-1 5	

Und ad | fein Auf |
Medie And | fein Auf |
Medie Derg if | feiner |
Ich dinumer Und dinumer
Und dinumermehre.
340S
Medie Buffen vönugt
Sid nach fün fün.

3410

Ach, dürft' ich fassen Und haften ihn : Und fässen ihn, So wie ich wollt', Au seinen Kässen Bergeben sollt'!

- My peace is gone, my heart is heavy; I shall find it never and nevermore.
- For him alone I look out at the window; for him alone I go out of the house.
 - His lofty gait, his noble form; the smile of his mouth, the power of his eyes,
- And the witching flow of his speech; the pressure of his hand, and ah! his kiss!
- My peace is gone, my heart is heavy; I shall find it never and nevermore.
- My bosom presses towards him. Ah, could I clasp and hold him,
- And kiss him as I would, upon his kisses I should pass away!

Marthens Garten.

Margarete. Fauft.

Margarete. Berfprich mir, Beinrich ! -

Fauft. Was ich fam !

Margarete. Run fag', wie haft bu's mit der Religion ? 3415 Du bift ein herzlich guter Mann,

Allein ich glaub', bu hältst nicht viel bavon.

Bauft. Lag bas, mein Rind! Du fuhlft, ich bin bir gut ;

Für meine Lieben ließ' ich Leib und Blut, Will Niemand sein Geffihl und seine Kirche rauben.

Margarete. Das ift nicht recht; man muß bran glauben!

Wargarete. Ad, wenn ich etwas auf bich tounte! Du ehrst auch nicht bie beil'gen Sacramente.

Fauft. Ich ehre fie.

Margarete. Doch ohne Berlangen. Bur Meffe, zur Beichte bift bu lange nicht gegangen.

Glaubst bu an Gott? Faun. Mein Liebchen, wer barf fagen,

saust. Wein Liebdjen, wer barf jage: Ich glaub' an Gott?

Magit Briefter ober Weise fragen,

Und ihre Antwort scheint nur Spott Ueber den Frager zu sehn.

Wargarete. So glaubst bu nicht?

Vauft. Mißhör' mich nicht, bu holdes Angesicht ! Wer darf ihn nennen ?

Und wer bekennen :

Ich glaub' ihn ?

Wer empfinben

3435

- 3-

Martha's Garden.

Margaret. Faust.

MARGARET. Promise me, Henry !-

FAUST. What I can !

MARGARET. Now say, how is it with thy religion? Thou art a thoroughly good man, but I believe thou dost not think much of it.

FAUST. Leave that, my child! thou feelest I love thee: I would give up body and blood for those I love; I wish to rob nobody of his feeling and his church.

MARGARET. That is not right; one must believe in it!

FAUST. Must one ?

MARGARET. Ah, if I had any influence over thee! Thou dost not honour even the holy sacraments.

FAUST. I honour them.

MARGARET. Yot without desiring them. It is long sinco thou hast gone to mass or confession. Dost thou believe in God?

FAUST. My darling, who dares say, 'I believe in God'? Thou mayst ask priests or sages, and their answer will seem to be but mockery of the questioner.

MARGARET. Thon, thou dost not believe?

Faust. Misconceive me not, thou sweetest countenance! Who dare name Him? And who avow, 'I believe in Der Munifasser, Der Allechalter, Faßi und ersällt er nicht 3440 Dich, nich, sich selbst ?

Did, mid, sid selbst? Wolth sid ber Himmen nicht babroben? Liegt bie Erbe nicht shermten sest? Und steigen, freunblich blidenb, Gwiese Sierne nicht berauf?

trongs esterne may herany?

Schan' id nicht King' in Ange dir,
Und drängt nicht alles
Rach Jaupt und Hergen dir,
Und verängt wich erden mis.

Und webt in ewigen Geheimnih, Unischibar, sichtbar, neben dir ? 3450 Erfall' davon dein Hezz, so groß es ist, Und wenn du gang in dem Gesäche felig bist,

Neun' es dann, wie du willst, Neun's Glück! Herz! Liebe! Gott! Ich habe keinen Ramen

Ich habe keinen Ramen 3455 Dafür! Gefühl ist alles; Rame ist Schall und Ranch,

3460

Rane ift Schall und Rauch, Umnebelud Himmelsgluth. Waraarete. Das ist alles recht ichon und aut:

Ungefähr fagt bas ber Pfarrer auch, Nur mit ein bifichen anbern Worten.

Faust. Es sagen's aller Orten Alle Herzen unter bem himmlischen Tage, Jedes in seiner Sprache;

Barum nicht ich in ber meinen? 3465 Wargarete. Wenn man's fo bort, mocht's leiblich icheinen.

argarete. Wenn man's jo hort, mont's leiblich icheinen,

Him 1' Who can feel, and venture to say, 'I believe on in Him' 1' beAl-molfoler, the Al-sustainer, enfolds and sustains He not thee, me, Himself' Does not the heaven arch itself there above? Lies not the earth firm here below? And do not eternal stars rise, cheerfully gleaming, on high! Gaze I not into thine eyes; and is not all througing to thy head and heart, and moving, invisibly, visibly, in eternal mystery about thee! Yill up thy heart with it, great as it is, and whon thou art wholly blest in the feeling, then call it what thou with; call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God! I have no name for it! Feeling is all; ame is sound and smoke, oferdouling heaven's glow.

MARGARET. That is all very fine and good; the parson also says pretty nearly that, only with somewhat different words.

FAUST. All hearts in all places beneath the heavenly day say it, each in its language,—why not I in mine?

MARGARET. If one hears it thus, it might seem passable

3467-3495 Steht aber boch immer ichief barum ; Denn bn haft fein Chriftenthum. Rauft, Lieb's Rinb! Margarete. Es thut mir fang' icon web. Daß ich bich in ber Gefellschaft feb'. 3470 Maust. Wie fo ? Der Menich, ben bu ba bei bir haft. Margarete. Aft mir in tiefer inn'rer Geele verhaft : Es hat mir in meinem Leben So nichts einen Stich ins Berg gegeben, Mis bes Menichen wibrig Geficht. 3475 maun. Liebe Buvbe, ffirdit' ibn nicht! Margarete. Seine Gegenwart bewegt mir bas Blut. Ich bin fouft allen Menichen aut: Afber, wie ich mich febne, bich zu ichauen, Sab' ich vor bem Meniden ein beimlich Grauen, 3480 Und halt' ibn für einen Schelm bagu ! Gott persein' mir's, meun ich ibm Unrecht thu'! Fauft. Es muß auch folde Range geben. Margarete. Wollte nicht mit feines Gleichen leben ! Rommt er einmal zur Thur' berein, 3485 Sieht er immer fo fpottifc brein. Und halb ergrimmt; Man fieht, bag er an nichts teinen Antheil nimmt; Es ftebt ibm an ber Stirn' gefchrieben, Daft er nicht mag eine Seele lieben. 3490 Mir wird's fo wohl in beinem Arm. So frei, fo bingegeben marm. Und feine Gegenwart fcnurt mir bas Inn're an. Bauft. Du ahnungsvoller Engel bu! Margarete. Das übermannt mich fo fehr, 3495 there is, however, still something wrong about it, for thou hast no Christianity.

FAIRT Dear child !

MARGARET. I have long been grieved at the company I see thee in.

FAIRT How so 2

MARGARET. The man whom thou hast here with thee is hateful to me in my deep, inmost soul. Nothing in my life has given me such a pang in my heart as the man's repulsive face.

FAUST. Dear pet, fear him not !

MARGARET. His presence agitates my blood. Otherwise, I am well-disposed to all men; but, much as I long to see thee, I have a secret horror of the man, and hold him for a regue besides! God forgive it me, if I do him wrong!

FAUST. There must be such queer creatures, too.

Makeaker. I would not live with the like of him I ff over he comes inside the deep, he always looks in so mockingly, and half-enraged; one sees that he has no sympathy with anything; it stands written on his forehead that he cannot love a soul. I feel so happy with thine arm around me, so free, so yielding, and warm; and his processore closses up my immost heart.

FAUST. Thou divining angel!

MARGARET. It overcomes mo so much, that when he hap-

3496-3522 Dag, wo er nur mag au und treien. Mein' ich fogar, ich liebte bich nicht mehr. Auch wenn er ba ift, konnt' ich nimmer beien. Und bas frift mir ins Berg binein ; Dir, Beinrich, muß es auch fo fein. 3100 Fauft. Du haft nun die Antipathie! Margarete. 3ch muß nun fort. Sauft. Ach. fann ich nie Ein Stünden ruhig bir am Bufen hangen, Und Bruft an Bruft und Seel' in Seele brangen ? 3505

margarete. Ich wenn ich nur alleine fcblief'! Ich ließ bir gern beut Racht ben Riegel offen : Doch meine Mutter fcblaft nicht tief. Und würben wir bon ihr betroffen. 3ch war' aleich auf ber Stelle tobt !

3510

3515

Fauft. Du Engel, bas bat feine Roth, Sier ift ein Flafchchen! Drei Tropfen nur In ihren Tranf umhüllen

Mit tiefem Schlaf gefällig bie Ratur. margarete. Bas thu' ich nicht um beinetvillen ? Es wird ihr hoffentlich nicht ichaben !

Wauft, Burb' ich fouft, Liebchen, bir es rathen ? Margarete. Seh' ich bich, befter Mann, nur an,

Weiß nicht, was mich nach beinem Willen treibt ; 3d habe foon fo viel für bich gethan,

Dağ mir gu thun faft nichts mehr übrig bleibt. (Ab.) 3520 Mebbiftobbeles tritt auf.

Mebbiftobbeles. Der Grasaff'! ift er men? Saft wieber fpionirt? Sauft. Mephifiopheles. Ich hab's ausführlich mohl vernommen.

pons merely to come up to us, I even think as though I loved thee no more. Besides, when he is here, I could never pray, and that eats into my heart. It must be the same, Homy, with thee.

FAUST. The fact is, thou hast antipathy !

MARGARET. I must now away.

FAUST. Ah, can I never hang peacofully, one little hour, on thy bosom, and press breast to breast, and soul to soul?

MARGARET. Ah, if I but slept alone! I would willingly leave the bolt undrawn for thee to-night; but my mother does not sleep soundly, and were we caught by her, I should forthwith be dead on the spet.

FAUST. Thou angel, no fear of that! Here is a phial! only three drops in hor drink will wrap nature pleasingly in deep sleep.

MARGARET. What would I not do for thy sake ? It will not harm her, I hope!

FAUST. Would I elso, darling, advise it to thee ?

MARGARET. If I do but look on thoe, best and dearest man, I know not what drives me according to thy will: I have done so much for thee already that almost nothing more remains over for me to do. (Exit.)

MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

MEPHISTOPHELES. The little monkey! is it gone?

FAUST. Hast spied again ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. I have heard it fully; the Doctor was

3530

3535

3545

Herr Dottor wurden da tatechifirt; Hoff', es foll Ihnen wohl bekommen. Die Mädels find doch fehr intereffirt,

Db Einer fromm und ichlicht nach altem Brauch. Sie benten, budt er ba, folgt er uns eben auch.

Jauft. Du Ungehener fiehft nicht ein, Wie biefe trene, liebe Seele.

Bon ihrem Glauben voll,

Der ganz allein Ihr feliamachend ift, fich beilig anöle

Daß fie ben liebsten Mann verloren halten foll. Mebbistobbetes. Du Aberfinnlicher, finnlicher Freier.

Ein Mägbelein nasführet bich. Faust. Du Spottaeburt von Dreck und Kener!

Wann. Du Spottgeburt bon Dredt und Fener! Mephikophetes. Und die Physiognomie versicht fie meister-

In meiner Gegenwart wird's ihr, sie weiß nicht wie, Mein Mäskchen ba weissagt verborgnen Sinn; Sie füllt. daß ich gang sicher ein Genie.

Bielleicht wohl gar ber Teufel bin.

Run heute Racht — ? Faup. Was geht bich's an ? Webbisobnetes. Sab' ich boch meine Frende bran!

Um Brunnen.

Gretchen und Liedchen mit Rrigen,

Lieshen. Haft nichts von Bärbelden gehört? Greichen. Kein Bort. Ich tomm' gar wenig unter Leute. Lieshen. Getoff, Sibylle fagt' mir's heute; catechised there; I hope it may do you much good.
The girls are, to be sure, very interested in knowing
whether a man is pious and single-minded after the old
fashion. They think: 'if he knuckles under in that
matter, he will even follow us too.'

FAUST. Thou, monster! dost not conceive how this true, dear soul, full of her faith, which alone is saving to her, grieves holily that she must deem her best-beloved lost.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Thou super-sensual, sensual suitor, a chit of a girl leads thee by the nose.

FAUST. Thou absurd offspring of filth and fire!

MEPHISTOPHELES. And she understands physiognomy like a master. In my presence, she feels she knows not how; this littlo mask of mine bodes some hidden sense; is she feels that I am most assuredly a genius,—perhaps the devil himself! To-night, then—?

FAUST. What is that to thee?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why, I have my pleasure in it!

At the Well.

Gretchen and Lieschen with pitchers.

Lieschen. Hast heard nothing of Barbara?

GRETCHEN. Not a word. I go very little abroad.

Liesohen. 'Tis true; Sibylla told it me to-day. She has

Sie füttert zwei, wenn fie nun ift und trinkt. Gretenen. Ach!

Biconen. So ift's ihr endlich recht ergangen. Wie lange hat fie an bem Kerl gehangen !

Wie lange hat ste an dem stert gegangen i Das war ein Spazieren, Auf Dorf und Tanzplah Führen!

Mußt' überall die erste seyn, Curtesirt' ihr immer mit Pastetchen und Wein ;

Bild't fich was auf ihre Schönheit ein, Bar doch so ehrlos, sich nicht zu schämen,

Geschenke von ihm anzunehmen. War ein Gefos' und ein Geschsch'; 3560 Da ist denn auch das Blünchen weg!

3969

3570

Breichen. Das arme Ding! Breichen. Bas arme Ding!

Wenn unfer eins am Spinnen war, Uns Rachts die Watter nicht himmterließ, Stand sie bei ihrem Buhlen süß ; Ans der Thürbant und im denkeln Gang

Ward ihnen feine Stunde zu lang. Da mag sie denn sich ducken nun, Im Sünderhembesen Kirchfonft shun!

Grethen. Er nimmt fie gewiß zu seiner Fran. Lessen. Er wär' ein Narr! Ein stinker Jung' Hat anderwärts noch Lust genung.

Er ift auch fort. Greechen. Das ift nicht fchon ! even played the fool at last. That comes of giving horself airs!

GRETCHEN. How so ?

LIESCHEN. It stinks! She feeds two when she eats and drinks now.

GERTCHEN Ab !

Luxscurs. She's rightly served at last. How long she has hung on the fellow! There was a promeasting, a being taken to the village and dancing place. She must be the first everywhere; he was always contributed the with tart and wine. She was rather concided about her beauty, but was so lost to honour as not to be ashamed to accept presents from him. There was a lugging and busing; so at last the little flower is gone!

GRETCHEN. Poor thing!

Lisscillen. Thou even pitiest her! When one of us was at spinning, mother did not let us down at night, sho was with her swoot lover; no hour was too long for them on the bench outside the door, and in the dark walk. Now, therefore, she may humble herself, and do church-penance in a sinnor's shift!

GRETCHEN. He'll surely take her for his wife.

Lieschen. He would be a fool! A brisk youth has openings enough still elsewhore. Besides, he's off, Liedgen. Rriegt fie ihn, foll's ihr übel gebn, Das Krangel reifien bie Buben ihr. 3575 Und Saderling ftreuen wir bor bie Thilr'! (216.) Gretmen (nach Saufe gebend). Wie fonnt' ich fonft fo tapfer idmählen. Wenn that ein armes Mägblein fehlen! Bie fonnt' ich über Anbrer Sauben Nicht Worte a'nua ber Runge finden ! 3180

Wie ichien mir's ichwarz, und ichwärzt's noch gar, Mir's immer both nicht ichwars g'ung war. Und feguet' mich und that fo groß,

Und bin nun felbft ber Ganbe bloß ! Doch - Alles, was bagu mich trieb, Gott, war fo gut! ach, war fo lieb!

Bwinger.

In ber Mauerhoble ein Anbachetbilb ber Mater dolorosa : Blumenfrüge baror.

Greichen (fledt friide Blumen in bie Rrfige).

Ach neige. Du Schmerzenreiche.

Dein Antlit anabig meiner Roth !

Das Schwert im Bergen, Mit taufenb Schmerzen

Blidft auf zu beines Cohnes Tob. Rum Bater blidft bu

Und Seufger ichidit bu

Singuf um fein' und beine Roth.

3595

3 600

3585

GRETCHEN. That is not fair.

LIESCHEN. If she gets him, it shall go bad with her! The boys will tear off her wreath, and we shall strew chopped straw before the door.

(Exit.)

GRECCHEN (going home). How stoutly could I once revile when a poor girl did or! How I could not find worsh-enough for my tongue about the sins of others! How black it seemed to me! and I blackened it still more; yet it was not ever black enough for me; and I blessed myself, and carried it so high—and am now myself have to the sin! Yet—everything that drove me to it, was, God knows, so good!—Ay was odear!

Zwinger.

(In the niche of the wall a devotional image of the Mater Dolorosa; flower-jars before it.)

GRETCHEN (places fresh flowers in the jars).

Ah, incline, thou rich in sorrows, thy countenance graciously to my distress!

The sword in thy heart, thou lookest up, with a thousand pangs, on thy Son's death.

To the Father thou lookest, and thou sendest up sighs for his and thy distress.

3605

3610

3615

Wer fühlet. Wie wühlet Der Schmerg mir im Gebein ? Was mein armes Herz hier banget.

Bas es gittert, was verlanget,

Weißt nur bu, nur bu allein !

Wohin ich immer gehe, Wie weh, wie weh, wie wehe Wird mir im Bufen hier!

3ch bin, ach! faum alleine 3ch wein', ich wein', ich weine.

Das Berg gerbricht in mir.

Die Scherben vor meinem Kenfter Bethaut' ich mit Thräuen, ach !

Ms ich am frühen Morgen

Dir biefe Blumen brach.

Schien hell in meine Rammer Die Sonne früh berauf. Saft ich in allem Rammer

In meinem Bett' icon auf.

Siff! rette mich von Schmach und Tob! Ach neige, Dein Antlit gnabig meiner Roth!

Du Schmerzenreiche.

- Who feels how the pain racks me to the quick? How my poor heart here fears, how it trembles, how it yearns, thou only knowest, only thou alone!
- Whithersoe'er I go, what woe, what woe grows in my bosom here! I am hardly, alas, alone; I weep, I weep, I weep; my heart is breaking within me!
- The flower-pots before my window I bedewed with tears, alas! as in the early morning I plucked these flowers for thee.
- When early the sun shone brightly upwards into my chamber, I was already sitting up, in all wretchedness, in my bed.
- Help! rescue me from shame and death! Ah, incline, thou rich in sorrows, thy countenance graciously to my distress!

Racht. Straße vor Gretchent Thine.

ort Grengem Apare.

Balentin (Soltat, Greichens Bruber).

Benn ich fo faß bei einem Belag, 3620 Wo mancher fich berühmen mag. Und bie Gefellen mir ben Mor Der Mägblein laut gebriefen bor, Mit vollem Glas bas Lob verichwennnt : Den Ellenbogen aufgestemmt. 3625 Saft ich in meiner fichern Rub'. Hört' all bem Schwabroniren gu. Und ftreiche ladelnb meinen Bart. Und friege bas bolle Glas sur Sand. Und fage : Alles nach feiner Art ! 3630 Mber ift Gine im gangen Land, Die meiner trauten Gretel aleicht. Die meiner Schwefter bas BBaffer reicht? Tob ! Tob ! Rling! Rlang! bas ging berum! Die Ginen ichrieen : Er bat Recht! 3635 Sie ift bie Rier bom gangen Geichlecht! Da fagen alle bie Lober ftumm. Und nun! - um's Saar fich auszuraufen Und an ben Wanben binauf zu laufen! -Mit Stidefreben, Raferumpfen 35.10 Soll jeber Schurte mich beschimpfen ! Soll wie ein bojer Schuldner fiten, Bei jebem Rufallswörtchen ichwisen ! Und möcht' ich fie gufammen fcmeißen. Ronnt' ich fie boch nicht Lugner beigen. 3645

Night.

Street before GRETCHEN'S door.

VALENTINE, soldier, GRETCHEN'S brother.

When I used to sit at a carouso, where many a man likes to brag, and my comrades had vaunted loudly to mo the flower of girls, the praise being washed down with a full glass,-leaning upon my elbows, I sat in my safe ropose, listened to all the swaggering, and, smiling, I stroke my beard, and seize the full glass in my hand, and say; 'Each well enough in her own way! But is there one in the whole country that equals my dear Margerywho can hold a candle to my sister?' Done! Done! Cling, clang! so it went round! Some cried: 'He is right; she is the ornament of the whole sex!' Then sat all the praisers dumb. And now!-it is enough to make one tear out one's hair and run up the walls !every knave shall twit me with jibos and sneers! I must sit, like a bad debtor, to sweat at every chance word! And though I might smash them up, yet I could not call them liars.

Bas fonunt heran? Bas fchleicht herbei? Irr' ich nicht, es find ihrer Bwei. Ift er's, gleich pack' ich ihn beim Felle; Soll nicht lebendig von der Stelle!

Fauft. Mephiftopheles.

Fangt. Bie von bem Fenfter bort ber Satriftei 3650 Aufwärts ber Schein bes ew'gen Lampchens flammert Und fdwach und fdwächer feitwarts bammert, Und Ginfternift brangt ringsum bei : So fieht's in meinem Bufen naditig. mennengunetes. Und mir ift's wie bem Rablein fdmadtig, Das an ben Fenerleitern fchleicht, 3656 Sich leif' bann um bie Mauern ftreicht ; Mir ift's gang tugenblich babei, Gin bifichen Diebsgeluft, ein bifichen Rammelei. So foult mir icon burch alle Glieber 3660 Die herrliche Walvurgisnacht. Die fommt uns übermorgen wieber; Da weiß man bod, warum man wacht. Bant. Rudt mohl ber Schat inbeffen in bie Sob', Den ich bort binten flimmern feb'? 3665 Depheftopheles. Du fannft bie Freude balb erleben, Das Reffelden herauszuheben.

Ich schielte neulich so hinein; Sind herrliche Löwenthaler drein. Tauft. Nicht ein Geschmeibe, nicht ein Ring, 3670

Meine liebe Buhle bamit zu zieren ? Wephtfopheles. Ich fah babei wohl so ein Ding, Ule wie eine Urt von Berlenschutren. What draws near? What is slinking hither? If I mistako not, there are two of them. If it is he, I'll collar him at onco; ho shall not go alive from the spot!

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHRIES.

- Faish: How, from the window of the sacristy youder, the light of the eternal lamp flickers upwards, and glimmers weakly, and more weakly, at the sides, and durkness closes round about! So seems it night-like in my bosom.

 MEPHISTOPHELES. And I feel languishing like the small
- cat that slinks along the fire-ladders, then softly moves around the walls. It makes me feel quite virtuously a spice of thievish hankering, a spice of wantonness. So thrills already through all my limbs the glorious Walpurgis-night. It comes again to us the day after to-morrow; then indeed one knows why one's awake.
- FAUST. Meanwhile, can that be tho treasure rising on high, which I see glimmering behind yonder?
- MEPHISTOPHELES. You can soon experience the pleasure of lifting out the little kettle. I lately took a squint inside; glorious lion-dollars are within.
- Faust. Not a trinket, not a ring, to deck my dear mistress with ${\mathfrak k}$
- MEPHISTOPHELES. I think I saw some such thing there as a sort of string of pearls.

3680

3685

9600

3695

3700

Fauft. Go ift es recht! Mir thut es weh,

mephistopheles. Es follt' ench eben nicht verbriegen,

Umfonst auch etwas zu genießen.

Jeht, ba ber Himmel voller Sterne glüht,

Sollt ihr ein wahres Runftftud hören : Ich fing' ihr ein moralisch Lieb,

Um sie gewisser zu bethören.

(Singt gur Bither.)

Was machit bu mir

Bor Liebchens Thur,

Rathrinden, hier

Bei frühem Tagesblide ? Laft, laft es febn !

Cer läst bich ein.

Ms Mähchen ein.

MIS Mabden nicht gurude.

erra menonicu ment guen

Rehmt euch in Acht!

Ift es vollbracht,

Dann gute Racht,

Ihr armen, armen Dinger !

Sabt ihr euch lieb,

Thut feinem Dieb

Nur nichts zu Lieb',

Mis mit bem Ring am Finger !

Batentin (tritt vor). Ben lodft bu bier? Beim Element! Bermalebeiter Rattenfanger!

Bum Teufel erft bas Instrument !

Bum Tenfel hinterbrein ben Ganger !

FAUST. That is well! I am pained if I go to her without a present.

MEPHISTOPHELES. You ought not to grieve exactly at enjoying something gratis also. Now that the heaven glows full of stars, you shall hear a true piece of art. I will sing her a moral song, to befool her the more certainly.

(Sings to the guitar.)

What, prithee, art thou doing here before thy lover's door, Katrina, in the early glance of day † Let, let it alone! He lets thee in—as a maiden, in—not as a maiden, hack again.

Beware! If it is accomplished, then good-night, you poor, poor things! If you love yourselves, do nothing at all to please any thief, except with the ring on the finger!

Valentine (comes forward). The deuce! Whom are you luring here, cursed rat-catcher † To the devil, first the instrument! To the devil, afterwards, the singer!

D web t

3705

278 Fa

mephifiophetes. Die Zither ift entzwei! an ber ift nichts zu halten.

Batentin. Dun foll es an ein Schabelfpalten!

mephiftopheles (gu Tauft). herr Dottor, nicht gewichen!

Hart an mich an, wie ich euch führe!

Heraus mit enerm Fleberwijch! Nur zugestoßen! Ich parire.

Batentin. Barire ben ! Barum benn nicht?

Balentin. Much ben!

Mentiftanbeles. Gemift!

Balentin. Ich glaub', der Teufel sicht! Was ist benn bas? Schon wird die Hand mir lahm. 3710

Mephiftopheles (gu Tauft). Stoß' gu! Balentin (fallt).

mephinophetes. Run ift ber Lümmel gabm! Run aber fort! Wir muffen gleich berichwinden;

Denn ichon entfteht ein mörberlich Gefchrei.

3ch weiß mich trefflich mit ber Polizei, Doch mit bem Blutbann ichlecht mich abzufinden.

Doch mit bem Blutbann schlecht mich abzusinben. 3725 Warthe (am Fenster). Heraus! Heraus! Grethen (am Kenster). Herbei ein Licht!

Greichen (am Benfter). Herbei ein Licht! Marthe (wie oben). Man schilt und rauft, man schreit und ficht.

23.018. Da liegt schon einer tobt ! Warene (beraustretent). Die Mörber, find fie benn eutflohn ?

Greigen (heraustretenb). Wer liegt hier? 3720

Grethen. Allmächtiger! welche Roth!

MEPHISTOPHELES. The guitar is in pieces! It is all up with it.

VALENTINE. Now then for a skull-splitting!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Doctor, no yielding! Brisk! Close by me, as I guide you! Out with your duster! Only thrust! I'll parry.

VALENTINE. Parry that!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Why not, then?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Certainly!

VALENTINE. I believe the devil is fighting! What, then, is that? My hand gets lame already.

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST). Thrust home!

VALENTINE (falls). Ah me!

MEPHISTOPHELES. The lubber is tame now! But now away! We must vanish at once; for already a murdorous outery is arising. I am on an excellent footing with the police, but could ill come to terms with the criminal court.

MARTHA (at the window). Out! Out!

GRETCHEN (at the window). Bring a light!

MARTHA (as before). They are scokling and scuffling; they are screaming and fighting.

PROPLE. Horo lios one dead already!

MARTHA (coming out). The murdorers—have they fled, then ?

GRETCHEN (coming out). Who lies here to

PEOPLE. Thy mother's son.

GRETCHEN. Almighty God! what misery!

280 Fauft	3722-374
Batentin. Ich fterbe! bas ift balb gejagt,	
Und balber noch gethan.	
Was fteht ihr Weiber, heuft und flagt?	
Rommt her und hört mich an !	372
(Mile treten um ihn.)	
Mein Greichen, fieh! bu bift noch jung,	
Bift gar noch nicht gescheibt gennug,	
Machft beine Sachen fclecht.	
Ich fag' bir's im Bertrauen nur :	
Du bift boch nun einmal eine Hur';	3739
So fen's auch eben recht!	
Bretenen. Mein Bruber! Gott! Bas foll mir bas	?
Balentin. Laß unfern Herrgott aus bem Spaß!	
Beichehn ift leiber nun geschehn,	
Und wie es gehn kann, fo wird's gehn.	3735
Du fingst mit Einem heimlich an,	
Balb kommen ihrer mehre bran,	
Und wenn bich erft ein Dutend hat,	
So hat bich auch die ganze Stadt.	
Wenn erft die Schande wird geboren,	3740
Wird fie heimlich gur Welt gebracht,	
Und man gieht ben Schleier ber Racht	
Ihr über Ropf und Ohren;	
Ia, man möchte fie gern ermorben.	
Wadhi't fie aber und macht fich groß,	3745
Dann geht fie auch bei Tage bloß,	
Und ift boch nicht schöner geworben.	
Je haflicher wird ihr Gesicht,	
Je mehr fucht fie bes Tages Licht.	

VALENTINE. I am dying! that is soon said, and sooner still done. Why do you women stand howling and walling? Come here and listen to me! (All come round him).

My Grotehen, look, thou art yet young, art by no means yet elevor enough, and managest thy affairs badly. I tell it thee in confidence only: since thou art once for all a whore, be also one outright!

GRETCHEN. My brother! God! What means that to me?

VALENTINE. Leave our Lord God out of the game! What is done, alas, is now done; and things will go as go they may. Thou didst begin secretly with one; soon more of thom will follow; and whon once a dozen have had thee, the whole town will have thee too.

Whon first Shame is born, she is brought into the world secretly, and the veil of night is drawn over her head and cars; ay, people would fain slay her. But when she grows and waxes great, then goes she also bare by day, and yet has become no fairer. The uglier her face becomes, the more she seeks the light of day.

282	Fauft	3750-3775
Ich feb' wahrhaftig schon bie Beit,		3750
Daß alle brave B	ürgerslent',	
Wie von einer an	gestedten Leichen,	
Bon bir, bu Dep		
Dir foll bas Herz	im Leib verzagen,	
Wenn fie bir in b	ie Augen fehn l	3755
Sollft feine golbn	e Rette mehr tragen !	
In ber Kirche nid	jt mehr am Altar stehn 1	
In einem schönen	Spigenfragen	
Dich nicht beim T	anze wohlbehagen!	
In eine finftre 30	mmereden	3760
Unter Betiler unb	Krüppel bich versteden,	
Und, wenn bir be	nn auch Gott verzeiht,	
Muf Erben febn be	ermalebeit!	
Marthe. Befehlt ei	tre Geele Gott gu Gnaben !	
Wollt ihr noch Lä	ft'rung auf euch laben ?	3765
Balentin. Ronnt' i	d bir nur an ben barren Leib,	
Du schändlich tup	plerisches Weib!	
Da hofft' ich aller	meiner Sinben	
Bergebung reiche	Maß zu finden.	
Grethen. Dein Bi	mber! Belche Sollenpein !	3770
Balentin. Ich fage	, laß bie Thränen fenn !	

(Stirft.)

3775

Da du dich sprachst der Ehre los, Gabst mir den schwersten Herzensstoß. Ich gehe durch den Todesschlaf Ru Gott ein als Soldat und brav. By my faith, I already see the time when all hoesest comfolk will turn saide from thee, thou strumpet, as from a tainted corpue. Thy heart shall despair in thy body, when they look thee in the face I No golden chain shalt thou wear more I no more stand at the altar in the clurked I Thou shalt not please thyself, in a fair lacecollar, at the dance I In some dark, wretched corner, among beggavs and cripples, shalt thou hide, and, even if God then forgives thee, be curreed on earth I

MARTHA. Commend your soul to God's grace! Will you besides load blasphemy on yourself?

VALENTINE. Could I but at thy withered body, thou scandalous, pimping woman, I should hope to find pardon, in rich measure, for all my sins!

GRETCHEN. My brother! What hellish torment!

VALENTINE. Have done with tears, I tell thee! When thou renouncedst honour, thou gavest me the bittorest heart-stab. I go in, through the sleep of death, to God as a soldier and a brave one. (Dies).

3785

3790

3795

Umt. Draef und Befone

Gretchen unter vielem Bolle. Bofer Geift binter Gretchen.

BBfer Geift. Wie anbers, Gretchen, war bir's,

Als bu noch voll Unschulb

Sier aum Altar trat'ft.

Mus bem bergriffnen Büchelden

Gebete lallteft,

Halb Rinberfpiele,

Salb Gott im Bergen !

Gretchen!

Wo fteht bein Ropf?

In beinem Bergen

Belche Miffethat ?

Bet'ft bu für beiner Mutter Seele, bie Durch bich gur langen, langen Pein hinnberfchlief?

Auf beiner Schwelle weffen Blut?

-Und unter beinem herzen

Regt fich's nicht quillend icon, Und angitigt bich und fich

Mit ahnungsvoller Gegenwart?

War' ich ber Gebaufen fos,

Die mir hernber und hinnber gehen

Wiber mich!

Solvet seedum in favilla, (Craften.)

(Orgelton.) Bofer Geift. Grimm faßt bich !

Die Pofanne tont!

3800

Cathedral.

(Service, organ and anthem. Gretchen amongst a number of people.

Evil Spirit behind Gretchen.)

EVIL SPIRIT. How different was it with thee, Gretchen, when, still full of linnoence, thou cannot here to the altar, lispecht prayers out of the well-thumbed little book, half child's play, half God in thy heart! Gretchen! Where is thy head i What transgression in thy heart! Prayest then for thy mother's soul, who, through thee, slept over into long, long torment? On thy threshold, whose blood 1—And, under thy heart, stirs there not something, quickening already, and torturing thee and itself with forboding presence?

GRETCHEN. Woe! Woe! Would I were free from the thoughts which come to me hither and thither against me!

CHOIR. Dies irw, dies illa

Solvet swelum in favilla.

(Organ-sound.)

EVIL SPIRIT. Wrath seizes thee! The Trump sounds!

Gefang mein Herr Im Tiefften löf'te.

Judex ergo cum sedebit, Quidquid latet apparebit. Nil inultum remanebit. 2815

Gretmen. Mir wird fo eng'! Die Manernpfeiler Befangen mich !

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3830

Das Glemathe Dranot mich ! - Luft ! Bufer Getge. Berbirg bich! Gunb' und Schanbe

Bleibt nicht berborgen. Luft? Licht?

Weh bir 1 Quid sum miser tunc dicturus. Chor. Quem patronum rogaturus,

Cum vix justus sit securus ? Bofer Weift. Ihr Untlit wenben

Rerffärte non bir ab

Die Sanbe bir zu reichen. Schauert's ben Reinen !

BBeh !

The graves tremble! And thy heart, raised again from its ashy rest for flame-torments, starts up trembling!

Gretchen. Would I were hence! I feel as if the organ took away my breath, as if the anthem dissolved my inmost heart.

Choir. Judez ergo cum sedebit, Quidquid latet apparebit, Nil inultum remanebit.

Gretchen. I feel so oppressed! The wall pillars confine me! The vault presses on me!—Air!

EVIL SPIRIT. Hide thyself! Sin and shame remain not hidden. Air ? Light? Woe to thee!

Choir. Quid sum miser tune dieturus, Quem patronum rogaturus, Cum viz justus sit securus?

EVIL SPIRIT. The glorified avert their faces from thee! The pure shudder to reach thee their hands! Woo!

Chor. Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ? Gretchen. Nachbarin! Euer Fläschchen! — (Sie fallt in Ohnmacht.)

Balpuraienacht.

Sarggebirg. Wegenb von Schirfe und Glenb.

Fauft. Mephiftopheles.

Webbistopheles. Berlangst bu nicht nach einem Besenstiele? Ich wünschte mir ben allerberosten Bock.
2836
Uns biesem Weg sind wir noch weit vom Riese.

Bauft. So lang ich mich noch frifch auf meinen Beinen

fühle,

Genilgt mir dieser Knotenstock. Was hilft's, daß man den Weg verfürzt!

2840 Jules, daß man den Weg verfürzt! 3840 Im Ladhrinth der Thäler hinzuschleichen, Dann diesen Kelsen zu ersteinen.

Bon dem der Quell sich ewig sprudelnd stürzt, Das ist die Lust, die solche Psade würzt!

Der Frühling webt schon in ben Birten, 3843 Und selbst bie Sichte fühlt ihn schon!

Sollt' er nicht auch auf unfre Glieber wirken? Wephinopheles. Fürwahr, ich spüre nichts davon!

Mir ift es winterlich im Leibe ; Ich wünschte Schnee und Froft auf meiner Bahn.

Wie traurig steigt die unvollsommne Scheibe Des rothen Monds mit später Gluth herau, Und leuchtet schlecht, daß man bei jedem Schritte

Und leuchtet schlecht, daß man bei jebem Schriti Bor einen Baum, vor einen Felsen rennt!

soe einen Dunm, obe einen gerjen tenner

CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?

GRETCHEN. Neighbour! Your smelling bottle!

Walpurgis-Night.

(Harz mountains. District of Schirke and Elend.)

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Do you not long for a broomstick? For myself, I should like the very sturdiest he-goat. By this way we are still far from our goal.

PAUST. So long as I feel fresh on my legs, this knotivy staff miffices me. What boots it to aherten the way! To steal along the labyrinth of the valleys, then to mount the rock from which the spring, ore bubbling, dashes,—that is the pleasure which gives zest to such paths. Spring is already stirring in the birches, and even the pine already feels it: should it not work also upon our limb?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Verily, I feel nothing of it! In my body it is wintry; I should desire frost and snow upon my path. How mournfully the imperfect disk of the red moon rises with belated glow, and lights so ill that, at every step, one runs against a tree, against a rock!

3865

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2880

Dort feh' ich eins, das eben luftig brenut. He da! mein Frennd! darf ich dich zu uns fobern ? Was willft du so vergebens lobern ? Sety doch so gut und lench! uns da hinauf!

Brettigt. Aus Chrfurcht, hoff ich, foll es mir gelingen, 3860 Mein leichtes Naturell au awingen :

Rur zidzad geht gewöhnlich unfer Lauf. wespistophetes. Ei! Ei! Er benti's

mephistophetes. Ei! Ei! Er bent's ben Menschen nachgnahmen. Gel: Er nur grab', ins Tenfels Namen!

Sonft blaf' ich Ihm fein Flader-Leben aus. Freitige. Ich merte wohl, ihr feib ber Gerr vom Kaus.

Und will mich gern nach ench bequemen. Allein bedenkt! Der Berg ist heute zaubertoll, Und wenn ein Arrlicht ench die Woor weisen jost.

So mußt ihr's fo genan nicht nehmen.

Fauft, Mephiftopheles, Jrrlicht. Im Bechfeigefang.

In die Traum und Baubersphäre Sind wir, scheint es, eingegangen. Führ' uns gut und mach' dir Ehre, Daß wir vorwärts bald gesangen,

In ben weiten öben Raumen! Seh' die Bäume hinter Bäumen, Wie fie schnell vorüber rücken,

Und die Klippen, die sich bücken, Und die langen Velsennasen.

Bie fie schnarchen, wie fie blafen!

Durch bie Steine, burch ben Rafen

Eilet Bach und Bächlein nieber.

- Allow me to invite a will-o'-the wisp! I see one yonder that is just burning merrily. Hi there, my friend! May I summon you to us ? Why will you flare so usclessly? Pray be so good as to light us up along here!
- WILL-O'-THE-WISP. Out of revorence, I hope I shall succeed in restraining my flighty nature; our course usually goes but zig-zag.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Heyday! You think to imitate man.
 Go you simply straight, in the devil's name! Else I
 will blow your flickering flame out for you.
- WILL-O'-THE-Wisp. I well perceive, you are the master of the house, and I will willingly accommodate myself to you. But consider! The mountain to-day is magic-mad, and if a will-o'-the-wisp is to show you the way, you must not be so particular.
 - Faust, Mermistopheles, Will-o'-the-Wisp (in alternate 1019).
- 'Into the sphere of dream and magic, it seems, we have entered. Lead us right, and do thyself credit, that we may get fast forwards into the wide, desert spaces!
- 'I see the trees bohind trees, how quickly they move by; and the cliffs that bow, and the long snouts of rocks, how they snort, how they blow!
- 'Through the stones, through the turf, brook and brooklet hurry down. Hear I rustling ! Hear I songs ! Hear

Die sich mehren, die sich blähen. Wesphistosbeces. Fasse wader meinen Zipsel ! Hier ist so ein Wittelgipsel, I the sweet plaint of love,—voices of those heavenly days?—what we hope, what we love! And Echo, like the tale of old times, sends back the sound.

'Oohoo! Shoohoo!—it sounds nearer; screech-owl, and pewrit, and the jay,—have they all remained awake? Are those adamanders through the bushes !—long lega, big pannehes! And the roots, like screents, wind from out of rock and sand, stretch forth strange bands, to affright us, to catch us; from living, sturdy garals, they stretch polyp-fibres towards the wanderer. And the mice, thousand-coloured, in hosts, through the moss, and through the heather! And the fire-flies flit, with crowled swarms in a bevildering escort.

'But tell me whether we are standing still, or whether we are moving on 1 Everything, everything seems to turn round,—rock and trees, which make faces, and the will-o'-the-wips, which multiply, which swell themselves out.'

MEPHISTOPHELES. Grasp my skirt stoutly! Here is a

294	Fauft	3914-394
Wo man mit	Erftannen fieht,	
Wie im Berg	ber Mammon glüht.	39×
Fauft. Bie felt	tfam glimmert burch bie Granbe	
Ein morgenri	öthlich trüber Schein!	
Und felbft bis	in bie tiefen Schlünde	
Des Abgrunt	08 wittert er hinein.	
Da fteigt ein	Dampf, bort giehen Schwaben,	3920
Sier Teuchtet	Gluth aus Dunft und Flor,	
Dann fchleicht	t fie wie ein garter Faben,	
	ie wie ein Quell hervor.	
Sier schlingt	fie eine ganze Strede,	
Mit hundert !	Abern, sich durch's Thal,	392
Und hier in b	er gebrängten Ede	
	fich auf einmal.	
	funken in ber Nähe,	
	uter golbner Sand.	
	in ihrer ganzen Höhe	3930
	die Felfenwand.	
	8. Erleuchtet nicht gu biefem Fefte	
	on prächtig ben Palaft?	
	ß du's gesehen haft;	
	n bie ungestümen Gafte.	3935
	't die Windsbraut durch die Luft!	
	Schlägen trifft fie meinen Nacen !	
	8. Du mußt bes Felsens alte Rippe	
	ie bich hinab in bieser Schlünde Gru	ft,
	bichtet die Nacht.	3940
	arch bie Wälber kracht!	
	fliegen bie Eulen.	
Bor'l es iplit	tern die Säulen	

Ewig grüner Balafte.

mid-peak, whence one sees with wonder how Mammon is glowing in the mountain.

FAINS. How strangely glimmers through the hollows, a murky lustre like the red of dwart And it quivers even into the deep gorges of the abyus. There an exhalation rises; vaccious trail yonder; here a glow shines out from mist and haze; then it setals along like a fine thread; then it bursts forth like a fountain, through the valley; and here, in the compressed corner, it isolates itself at once. There, close by, sparks are scintillating, like scattered golden sand. But look! the wall of rocks kindles in all its height.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Does not Sir Mammon light up his palace magnificently for this festival † A piece of luck, that you have seen it! I feel already the approach of the boisterous guests.

FAUST. How the storm-blast rages through the air! With what thumps it strikes my neck!

MEPHISTOPHELES. You must grip the old ribs of the rock; else it will hurl you down into the grave of these abyses. A mist thickens the night. Hark, what a crashing through the woods! The owls fly scared away. Hark, the columns of the evergreen palaces

296	Fauft	3945-3973	
Girre	n und Brechen ber Afte,	3945	
Der G	Stämme mächtiges Dröhnen,	3243	
	Burgeln Knarren und Gähnen !		
	rchterlich verworrenen Kalle		
Ueber	einander frachen fie alle,		
	urch die übertrümmerten Klüfte	3050	
	ı und heulen die Lüfte.	393*	
Hörft	bu Stimmen in ber Sobe ?		
In be:	Ferne, in ber Rabe ?		
3a, be	n ganzen Berg entlang		
	t ein wüthenber Baubergefang !	3955	
	m Chor). Die Begen gu bem Broden giebn :	3733	
	Die Stoppel ift gelb, bie Saat ift grun.		
	Dort fammelt fich ber große Sauf;		
	herr Urian fitt oben auf.		
	So geht es über Stein und Stod;	3960	
	Es f-t bie Bere, es ft-t ber Bod.		
Stimme.	Die alte Baubo tommt allein ;		
	Sie reitet auf einem Mutterfchwein.		
Chor.	So Ehre bem, wem Ehre gebührt!		
	Frau Baubo vor! und angeführt!	3055	
	Ein tüchtig Schwein und Mutter brauf,		
	Da folgt ber ganze Herenhauf.		
Stimme.	Belchen Beg tommft bu ber ?		
štimme,	Uebern Menfte	in!	
Da gue	ft' ich ber Gule ins Reft hinein ;		

D fahre gur Solle !

3970

Die macht' ein Paar Augen!

Was reit'ft bu so fchnelle! Stimme. Mich hat sie geschunden; Da sieh nur die Wunden!

Stimme.

are splittering! The crackling and breaking of the branches, the mighty grouning of the trunks, the exclusion and yawning of the roots—they all crash, in fearfully conflued full, over one another; and the winds his and how! through the wreek-covered defts. Do you hear voices aloft 1—in the distance 1—nor at hand! I Ay, a raving magicsong streams along the whole mountain.

WITCHES (in charut). The witches repair to the Brocken; the stubble is yellow, the young corn is green. Yonder assembles the great multitude. Sir Urian sits up aloft. So they go over stock and stem, the witch ——s, the he-goat ——s.

VOICE. The old Baubo comes alone; she rides on a farrow sow.

Chorus. So honour to him to whom honour is due! Dame Baubo to the front, and lead the way! A goodly sow and mother thereon; then follows the whole swarm of witches.

Voice. Which way did you come hither ?

VOICE. Over Ilsenstein. There I peeped into the owl's nest. She made such a pair of eyes!

VOICE. Oh go to hell! why are you riding so fast?

VOICE. She has grazed me; only see here the wounds!

2985

Sexen (Chor). Der Weg ist breit, ber Weg ist lang; Was ist bas für ein toller Drang? Die Gabel sticht, der Besen kratt.

Das Rind erftidt, bie Mutter platt.

Degenmeifter (Galbes Chor).

Wir fchleichen wie bie Schned' im Baus ;

Die Beiber alle find voraus. Denn geht es zu bes Bofen Haus.

Das Weib hat taufend Schritt voraus.

Wir nehmen bas nicht fo genau:

Mit tausend Schritten macht's die Fran :

Doch wie fie auch fich eilen fann,

Mit Einem Sprunge macht's ber Mann.

Stimme (oben). Kommt mit, tommt mit, vom Feljenfee! Stimmen (von unten). Wir mochten gerne mit, in die Boh'.

Wir waschen und blank sind wir ganz und gar, Aber auch ewig unfruchtbar.

Aber auch ewig unfruchtbar. Beibe Chore. Es schweigt ber Wind, es flieht ber Stern, 3000

Der trübe Mond verbirgt sich gern ; Im Sausen sprüht das Zauberchor

Biel taufend Fenerfunten hervor.

Crimme (von unten). Salte! Salte!

Stimme (von oben). Wer ruft ba aus ber Felfenfpalte? 3995

Ich fteige ichon breihundert Jahr, Und fann ben Gipfel nicht erreichen.

Ich ware gern bei meines Gleichen.

Beibe Chure. Es tragt ber Befen, tragt ber Stod, Die Gabel tragt, es tragt ber Bod;

Ber heute fich nicht heben fann,

- WITCHES (in chorus). The way is broad, the way is long; what mad throng is this? The fork pricks, the broom scratches, the child is stifled, the mother bursts.
- WIZARDS (half-chorus). We steal along like the snail in its house; the women are all ahead. For in going to the Evil One's house, woman is a thousand steps ahead.
- THE OTHER HALF. We do not take that precisely so: the woman does it with a thousand steps; but, however she may hasten, the man does it at a single bound.
- VOICE (above). Come with us, come with us, from the Felsensee!
- VOICE (from below). We should much like to go with you aloft. We wash, and are thoroughly clean, but also cternally barren.
- BOTH CHORUSES. The wind is still, the star flies, the gloomy moon is fain to hide herself. The magic choir, in its whizzing, sparkles forth many thousand sparks.
- Voice (from below). Halt! Halt!
- VOICE (from above). Who calls there from the rock-cleft?
- VOICE (below). Take me with you! Take me with you! For full three hundred years I have been mounting, and cannot reach the summit. I would fain be with my fellows.
- BOTH CHORUSES. The broom carries, the stick carries, tho

4015

Ist ewig ein verlorner Mann. Salbbege (unten). Ich tripple nach, so lange Beit; Mie find die Arbern Scon to mait!

Wie find die Andern fcon fo weit! Ich hab' zu hause feine Ruh',

Und fomme hier boch nicht bagu.

Chor ber Bogen. Die Salbe giebt ben hegen Muth ; Ein Lumpen ift zum Segel gut,

Ein gutes Schiff ift jeber Trog;

Der flieget nie, ber hent nicht flog. Beibe Chare. Und wenn wir um ben Gipfel giebn,

So streichet an dem Boden hin,

Und bedt die Beibe weit und breit Mit enerm Schwarm ber Berenheit!

Mit enerm Schwarm ber Hegenheit!

Mephistopheles. Das brängt und ftößt, bas ruscht und

Das gifcht und quirlt, bas gieht und plappert !

Das leuchtet, fprüht und ftinft und brennt ! Ein wahres Serenelement!

Rur fest an mir I sonst find wir gleich getrennt. Wo bift bu ?

Sauft (in ber Ferne). Sier!

Da werb' ich Sausrecht brauchen muffen.

Da werb' ich Kansrecht brauchen müssen. Plat 1 Junker Bolaub kommt. Plat 1 füßer Pöbel, Plat 1 Hier, Doktor, fasse mich 1 nub nun, in Einem Sah, Laß uns aus bem Gebräng' entweichen:

Es ift zu toll, sogar für meines Gleichen. Dort neben leuchtet was mit ganz besondrem Schein, Es gleht mich was nach jenen Erkfinchen.

Romm, tomm ! Bir fclupfen ba binein.

fork carries, the he-goat carries; ho who cannot raise himself to-day is a lost man for ever.

DEMI-WITCH (below). I have been tripping after for so long a time: how far the others are already! I have no rest at home, and do not get it here either.

Chorus of Witches, The salve gives courage to the witches; a rag is good for a sail; every trough is a good ship; he will never fly who flew not to-day.

BOTH CHORUSES. And when we round the peak, do you pass away on the ground, and cover the heath far and wide with your swarm of witch-hood!

(They let themselves down.)

MEPHISTOPHILES. There's crowding and pushing, there's rustling and elattering! There's whizzing and twirling, there's tunging and chattering! There's shining, sparkling, and stinking, and burning! A true witch-element! But close to me! else we shall be parted at once. Where are you!

FAUST (in the distance). Here !

MEPHISOPHEMS. What I carried away younder already! Then I shall be obliged to exercise demestic authority. Room! Squire Voland comes. Room! awore trable, room! Here, Dector, take hold of me! I And now, with one bound, let us escape from the crowd; it is too mad even for the like of me. Hard by there, something shines with a quite peculiar light; something attracts me towards those bushes. Come, come! wo will slip in there.

4040

Fauft. Du Beift bes Wiberfpruche ! Rur gu! Du magft mich führen. 4030 Ich bente boch, bas war recht flug gemacht:

Rum Broden wanbeln wir in ber Balpurgisnacht.

Um uns beliebig nun biefelbft an ifoliren.

menbiftophetes. Da fieh nur, welche bunte Rlammen !

Es ift ein muntrer Mub beifammen. Im Aleinen ift man nicht allein.

Sauft. Doch broben möcht' ich lieber fein !

Schon feh' ich Gluth und Birbelrauch.

Dort ftromt bie Menge gu bem Bofen :

Da muß fich manches Rathiel loien.

mephiftophetes. Doch manches Rathfel fnüpft fich auch Laß bu bie große Belt nur faufen !

Bir wollen hier im Stillen haufen.

Es ift boch lange bergebracht.

Dag in ber großen Welt man fleine Belten macht. 4045 Da feb' ich junge Berchen, nacht und bloft.

Und alte, bie fich flug perhiissen. Send freundlich, nur um meinetwillen !

Die Mith' ift flein, ber Spaf ift groß.

Ich höre was bon Inftrumenten tonen :

Berflucht Gefchnart! Man muß fich bran gewöhnen.

Romm mit! Romm mit! Es tann nicht anbers fenn,

Ich tret' beran und filhre bich berein,

Und ich verbinbe bich aufs Reue.

Bas fagft bu, Freund ? bas ift tein fleiner Raum.

4055 Da fieh nur bin ! Du fiehft bas Enbe taum.

Ein hundert Fener brennen in ber Reihe ;

Man tangt, man fdwagt, man tocht, man trinft, man liebt ;

Run fage mir, wo es was Beffers giebt?

- FAUST. Thou spirit of contradiction! But go on! thou mayst lead me. I think, however, it was right sagely done! We repair to the Brocken on Walpurgis-night in order now, in this place of all others, to isolate ourselves of our own accord!
- MEPHISTOPHELES. Only see there, what variegated flames!

 A lively club is met together. In a small circle one is not alone.
- FAUST. I would rather be above, though! Already I see fire and eddying smoke. Yonder streams the multitude to the Evil One; many a riddle must be untied there.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. But many a riddle will be knotted too. Just leave the great world to whir; we will abide here in peace. Surely, it has long been handed down, that in the great world little worlds are made. I see there young witches naked and bare, and old ones who prudently cover themselves. Be amiable, if only for my sake! The trouble is small, the sport is great. I hear something sounding from instruments. Cursed jangling! One must accustom oneself to it. Come along, come along! It cannot be otherwise; I shall walk on and introduce you hore, and I shall oblige you afresh. What say you, friend I that is no small space, Only look there! you scarcely see the end. A hundred fires are burning in a row; people are dancing, talking, cooking, drinking, loving: now tell me where is there anything better 1

405s

4075

4085

Fauft. Willft bu bich nun, um uns hier einzuführen, Mls Raubrer ober Tenfel produciren ? mentitionhetes. Swar bin ich febr gewohnt, incognito zu

aehn: Doch lagt am Galatag man feinen Orben febn.

Ein Rnieband zeichnet mich nicht aus ;

Doch ift ber Bferbefuß fier ehrenvoll zu Saus.

Siehft bu bie Schnede ba ? Sie fommt herangefrochen ; Mit ihrem taftenben Geficht

Sat fie mir ichon was abgerochen.

Wenn ich auch will, verläugn' ich bier mich nicht. Romm nur! Bon Fener geben wir gu Fener;

Ich bin ber Werber und bu bift ber Freier.

(Bu einigen, bie um veralimmente Roblen fiben,) Ihr alten Herrn, was macht ihr hier am Enbe ?

Ich lobt' euch, wenn ich euch hubsch in ber Mitte fanbe, Ron' Saus umgirft und Mugenbbraus :

Genug allein ift jeber ja gu Saus. General. Wer mag auf Nationen trauen !

Man habe noch fo viel für fie gethan ; Denn bei bem Bolf, wie bei ben Frauen,

Steht immerfort bie Mugend obenan. minifter. Jest ift man bon bem Rechten allauweit.

Ich lobe mir bie auten Alten : Denn freilich, ba wir Alles galten,

Da war bie rechte golbne Beit. Martienu. Bir maren mabrlich auch nicht bumm,

Und thaten oft, was wir nicht follten ; Doch ieto febrt fich Alles um und um, Und eben ba wir's fest erhalten wollten.

Mutor. Wer mag mohl überhaupt jest eine Schrift

FAUST. To introduce us here, do you mean now to present yourself as wizard, or devil ${\bf 1}$

MEPHISTOPHELES. In truth, I am much used to go incognito; but on a galachay one shows one's order. A gurter does not distinguish me, but here the cleven foot is honourably at home. Do you see the small there' I comes evenjoing up; it has already seemed out something from me with its feeler-face. Even if I would, I could not disoon myself here. But come I would, I go from five to five; I shall be the mediator, and you will be the woose.

(To some persons sitting round dying embers.)

Old gentlemen, what are you doing here at the extremity? I should commend you if I found you fairly in the midst, encireled with riot and youthful turmoil,—why, every one is enough alone at home.

General. Who can trust in nations, however much one may have done for them? For with the people, as with the women, youth has ever the preference.

MINISTER. People at present are all too far from the right; for me, I praise the good old ones; for verily when we were all in all, that was the true golden age.

Panvenu. We, too, were certainly not stupid, and often did what we ought not; but at present everything is turning round and round, and just when we wished to keep it steady.

AUTHOR. Altogether, who now, pray, wants to read a

4100

4105

4115

Bon mäßig klugem Inhalt lefen t Und was bas liebe junge Bolf betrifft, Das ift noch nie fo nafeweis gewesen.

Dephiftopheles (ber auf einmal febr alt ericeint). Bum jüngften Tag fühl' ich bas Boll gereift, Da ich aum lettenmal ben Berenberg erfteige.

Und weil mein Sanden trübe läuft. So ift bie Welt auch auf ber Deige.

Trobethere. Ihr Berren, geht nicht fo porbei !

Lagt bie Gelegenheit nicht fahren ! Aufmertfam blidt nach meinen Waaren !

Es fteht bahier aar mancherfei.

Und boch ift nichts in meinem Laben,

Dem feiner auf ber Erbe aleicht, Das nicht einmal zum tücht'gen Schaben

Der Menichen und ber Belt gereicht.

Rein Dold ift bier, bon bem nicht Blut gefloffen,

Rein Reldt. aus bem fich nicht in gang gefunden Leib Bergehrend beifes Gift ergoffen.

Rein Schnud, ber nicht ein liebenswürdig Beib Berführt, fein Schwert, bas nicht ben Bund gebrochen,

Nicht eine binterrads ben Gegenmann burchstochen.

mephinopheles. Frau Muhme, fie verfteht mir ichlecht bie Reiten. 4110

Gethan geichehn ! Geichehn gethan ! Berleg' fie fich auf Renigfeiten !

Mur Neuigfeiten siehn uns an. Fauft. Daß ich mich nur nicht felbit vergeffe!

Beifi' ich mir bas boch eine Deffe ! Menhiftonhetes. Der gange Strubel ftrebt nach oben;

Du glaubit zu ichieben, und bu wirft geschoben,

work of moderately wise contents? And as regards the precious young people, they have never yet been so pert.

MEPHISTOPHELES (who all at once appears very old). I feel the people ripe for doomsday, as I ascend the witchmountain for the last time; and because my keg runs thick, the world, too, is on the lees.

HUCKSTRIE-WITCH. Gentlemen, do not go by thus! Do not let the opportunity pass! Look attentively at my wares: there are very many sorts here. And yet in my shop, to which none on earth is equal, there is nothing that has not redounded, at some time or other, to the great detriment of mankind, and of the world. No dagger is here from which blood has not flowed; no bowl, from which consumingly hot polson has not poured only in the some quite healthy body; no trinket, that has not seduced an amishbe woman; no sword, that has not broken union,—has not perchance stabbed an adversary from behind.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Coz, methinks you ill understand the times. What's done has happened! What has happened's done! Apply yourself to novelties. Novelties alone attract us.

FAUST. That only I may not forget myself! This I call a fair indeed!

MEPHISTOPHELES. The whole throng is striving upwards, You think to shove, and you are shoved. Wauft. WBer ift benn bas ?

Betrachte fie genan ! Debhiftobheles. Lifith ift bas.

23er ? Mauft.

Menhiftopheles. Abams erfte Fran. Rimm bich in Acht bor ihren iconen Saaren,

Bor biefem Schmud, mit bem fie einzig branat !

Wenn fie bamit ben inngen Mann erfaugt.

So läßt fie ihn fo balb nicht wieber fahren.

mauft. Da fiten awei, Die Mte mit ber Jungen :

Die haben ichon was Rechts gefprungen !

Mennifronneres. Das bat nun bente feine Rub'. Es geht gum nenen Taus : unn fomm ! wir greifen gu.

4125

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4135

4140

Mauft (mit ber Jungen tangenb).

Einft batt' ich einen ichonen Traum ;

Da fab ich einen Apfelbaum.

Bwei fcone Mepfel glangten bran ; Sie reigten mich, ich ftien binau.

Die Coone. Der Mepfelden begehrt ihr fehr, Und icon bom Barabiefe ber.

Bon Freuden fühl' ich mich bewegt. Daft auch mein Garten folde trägt.

Mebhiftopheles (mit ber Alten). Einft hatt' ich einen wüften Traum :

Da fah ich einen gefpaltnen Banm, Der hatt' ein ---;

So - es war, gefiel mir's boch. Die Mite. Ich biete meinen beften Gruß

Dem Ritter mit bem Bferbefuß ! Halt' er einen - bereit.

Wenn er - nicht fchent.

FAUST. Who, then, is that ?

MERHISTOPHELES. Mark her well! That is Lilith

FAUST Who?

- MEPHISTOPHELES. Adam's first wife. Beware of her lovely hair,—of this adornment in which she shines unmatched! When she wins a young man with it, she does not let him go again so soon.
- FAUST. There sit two, the old one with the young one; they have already capered famously.
- MEPHISTOPHELES. There is no rest to-day for these creatures. A new dance is beginning. Come, now, let us lend a hand!
- FAUST (dancing with the young one). Once I had a fair dream; therein I saw an apple tree; two fair apples shone upon it; they enticed me, I climbed up.
 - THE FAIR ONE. You crave much for the little apples, and from Paradise even till now. I feel moved with joy that my garden also bears such.
- MEPHISTOPHELES (with the old one). Once I had a wild dream; therein I saw a cleft tree; it had a ———; as it was, it pleased me still.
- THE OLD ONE. I present my best respects to the knight with the cloven foot! Let him have a ———ready, if he does not fear ————.

4144-4171

Proftophantasmift. Berfluchtes Bolf! mas unterfteht ihr enth?

hat man ench lange nicht bewiesen, 4145 Ein Beift fteht nie auf orbentlichen gugen ?

Run taugt ihr gar, uns anbern Menichen gleich !

Die Conene (tangenb). Bas will benn ber auf unferm Ball? Rauft (tangenb). Gi ! ber ift eben überall.

Bas Unbre taugen, muß er ichaben : 4150 Rann er nicht jeben Schritt beichmäten.

So ift ber Schritt fo gut als nicht geichebn.

Um meisten ärgert ihn, fobald wir vorwärts gehn.

Wenn ihr ench fo im Rreife breben wolltet,

Wie er's in feiner alten Muble thut. Das bieg' er allenfalls noch aut :

Befonbers wenn ihr ihn barum begruffen folltet.

Proftophantasmin. Ihr fend noch immer ba ! Rein, bas ift unerhört.

Berichwindet boch ! Bir haben ja aufgeflärt!

Das Tenfelspad, es fragt nach feiner Regel ! Bir find fo flug, und bennoch fpuft's in Tegel. Wie lange hab' ich nicht am Babu binansgefehrt !

Und nie wird's rein ; bas ift boch unerhort !

Die Coone. Go bort boch auf, uns bier gu ennübiren !

Prottophantasmift. Ich fag's euch Geiftern ins Geficht : 4165 Den Geiftesbeipotismus leib' ich nicht:

Mein Geift tann ihn nicht exerciren. (Ce wirb fortgetangt.) Beut, feh' ich, will mir nichts gelingen :

Doch eine Reife nehm' ich immer mit, Und hoffe noch, bor meinem letten Schritt, Die Teufel und bie Dichter ju bezwingen.

4170

4160

PROCTOPHANTASMIST. Accursed folk! how dare you? Was it not long since proved to you that a ghost never stands on ordinary feet? Now you are even dancing away like us other men!

THE FAIR ONE (dancing). What does he want, then, at our ball?

FAUST. (dancing). Oh, he is in fact everywhere! What others dance, he must appmise. If he cannot talk about every step, the step is as good as not made. He is most vexed, directly we go forwards. If you would turn in a circle, just as he does in his old mill, that perhaps he might yet call good; especially if you were to ask his leave.

PROCOPHIANTA-SMIST. You are still there! No, that is unheard of I bo vanish! We have, you know, onlightened [the world i] This devil's pack, it cares for no rules. We are so wise—and yet Tegel is haunted! How long have not I been sweeping away at the édusion; and it never becomes clean! That is surely unheard of!

THE FAIR ONE. Now, do leave off boring us here!

PROCTOPHANTASMIST. I tell you spirits to your face: I will not tolerate spirit-despotism; my spirit cannot exercise it.

(The dancing goes on.)

To-day, I see, I shall succeed in nothing; but anyhow I shall avail myself of the opportunity for a journey; and I hope still, before my last step, to get the better of the devils and the poets.

4195

mephenopheles Er wird fich gleich in eine Bfube feben Das ift die Art, wie er fich foulgairt.

Und wenn Blutegel fich an feinem Steiß ergegen, Mit er von Geiftern und von Geift ciwirt.

(Bu Sauft, ber auf bem Sang getreten ift.) Bas läffest bu bas fcone Mabchen fabren.

Das bir gum Tang fo lieblich fang? Fauft. Ach! mitten im Gefange fprana

Ein rothes Manschen ihr aus bem Munbe.

Mephistopheles. Das ift was Rechts! Das nimmt man nicht genau; 4180

Genna, die Maus war boch nicht grau. Ber fragt barnach in einer Schaferftunbe?

Fang. Dann fab ich -

Mephiftopheles. Bas?

Sauft. Mephifto, fielift bu bort Gin blaffes, ichones Rind allein und ferne fteben ?

Sie fchiebt fich langfam nur bom Drt, 118c

Sie icheint mit geschlognen Sugen gu geben. 3ch muß befennen, bag mir baucht.

Daß fie bem guten Gretden gleicht.

mephiftophetes. Laf bas nur ftehn! Dabei wird's Rienand mohf.

Es ift ein Bauberbild, ift leblos, ein 3bol. TIOO Ihm au begegnen ift nicht aut : Bom ftarren Blid erftarrt bes Meniden Blut.

Und er wird faft in Stein verfebrt : Bon ber Debnie haft bu ja gehört.

Jang. Fürmahr, es find bie Augen einer Tobten, Die eine liebenbe Sand nicht fcbloft.

Das ift bie Bruft, die Gretden mir geboten.

MEPHISTOPHELES. He will forthwith set himself in a paddle—that is the way in which he solaces himself and when leoches regale themselves on his breech, he is cured of spirits and of spirit. (To FAUST, who has quitted the dance.) Why do you foreske the fair maid who sang as sweetly to you in the dance f

FAUST. Ah! in the middle of the song a little red mouse sprang out of her month.

MEPHISTOPHELES. That is out of the way! One is not particular about that. Enough, the mouse was, at any rate, not grey. Who cares for such things in a happy loven's hour?

FAUST. Then I saw-

MEPHISTOPHELES. What?

FAUST. Mephisto, do you see yonder a pale, fair child, standing alone and afar? She shifts but slowly from the place; she appears to go with shackled feet. I must own, it seems to me that she resembles my good Gretchen.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Just let that alone! No good will come of it to any one. It is a magic-form, is lifeless,—a phantom. The not well to meet it; at its fixed gaze the blood of man curdles, and he is well-nigh turned to stone: you have heard, no doubt, of Medusa.

FAUST. In truth, they are the eyes of a corpse, which a loving hand did not close. That is the bosom which

4205

4215

Webbiftophetes. Das ift bie gauberei, du leicht verführter Thor!

Denn Jebem fommt fie wie fein Liebehen bor. Bauft. Belch eine Bonne! Belch ein Leiben!

3ch tann bon biefem Blid nicht icheiben.

Wie souberbar muß biesen schnen hals Ein einzig rothes Schnirchen schmuden.

Richt breiter als ein Mefferruden ! Wephiftopheres. Gang recht! ich feh' es ebenfalls.

Sie tann bas haupt auch unterm Arme tragen ;

Denn Berfeus hat's ihr abgefchlagen. -

Rur immer biefe Luft jum Bahn!

Romm boch bas Sügelchen heran! Sier ift's jo luftig, wie im Brater :

Dier ift's in luftig, wie im Brafer; Und hat man mir's nicht angethan,

So feh' ich wahrlich ein Theater.

Bas giebt's benn ba?

Cervibilis. Gleich fängt man wieber an.

Ein nenes Stild, bas lette Stild von fieben ! So viel ju geben ift allbier ber Brauch.

Ein Dilettant hat es gefchrieben,

Und Dilettanten fpielen's auch. Bergeiht, ihr Berrn, wenn ich verschwinbe ;

Mich bilettirt's, ben Borhang aufzuziehn.
4220

Webbistopheles. Wenn ich euch auf bem Blodsberg finde, Das find' ich gut; benn ba gehört ihr hin.

ous jato taj gitt; bettit bat gegort ige gin

Gretchen yielded to me; that is the sweet body which I enjoyed!

MEPHISTOPHELES. There lies the witchcraft, you easily deluded fool! for she appears to every one as his sweetheart.

FAUST. What bliss! what suffering! I cannot part from that look. How strange that a single red line, no broader than the back of a knife, should adorn this fair neck!

MEPHISTOPHELES. Quite right! I see it too. She can also carry her head under her arm; for Perseus has cut it off for her—Perpetually this fondness for delimins I Do come up the hillock! Here it is as merry as in the Prater; and, if they be not bewitched me, I actually see a theatre. What, then, is going on here?

SERVIBLIS. They will begin again directly. A new piece,
—the last piece of seven! It is the custom here to give
so many. A dilettante has written it, and dilettanti
also play it. Pardon, gentlemen, if I vanish! It is my
dilettante office to draw up the curtain.

MEPHISTOPHREES. When I find you on the Blocksberg, that is what I approve; for you belong to the place.

4230

4235

1210

28 alpurgisna histraum

mer

Oberous und Tifanias goldne Sochzeit

Intermeggo.

Theatermeister. Hente ruhen wir einmal, Miedings wadre Söhne. Uter Berg und feuchtes Thal,

Das ift die gange Scene!

Beroth. Daß die Hochzeit golden fen, Soll'n funfzig Jahr fehn vorüber;

Aber ift ber Streit vorbei,

Das Golben ift mir lieber. Doeron. Seth, ihr Geifter, wo ich bin,

So zeigt's in diesen Stunden! König und die Königin,

Sie find aufs Reu verbunden. Bud. Kommt ber Bud, und dreht fich quer

Und ichleift ben Suß im Reihen; Sundert fommen binterber.

Sich auch mit ihm zu freuen. Ariel. Ariel bewegt ben Sang

In himmlisch reinen Tönen; Biele Frahen Lodt sein Rlang, Doch lodt er auch die Schönen.

Derron. Gatten, die fich vertragen wollen, Lernen's von und Beiden !

WALPURGIS-NIGHT'S DREAM

OR OREDON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN WEDDING

Intermerro

- Manager. To-day we rest for once, the valiant sons of Mieding. Old mountain and damp dale,—that is the whole scenery!
- HERALD. That the wedding may be golden, fifty years must be passed; but if the strife is over, that golden result is more pleasing to me.
- OBERON. If ye spirits be whore I am, show it at this time; the king and queen, they are united anew.
- Puck. When Puck comes and whirls himself across, and slides his foot in the dance, a hundred come after, to rejoice also with him.
- ARIEL. Ariel ovokes the song in celestially pure tones; his music allures many ugly faces, but it also allures the fair ones.
- OBERON. Spouses who wish to agree, let them learn from

426€

4275

Wenn fich zweie lieben follen. Braucht man fie nur gu icheiben.

Titania. Schmollt ber Mann und grillt bie Frau,

Co faßt fie nur behenbe,

Führt mir nach bem Mittag fie.

Und ihn an Norbens Enbe.

Ordefter, Tutti (fortissimo). Fliegenfdnaus' und Midennaf' Mit ihren Anverwandten.

Froich im Laub und Grill' im Gras.

Das find bie Mufitanten ! Solo. Geht, ba fommt ber Dubelfadt

Es ift bie Seifenblafe.

Bort ben Schnedeschnideschnad

Durch feine ftumpfe Rafe !

Geift, ber fich erft bilbet. Spinnenfuß und Rrotenbauch Und Flügelchen bem Bichtchen ! 1250

Bwar ein Thierchen giebt es nicht.

Doch giebt es ein Gebichtden. Gin Bargen. Meiner Schritt und hober Sprung

Durch Sonigthau und Dufte : Awar bu trippelft mir genung.

Doch geht's nicht in bie Liifte. Rengieriger Reifenber. Bit bas nicht Masterabenipott ?

Soll ich ben Augen trauen? Dberon, ben ichonen Gott.

Much beute bier au ichquen ! Orthobox. Reine Rlauen, feinen Schmans!

Doch bleibt es außer Rweifel. Co wie bie Gotter Griechenfanbs.

Co ift auch er ein Teufel.

Morbifder Munfeler. Bas ich ergreife, bas ift heut

- us both! If two are to love each other, you need only separate them.
- TITANIA. If the husband sulks, and the wife is capricious, do but seize them nimbly; convey me her to the South, and him to the extremity of the North.
- THE WHOLE ORCHESTRA (fortissimo). Snout of fly and nose of gnat, with their kindred, frog in the leaves and cricket in the grass,—they are the musicians.
- Solo. See, there comes the bagpipe! It is the soap-bubble. Hear the Schnecke-schnicke-schnack through its snubnose!
- SPIRIT THAT IS JUST GROWING INTO SHAPE. Foot of spider, and paunch of toad, and winglets for the little wight! True, it will not make an animalcule, but it will make a little poem.
- A LITTLE COUPLE. Little step and high spring, through honey-dew and exhalations; truly you trip it enough for me, yet you don't get into the air.
- Inquisitive Traveller. Is not that masquerading mockery? Am I to trust my eyes? To see the beauteous god Oberon here to-day too!
- ORTHODOX. No claws, no tail! Yet it remains beyond doubt that, even as the gods of Greece, so he too is a devil.
- NORTHERN ARTIST. What I take in hand to-day is truly

408n

4285

4290

Fürwahr nur ftiggenweise; Doch ich bereite mich bei Reit

Bur Stalian'iden Reife.

Purift. Ach! mein Unglad führt mich ber : Wie wirb nicht bier gelubert!

Und bon bem gangen Begenheer

Sind zweie nur gepubert.

Junge Dere. Der Buber ift, fo wie ber Rod, Für alt' und grane Beibden :

Drum fig' ich nadt auf meinem Bod.

Und zeig' ein berbes Leibchen.

Matrone. Wir haben gu biel Lebensart.

Um bier mit euch zu maufen :

Doch hoff' ich, follt ihr jung und gart,

So wie ihr fenb, verfaulen.

Capellmeifter. Fliegenichnaus' und Mudennai'. Umichwärmt mir nicht bie Nacte!

Froich im Lanb und Grill' im Gras.

So bleibt boch auch im Taete! Binbfabne (nach ber einen Geite). Gefellichaft, wie man wunfchen fann ! 4295

Bahrhaftig, lauter Brante !

Und Junggefellen, Mann für Mann. Die hoffnungebollften Lente!

Binbfabne (uach ber anbern Geite). Und thut fich nicht ber Roben auf.

Sie Alle gu verichlingen. 4300 So will ich mit behenbem Lauf

Gleich in bie Bolle fpringen.

Menten. Mis Infecten find wir ba, Dit fleinen icharfen Scheren,

only sketch-wise, but I am preparing betimes for the Italian journey.

PURIST. Ah! my ill-fortune brings me hither: what dissipation is there not here! And of the whole host of witches, only two are powdered.

Young Witch. Powder, as well as the petticoat, is for old and grey little women; therefore, I sit naked on my he-goat, and show a strapping little body.

MATRON. We have too much good-breeding to sulk with you here; but I hope, young and delicate as you are, you will rot.

BAND-CONDUCTORS. Shout of fly and nose of gnat, swarm me not about the naked one! Frog in the leaves and cricket in the grass, pray, keep you also in time!

Weathercock (pointing in one direction). Company as good as one could desire! Truly, nothing but female aspirants for matrimony! And bachelors, man for man, the hopefullest people!

Weathercock (pointing in the other direction). And if the ground does not open to swallow them all up, with a quick run I will jump immediately into hell.

XENIEN. We are here as insects, with little sharp nippers,

4330

Satan, unfern Herrn Papa, Rach Bürben zu verehren.

Sennings. Seht, wie fie in gebrängter Schaar Raiv zusammen scherzen!

Um Enbe fagen fie noch gar, Sie hatten aute Bergen.

Mufaget. Ich mag in biefem Hegenheer

Mich gar zu gern verlieren ; Denn freilich biefe wüßt' ich eh'r,

Mis Mufen anzuführen.

Gi-devant Genins ber Beit. Mit rechten Leuten wirb man

was. 4315 Komm, fasse meinen Rivsel!

Der Blodsberg, wie ber beutiche Parnaß,

Sat gar einen breiten Gipfel.

Rengieriger Reifenber. Sagt, wie heißt ber fteife Mann? Er geht mit ftolgen Schritten; 4320

Er schnobert, was er schnobern fann. "Er swärt nach Resuiten."

Brauid. In bem Maren mag ich gern

Und auch im Trüben fischen;

Darum feht ihr ben frommen Herrn Sich auch mit Teufeln mischen.

Wellstub. Ja, für die Frommen, glanbet mir, Ift alles ein Behitel;

Sie bilben auf bem Blodsberg hier Gar manches Conventitel.

Gar manches Conventifel. Tänger. Da fommt ja wohl ein neues Chor?

Ich höre ferne Trommeln. Rur ungeftört! Es find im Rohr

Die unisonen Dommeln.

- to honour Satan, our worshipful papa, according to his dignity.
- Hennings. See how, in crowded troop, they jest naively together! In the end, they will o'en say, they had good hearts.
- MUSAGET I am all too willing to lose myself in this host of witches; for, truly, I should know better how to manage these than Muses.
- Ct-Devant Genius of the Age. With proper people, one is appreciated. Come, take hold of my skirt! The Blocksberg, like the German Parnassus, has a very broad top.
- INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER. Say, what is the name of the stiff man? He walks with proud steps. He snuffles at everything he can snuffle at. 'He is scenting out Jesuits.'
- CRANE. I like to fish in the clear, and also in the turbid; therefore you see the pious gentleman consorting even with devils.
- Worldling. Ay, for the pious, believe me, everything is an instrument; they form full many a conventicle here upon the Blocksberg.
- Dancer. Here is surely a new choir coming? I hear distant drums. But don't be disturbed! It is the unisonous bitterns in the reeds.

324	Fauft	4335-4365
Tangmeister. Wie Jeder doch die Beine lupft, Sich, wie er fann, heranszieht! Der Krumme springt, der Plumpe hupft, Und fragt nicht, wie es aussieht.		433
	it fid) fdiwer, das Lumpenpad.	
	rn das Reftchen :	4340
Es eint fie bier ber Dubelfact,		454
	Beier bie Beftien.	
	laffe mich nicht irre fchrei'n,	
Nicht durch Kri	tif noth Ameifes.	
	er Teufel muß boch etwas fehn; die gab's denn foust auch Teufel ?	
Bie gab's benn		
	antafie in meinem Sinn	
3ft biesmal gar		
Fürwahr wenn	ich bas alles bin,	
So bin ich heute	närrifd).	4350
Realift. Das 296	fen ift mir recht gur Qual	100
Und muß mich l	iaß verbrießen ;	
Ich ftehe hier zi	ım erstenmal ·	
Nicht fest auf m		
Supernaturafige. Mit viel Bergungen bin ich ba		4355
Und freue mich mit biefen;		
	Ceuseln kaun ich ja	
Muf gute Beifter		
	ehn ben Flämmchen auf ber Spur,	
Und glaub'n fich nah bem Schape.		4360
Muf Teufel reimt ber Bweifel nur;		
Da bin ich recht		
Sapellmeifter. F	rofch im Laub und GriA' im Gras,	
Berfluchte Difet		
Fliegenschnang' 1	ınd Müdennas'	4365

- Danging-Master. How each, to be sure, lifts his legs! gets on as best he can! The crooked jumps, the heavy hops, and asks not how it looks.
- FIDDLER. The pack of ragamuffins! they hate one another thoroughly, and would fain give one another the finishing blow! The bagpipe unites them hero, as Orpheus' lyro the beasts.
- DOGMATIST. I shall not let myself be put out, either by criticism or doubt. The devil, though, must be something; for how else should there be devils?
- IDEALIST. Phantasy, this time, is much too masterful in my mind: verily, if I be all that, I must be crazy to-day!
- REALIST. Entity is a regular plague to mo, and must needs vex me much. I stand here, for the first time, not firm upon my feet.
- SUPERNATURALIST. I am here with much pleasure, and am delighted with these; for, from devils, I can surely draw conclusions as to good spirits.
- Sceptic. They follow the track of the little flames, and believe themselves near the treasure. Doubt alone rhymes to devil; therefore I am in the right place.
- BAND-MASTER. Frog in the leaves, and cricket in the grass,

Ihr fend boch Mufitanten ! Die Gemanbten. Sansjonei, fo beißt bas Beer Bon luftigen Gefchopfen ; Auf ben Sugen geht's nicht mehr. Drum gehn wir auf ben Röpfen. 4370 Die Unbehülflichen. Sonft haben wir manden Biffen erfdraust. Run aber Gott hefohien ! Unfere Schuhe find burchaetaust. Wir faufen auf nadten Sohlen. Brelleter. Bon bem Sumpfe fommen mir. 4375 Woraus wir erft entftanben : Doch find wir gleich im Reihen bier Die alanzenben Galanten. Sternfonnppe. Mus ber Sobe fchoft ich ber. 3m Stern. und Renericheine. 4380 Liege nun im Grafe oner : Wer hifft mir auf bie Beine ? Die Maffiben. Plat und Blat ! und ringsferum ! So gehn bie Graschen nieber ; Beifter tommen, Beifter auch. 4389 Sie haben plumpe Glieber. Bud. Tretet nicht fo maftig auf. Wie Elephantenfälber! Und ber Binmpft' an biefem Tag Sen Bud, ber Derbe, felber ! 4390 Mriel. Gab bie fiebenbe Datur. Gab ber Beift end Ringel.

Folget meiner leichten Spur, Auf gum Rofenbugel!

Ormetter (pianissimo). Bolfengug und Rebelffor

accursed dilettanti! Snout of fly and nose of gnat, you are fine musicians!

THE ADROIT ONES. Sams souci—that is the name of the host of merry creatures; there is no longer any walking upon feet, therefore we walk upon our heads.

THE AWKWARD ONES. In times past, we have sponged many a morsel, but now adieu! Our shoes are danced through; we run on bare soles.

Will-o'-The-Wises. We come from the swamp out of which we first sprang; yet here we are at once, glittering gallants, in the dance.

SHOOTING STAR. From on high shot I hither in star-andfire-gleam; I am now lying awry in the grass: who will help me up on my legs?

THE MASSIVE ONES. Room, and room, and round-about! So down go the grass-blades. Spirits are coming, but spirits as they are, they have clumsy limbs.

Puck. Tread not so heavily, like elephant-calves! And the clumsiest on this day be Puck, the stout, himself.

ARIEL If loving nature gave, if the spirit gave you wings, follow my light track up to the hill of roses!

ORCHESTRA (pianissimo). Train of clouds and gauze of

Erhellen sich von oben. Luft im Laub und Wind im Rohr, Und Alles ist zerstoben.

> Trüber Tag. Belb.

Jauft. Mephtftopheles.

Fauft.

Im Elend i Bergweischub i Erdörmlich auf der Erde lange beritrt und um gefongen 188 Wissflichstein im Berter zu eutschlächen Sunden eingeherrt, das hobe, um selfge Geschäpt ? Wie dassin ! dahin !— Bernatberlöger, nichtenbridger Gestli, umd das haft den im eren im Erde um? fieh ! Balge die teuflischen Augen ingrümend im Roby ferum! Erde um drugt mit bruch dein bruch den im einem der in der der im de

Mephiftopheles.

Gie ift bie erfte nicht.

Gauft.

15 machienben Nammer und läffeft fie bulflos verberben!

20 Hund! abichenliches Unisier! — Wandle ihn, du unendlicher Geist! wandle den Wurm wieder in seine Hundsgestalt, wie er sich oft nächtlicher Weise gefiel, dor mir mist brighten from on high. Air in the leaves and wind in the reed, and all is scattered.

Gloomy Day. A Plain.

FAUST. MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAIST. In miscry! Despiring! Having long wandered pitiably on the earth, and now imprisoned. Shut up as a malefactor in a dungeon, a pray to terrible torture,—the gendens, hupless creature! Thuo that it has come! to that:—Treacherous, worthless spirit, and this thou hast concealed from me! Stand, then—stand! Roll round the devilials yess ferevely in thy lead! Stand, and brave me with thy unbarable presence! Imprisoned! in irrotrievable misery! Delivered over to ovil spirits, and to condemning, unfedling man! And me meanwhile thou fullow this haster dissipations, concealest from me her growing wrotchedness, and leavest her to perish helplessly!

MEPHISTOPHELES. She is not the first.

FAUST. Dog! abominable monster!—turn him, then Infinite Spirit! turn the reptile again into his dog's shape, in which he was often pleased by night to trot before

30 verlant, doß nicht bas erste gemagthet für die Schuld aller übrigen, in seiner windenden Todesnuch vor den Angen des ewig Bergeispenden! Mit wählt es Mart und Leben durch des Esend beiter einzigen; du geinselt gelassen der des Schiffeld von Tausienden für i

Mephistopheles.

Run sind wir schon wieder an der Gränze unsers Wise, de woe all Particken der Sinn überichnappt. Warrum macht den Weneinschoff mit uns, wenn den sie einsch derchführen kannst ? Wills sliegen und bist dern Schwiede en nicht sicher? Drangen wir uns dir auf, oder den bich uns?

Rauft.

Steifche beine gefräßigen Jähne mir nicht so entgegen! Auf elei's !— Geoßer, herrlicher Geist, der do mir zu 45 erschienen würdigtest, der du mein Herz sennest und meine Gecle, warum an den Schadbgessellen mich schwieben, der sich macmt an den Schadbgessellen mich schwieben, der sich macmt an der Schadbgessellen mich schwieben,

Mephiftopheles.

Enbigft bu ? Fauft.

Rette fie! ober weh bir! Den gräßlichsten Finch über bich auf Jahrtausenbe! me, to roll before the feet of the harmless wanderer, and hang upon his shoulders when he fell. Turn him again into his favourite form, that he may crouch before me on his belly in the sand, that I may tread him under foot, her eprobate. Prob. the first t-Woe! Woel not to be conceived by any human soul, that more than one creature should sink into the depth of this misery—that the first did not atone, before the eyes of the Ever-pardoning, in its writhing death-agony, for the guilt of all the rest! the harrows up my marrow and my life,—the misery of this single one: thou art grinning away calmly at the fate of thousands.

MEPHISTOPHELES. Now we are already at our wits' ends again,—there, where the mind of you men snaps over. Why enterest thou into fellowship with us, if thou canst not carry it through † Wilt fly, and art not secure against dizziness † Did we force ourselves on thee, or thou thread for us †

FAUST. Show not thus thy ravenous teeth at me! It fills me with loathing! Great, glorious Spirit, thou who didst deign to appear to me, thou who knowest my heart and my soul, why fetter me to this base companion, who feeds on mischief, and revels in destruction?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Hast done ?

FAUST. Save her, or woe to thee! The fearfullest curse on thee for thousands of years!

Mephiftopheles.

Ich fann bie Banbe bes Rächers nicht löfen, feine 55 Riegel nicht öffnen. — Rette fie! — Wer war's, ber fie ins Berberben fturzte? Ich ober bu?

(Banfe blidt wif umfec.)

Greifft bu nach bem Donner? Wohl, daß er euch einden Sterblichen nicht gegeben warbt Den unschulbig Genben ung gerichnettern, das ist fo Apraunenart, sich in Berlenenbeiten Luft zu machen.

Fauft.

Bringe mich bin! Gie foll frei febn!

Mephiftopheles.

65 Und die Gesahr, der du dich ausschest? Wisse, noch liegt auf der Stadt Autichalts von beiner Hand. Ueber des Erschlagenen Stätte ichweben rächende Geister und fauern auf den wieberkehrenden Mörber.

Wauft.

70 Noch bas von bir? Mord und Tob einer Welt über bich Ungeheuer! Führe mich hin, sag' ich, und befrei' sie!

Mephistopheles.

3ch sider bich, und was ich thun fann, höre! Sabe 25 ich alle Wacht im Sinned und erfen? Des Thirmers Sinne will ich unmobelt; benchäftige bich der Schaffiel und führe sie heraus mit Wenichenhand! Ich wache; die Bauberhjerde sind bereit, ich entstübre einch. Das bermag sich. MEPHISTOPHELES. I cannot loosen the avenger's bonds, cannot undo his bolts.—Save her!—Who was it that plunged her into ruin ? I, or thou ?

(FAUST tooks wildly resund.)

Wilt thou grasp after the thunder † Well that it was not given to you misemble mortals! To dash to pieces one who replies innocently, that is the tyrant's way of relieving oneself in embarrassments.

FAUST, Take me thither! She shall be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES. And the danger to which thou wilt expose thyself † Know, the guilt of blood, from thy hand, still lies upon the town. Avenging spirits hover over the place of the slain, and lie in wait for the returning nurderer.

FAUST. That, too, from thee! Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster! Conduct me thither, I say, and free her

MEPHISTOPHELES. I will conduct thee; and what I can do, hear! Have I all power in heaven and on earth? I will cloud the warder's somes; do thou posses thyself of the keys, and lead her forth with human hand! I will watch. The magic-horses are ready; I will bear thee off. That is in my power.

FAUST. Up and away !

Ract.

Offen Telb.

Gant, Wedstievsches, auf swarzu Kirten beharkunfend.
Annt. Was weden bie dort um dem Robenfein ?
Wesdievsches. Weißt nicht, was fie fodern und schaffen. 4400
Fann. Schweben auf, ichweben ab, neigen fich, bengen fich,
Wesdiersbeiers. Eine Hreugenunft.
Frank. Sei freuen und weißen.

Rerfer.

Mebbiftobbeles, Rorbei ! Rorbei !

Fauft (mit einem Bund Schluffel nub einer Campe, por einem eisernen Thurchen). Mich faßt ein längst entwohnter Schauer,

Der Menschheit ganzer Jammer faßt mich an. Hier wohnt fie, hinter bieser feuchten Maner, Und ihr Berbrechen war ein guter Wahn!

und ige veroreggen war ein guter Wahn! Du zauderst, zu ihr zu gehen! Du sürchtest, sie wiederzusesen!

Fort! Dein Bagen gogert ben Tob herau, (Er ergreift bas Solefi. Ge fingt imventig.)

Meine Mutter, die Hur', Die mich umgebracht hat! Mein Bater, der Schelm, Der mich gessen hat! Wein Schwelkersein Kein

Mein Schwesterlein flein

Sub auf bie Bein'

Night. Open Country.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, rushing along on black horses,

FAUST. What are they doing yonder round the Ravenstone ?

MEPHISTOPHELES. Don't know what they are cooking and making.

FAUST. They're waving up, waving down, bending, stooping.

MEPHISTOPHELES. A witches' guild.

FAUST. They strew and consecrate.

MEPHISTOPHELES. On 1 on 1

Dungeon.

FAUST (with a bunch of keys and a lang, before a small iron door). A long unwented shudder seizes no; the whole wretchedness of mankind fastens on me. Here she dwells, behind these damp walls, and her erime was a good illusion! Thou delayest to go to her! Thou fearest to see her again! On! Thy shrinking draws death near.

(He takes hold of the lock, Singing within.)

'My mother, the whore, who has killed me! My father, the rogue, who has eaten me! My little sister laid the

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Un einem fühlen Ort; Da warb ein ichones Balbvogelein : Mliege fort, fliege fort !

Fanft (aufschließenb). Gie ahnet nicht, baß ber Beliebte laufcht, Die Retten ffirmen hört, bas Stroh, bas raufcht, (Gr tritt ein.) Margarete (fich auf bem Lager verbergenb).

Beh! Beh! Sie fommen, Bittrer Tob!

Fanft (leife). Still! Still! Ich tomme, bich gu befreien. Margarete (fich vor ibn binmalzenb).

Bift bu ein Menfch, fo fühle meine Roth !

4425 Fauft. Du wirft bie Baditer aus bem Schlafe ichreien ! (Ce faft bie Retten, fie aufunichliefien.)

Margarete (auf ben Rnicen). Ber hat bir Benter biefe Dadit Ueber mid gegeben !

Du holft mich icon um Mitternacht.

Erbarme bich und lag mich leben! Ift's morgen früh nicht zeitig gennng?

(Gie ftebt auf.)

Bin ich boch noch fo jung, fo jung! Und foll fcon fterben !

Schon war ich auch, und bas war mein Berberben.

Rah war ber Freund, nun ift er weit ;

Berriffen liegt ber Rrang, Die Blumen gerftreut.

Saffe mich nicht fo gewaltfam an ! Schone mich! Bas hab' ich bir gethan?

Lag mich nicht bergebens flehen !

Sab' ich bich boch mein' Tage nicht gefeben! Fauft. Berb' ich ben Nammer überfteben ! Margarete. 3ch bin nun gang in beiner Dacht.

Lag mich nur erft bas Rind noch tränfen !

Ich herat' es biefe gauge Racht :

bones in a cool place. There I became a beautiful little woodbird: fly away, fly away!'

FAUST (unlocking). She divines not that her lover listens, hears the chains clank, the straw that rustles. (He enters.)

MARGARET (hiding herself on the pallet). Woe! Woe! they come. Bitter death!

FAUST (softly). Hush! Hush! I come to free thec.

MARGARET (rolling herself before him). If you are a man, feel for my distress!

FAUST. Thou wilt cry the guard out of his sleep!

(He seizes the chains to unlock them.)

MARGARET (on her kneet). Who has given you, executioner, this power over me? You come already for me at midnight. Be merciful, and let me live! Is not to-morrow morning soon enough! (She stands up.)

And I am still so young so young! and am to die already!
I was fair, too, and that was my undoing! My friend
was neur—he is far now. Torn lies the wreath, scattered
the flowers. Seize me not so roughly! Spare me!
What have I done to you! Let me not implore in wain!
Why, I have not seen you before in my life!

FAUST. Shall I outlive this misery?

MARGARET. I am now wholly in your power; only let me first suckle the child! I pressed it to my lieart this

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Sie nahmen mir's, um mich zu franten, Und fagen nun, ich hätt' es umgebracht.

Und niemals werd' ich wieder froh.

Sie fingen Lieber auf mich! Es ift bos von ben Lenten!

Ein altes Mährchen endigt fo;

Wer heißt fie's beuten ?

yaust (wirft fich nieber). Ein Liebenber liegt bir zu Fußen, Die Jammerknechtschaft aufzuschließen.

margarete (wirft fich zu ihm).

D lag uns fnien, die Seil'gen angurufen !

Sieh! unter biefen Stufen,

Unter ber Schwelle Siebet bie Solle!

Der Boie.

Mit furchtbarem Grimme,

Macht ein Getofe!

Fauft (laut). Greichen! Greichen! 44

(Sie fpeingt auf; die Retten fallen ab.) Bo ift er? Ich hab' ihn rufen hören.

Ich bin frei! Mir soll Niemand wehren. An seinen Hals will ich Kiegen.

An feinem Busen liegen! Er rief: Gretchen! Er stand auf der Schwelle!

Mitten burch's Beulen und Rlappen ber Solle, Durch ben grimmigen, teuflischen Sohn,

Erfannt' ich ben fuffen, ben liebenben Ton.

Tauft. Ich bin's! Wargarete. Du bift's! O fag' es noch einmal! (Isa faffink.)

Er ift's! Er ift's! Bobin ift alle Qual?

whole night. They took it from me to vex me, and now say, I had killed it. And nover again shall I be happy. They sing songs about mo—it is wicked of the people! An old tale ends so—who bids them apply it?

FAUST (flings himself down). A lover lies at thy feet, to unloose the thraldom of thy woe.

MARGARET (fings herself beside him). Oh lot us kneel, to call upon the saints! Seo under these stops, under the threshold, hell is seething! The Evil One, with fearful fury, is making a din!

FAUST (aloud). Gretchen! Gretchen!

MARGARET (attentively). That was my friend's voico!

(She springs up; the chains fall off.)

Where is he? I heard him call, I am free! Nobody shall hinder me. I will fly to his neek, lie on his bosom! He called 'Gretchen!' He stood on the threshold. Through the midst of the howling and gmashing of hell, through the grim, doviliah scotling, I knew the sweet, the loving tone again!

FAUST. Tis I!

MARGARET. "Tis thou! Oh say it once more! (Clasping him.) "Tis he! "Tis he! Whither is all torment?

4472-449

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Wohin die Angst des Kerfers? der Ketten? Du bist's! Konmust mich zu retten! Ich bin gerettet!—

Schon ift die Straße wieder ba, Auf der ich dich jum erstenmale fab,

Und ber heitere Garten, Bo ich und Marthe beiner warten.

Sauft (fortftrebeub). Romm mit! Romm mit!

Margarete. O weile! Weil' ich boch so gern, wo du weilest.

(Biebtefent.)

Fauft. Gile!

Wenn du nicht eilest, Werben wir's thener büßen millen.

Margarete. Wie? Du fannft nicht mehr füffen?

Mein Freund, so furz von mir entferut, Und hast's Küssen verlernt?

Warum wird mir an deinem Halse so bang? Wenn sonst von deinen Worten, deinen Bliden Ein ganzer Simmel mich überdrang.

Ein ganzer Himmel mich überdraug, Und du mich füßtest, als wolltest du mich erstiden. Küsse mich !

Souft fuff' ich bich! (Sie umfaßt ibn.)

D weh! beine Lippen find falt, Sind ftumm.

Wo ift bein Lieben

Wer brachte mich brum?

(Sie wentet fich von ihm.)

Bauft. Romm! Folge mir! Liebchen, faffe Muth!

Whither the anguish of the dungeon,—of the chains? The thou! Thou com'st to save me—I am saved!—
There, already, is again the street in which I saw thee for the first time, and the cheerful garden where I and Martha wait for thee.

FAUST (striving to leave). Come with me! Come with me!

MARGARET. Oh stay! since I am so fain to stay where thou stayest! (Fondling him.)

FAUST. Haste! If thou dost not haste, we shall have to pay for it dearly.

MARGARET. What I thou caust kiss no more 1 My friend, removed from me so short a time, and hast unlearned to kins 1 Why do I feel so anxious on thy neck 1 when, in other times, a whole howeve came over me from thy words, thy looks; and thou didst kiss me as though thou wouldst smother me I—Kiss me! clas I will kiss thee! (She endrease him.) Oh woo! thy lips are cold, are dumb! Where is left thy love 1 Who has robbed me of it 4 (She turns from kins.)

FAUST. Come! Follow me! Darling, take courage! I

Ich herze bich mit taufenbfacher Gluth: Dur folge mir! 3ch bitte bich nur biefi!

margarete (gu ibm gewentet).

Und bift bu's benn? Und bift bu's auch gewiß?

Manit. 3ch bin's! Romm mit! Margarete.

Du machit bie Feffeln los. Rimmit wieber mich in beinen Schoofi.

Wie fommt es, bağ bu bich bor mir nicht icenft ?-Und weißt bu benn, mein Freund, wen bu befreift ? Fangt. Romm! fomm! Schon weicht bie tiefe Racht.

Margarete. Meine Mutter hab' ich umgebracht. Mein Rind hab' ich erträuft.

Bar es nicht bir und mir geichentt?

Dir and - Du bift's! ich glaub' es fanm. Bieb beine Sand! Es ift fein Traum!

Deine liebe Sand! - Md, aber fie ift fencht! Bifche fie ab! Bie mich baucht.

Mit Blut bran. Md Gott! Bas haft bu gethan! Stede ben Degen ein,

3ch bitte bich brum! Jauft. Lag bas Bergangne vergangen febn !

Du bringft mich um! Margarete. Rein, bu mußt übrig bleiben!

Ich will bir bie Graber beichreiben. Für bie mufit bu forgen

Gleich morgen :

Der Mutter ben beften Blag geben, Meinen Bruber fogleich barneben,

Mich ein wenig bei Geit'.

Rur nicht gar zu weit!

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will press thee to my heart, with thousandfold warmth—only follow me! I beg of thee but this!

Margaret (turning to him). And is it thou, then ? And is it thou in very deed ?

FAUST. 'Tis I! Come along!

MARGARET. Thou loosenest my fetters, takest me again to thy bosom! How comes it that thou art not fearful of me?—And know'st thou, then, my friend, whom thou art freeing?

FAUST. Come! Come! The depth of night is already passing away.

MARGARET. I have killed my mother, I have drowned my child. Was it not bestowed on me and thee! On thee too—This thou! I secure believe it. Give me thy hand! It is no dream! Thy dear hand!—Ah, but it is damp! Whip is off! Meseems that blood is on it. Ah God! what hast thou done! Put up thy sword, I beg of thee!

FAUST. Let the past be past! Thou wilt kill me!

MARGARET. No, thou must stay behind! I will describe the graves to thee; thou must see to them the first thing to-morrow—must give my mother the best place my brother close by; me a little on one side, only not too far off! And the little one on my right breast!

4555

Und bas Meine mir an bie rechte Bruft. Niemand wird fonft bei mir liegen! -Mich an beine Seite zu fdmiegen. 4530 Das war ein fußes, ein holbes Glud! Aber es will mir nicht mehr gelingen ; Mir ift's, als mußt' ich mich au bir amingen: Mis ftiegeft bu mich bon bir gurnd ; Und boch bift bu's, und blidft fo gut, fo fromm. 4535 Sanft. Rüblit bu, baf ich es bin, fo fomm ! Margarete. Dahinans? Gauft. Ins Freie. Margarete. Aft bas Grab braufi'. Lauert der Tob, fo fomm ! Bon hier ins emige Rubebett. 4540 Und weiter feinen Schritt -Du gehft nun fort! D Beinrich, fonnt' ich mit! Bauft. Du fannft! Co wolle nur! Die Thur ftebt offen, Margarete. Ich barf nicht fort ; für mich ift nichts gu hoffen. Bas hilft es flieben? fie lauern boch mir auf. 4545 Es ift fo elend, betteln au muffen. Und noch bagu mit bofem Gewiffen !

Es ift fo elend, in ber Frembe fchweifen, Und fie werben mich boch ergreifen! Sauft. Ich bleibe bei bir. Margarete. Gefdwind! Gefdwind!

Mette bein armes Dinh! Fort! Immer ben Beg

Am Bach binauf. Heber ben Sten

In ben Balb binein,

Linte, wo bie Blante fteht,

No one elso will lie by me :—To nestle to thy side, that was a sweet, a dear delight! But I shall attain it no more! I feel as if I must force myself on thee, as if thou wert thrusting me back from thee; and yet 'tis thou, and thou look'st so kind, so gentle!

FAUST. If thou feel'st that 'tis I, then come!

MARGARET. Out thorn?

FAUST. Into the free sir!

MARGARET. If the grave is without, if death lies in wait,—
then come! From hero into the eternal resting-place,
and not a step further!—Thou art now going away?
Oh Honry, could I but go with thee!

FAUST. Thou canst! Only will it! The door stands open.

MARGARET. I dare not go out; for me there is nothing to hope. What avails it to flyt They will still lie in wait for me. It is so wretched to have to bog, and with an ovil conscience too! It is so wretched to wander in a foreign land; and thoy will catch me after all!

FAUST. I shall romain with thee.

MARGARET. Quick! Quick! Save thy poor child! Away! Keep the path up by the brook, over the bridge, into the wood, to the left, where the plank is—in the pond. Only Fak es nur aleich ! Es will fich beben.

4560 Es zappelt noch ! Mette ! rette !

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Mant. Befinne bich boch !

Rur Ginen Schritt, fo bift bu frei !

Margarete. Baren wir nur ben Berg vorbei !

Da fitt meine Mutter auf einem Stein. Es faßt mich falt beim Schopfe !

Da fitt meine Mutter auf einem Stein.

Und wadelt mit bem Ropie :

Sie wintt nicht, fie nicht nicht, ber Ropf ift ihr ichwer ; 4570 Sie fchlief fo lange, fie wacht nicht mehr.

Sie fchlief, bamit wir uns freuten.

Es waren glüdliche Reiten !

Fauft. Silft bier tein Fleben, bilft fein Sagen,

So mag' ich's, bich binmeggutragen. Margarete. Lag mich! Rein, ich leibe feine Gewalt !

Faffe mich nicht fo mörberifch an !

Sonft hab' ich bir ja alles gu Lieb' gethan.

Fauft. Der Tag graut! Liebchen! Liebchen!

Margarete. Tag! Ja, es wird Tag! Der leste Tag bringt 4580

herein: Mein Sochzeittag follt' es fenn !

Sag' Niemand, bag bu icon bei Gretchen warft.

Beh meinem Granse!

Es ift eben geichehn!

Wir werben uns wieberfehn ; Aber nicht beim Tange.

Die Menae brängt fich, man hört fie nicht.

seize it at once! It wants to rise, it is struggling still! Save it! Save it!

FAUST. Do collect thyself! Only one step, and thou art free!

MARGARIET. Were we but past the hill! There sits my mother on a stone—something grasps me coldly by the hair!—there sits my mother on a stone, and shakes her head; she beckons not, she node not, her head is heavy; she slept so long, she will wake no more. She slept, that we might enjoy ourselves. Those were happy times!

FAUST. Since here no prayer avails,—no speaking avails,— I shall risk bearing thee forth.

MARGARET. Let me go! No, I will suffer no violence! Grasp me not so murderously! In the past, thou know'st I have done everything to please thee.

FAUST. The day is dawning! My love! My love!

MARGARET. Day! Yes, it is growing day! the last day is breaking in! My welding-day it was to be! Tell no one that thou hadst been with Gretchen already. Woe to my wreath! It is all over now! We shall meet again, but not at the dance. The crowd presses:

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4600

4610

Der Plat, die Gaffen Können fie nicht faffen.

Die Glode ruft, bas Stabden bricht.

Bie fie mich binben und paden !

Bum Blutftuhl bin ich fcon entriidt. Schon audt nach jebem Raden

Schon zudt nach jebem Nacen Die Schärfe, die nach meinem gudt.

Stumm liegt bie Welt wie bas Grab!

Fauft. D mar' ich nie geboren ! Dephiftoppeles (ericheint braugen). Auf! ober ihr fenb

verloren.
Unnüfted Ragen, Raubern und Rfaubern

Meine Bferbe schaubern,

Der Morgen bammert auf.

Margarete. Bas fteigt aus bem Boben herauf? Der! ber! Schid' ibn fort!

Bas will ber an bem heiligen Ort?

Er will mich !

Fauft. Du folist leben! 4604 Margarete. Gericht Gottes! Dir hab' ich mich übergeben! Mebbikobbetes (zu Bauft). Komm! tomm! Rch faffe bich

Mephikopheles (zu Fauft). Romm ! tomm ! Ich laffe bi mit ihr im Stich. Margarete. Dein bin ich, Bater ! Rette mich !

Nargarete. Detn bin ich, Bater ! Hette mid Ihr Engel, ihr heiligen Schaaren,

Lagert euch umher, mich zu bewahren ! Beinrich! Mir grant's vor bir.

Mephiftopheles. Sie ift gerichtet !

Stimme (von oben). 3ft gerettet ! Mephiftopheles (ju Fauft).

Her zu mir !

Ceimme (von innen, verhallenb). Beinrich ! Beinrich !

it is not heard. The square, the streets, cannot hold them. The bell tolls, the staff breaks. How they bind and seize me! I am already taken away to the bloodseat. Already quivers for every neck the edge which quivers for mine. Dumb lies the world as the grave!

FAUST. Oh, had I ne'er been born!

MEPHISTOPHELES (appears without). Up! or you are lost.
Useless hesitation, loitering, and babbling! My horses shudder, the morning dawns.

MARGARET. What rises up from the floor ? He! He! Send him away! What wants he at this holy place? He wants me!

FAUST. Thou shalt live !

MARGARET. Judgment of God! I have given myself up to thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST). Come! Come! I will leave you in the lurch with her.

MARGARET. Thine am I, Father! Save me! Ye angels ye holy hosts, range yourselves round about to guard me! Heary, I shudder at thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES. She is judged!

VOICE (from above). Is saved !

MEPHISTOPHELES (to FAUST). Hither to me !
(Vanishes with FAUST.)

Voice (from within, dying away). Henry! Henry!

Voice (from within, aying away). Henry ! Henry

THE END



NOTES

Page 2.

1. The Dedication was not written earlier than 1797, when Goethe was forty-eight years old; twenty-four years after the composition of the first scenes of the work, and seven years after the publication of the Fragment of the First Part of Panet.

8. Ilmwittert. Sanders, in his Worterbuck defines the verh in connexion with this passage, -to surround or float round, like an atmosphere in motion. Among the senses of wittern, he gives,fich fpuren laffen ; fich mabrnehmbar geigen ; fich regen ; oiting line 3919. For another instance of ummittern, see 1, 496. 11. Safbrerffungnen: lit. 'half-died away', like musie.

12. Mieberholt : lit. 'repeats'.

15, 16. Goethe had lost his sister Cornelia, and his friends Merck. Lenz, Gotter, and Basedow; while Klopstock, Lavater, and the two Stolbergs were estranged. Jacobi, Klinger, and Kestrier were separated from him by the circumstances of their lives .- Bayard Taylor.

21. Sitb. This reading, says Strehlke, introduced by Riemer. and retained in many editions, may be regarded as finally rejected in favour of Erib, 'sorrow.' But Selss, Turner and Morshead, and Pradez adhere to 2(eb, which certainly seems more congruous with ihr Brifall in the next line. Buchheim and Sahatier adopt Leib.

Page 8.

66. Erpficgen bere = burch Pflege bebuten und forbern .- Strehlko. The word seems peculiar to Goethe. 68. Borgefallt, 'Whispered',-H. Lit, 'stammered out', 'One

bégavent les lèvres en tremhlant',-Sabatier. 71. 3abre. 'Ages' .- H. Bayard Taylor, as in text. The

monning is :- Often, not till after years of successive improvements. does a poem arrive at perfect form .- Pradez.

text.

Page 10.

89. Lagt genug gescheben : lit. ' let enough happen '.

Page 12.

122. Cuch. Ethical dative. 'The dative of the personal pronoun of the first and second persons is sometimes used to denote in a familiar manner an interest or participation of feeling on the part of the person speaking or spoken to '.- Auc's German Grammar. So in Latiu: 'The datives mihi, nobis, etc., are used with a sense of special limitation to a particular person to express the aspect under which the act presente itself to his mind; as quid mihi Celsus agit? "What do I find Celsus doing?" here vobis illorum per biduum militia fuit, "this you see, was their military service for two days". Such a dative is called Dativus Ethicus,'-Donaldson's Latin Grammar. So in old colloquial English: 'He steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's log' .- Two Gentlemen of Verona. Lannee may here be supposed to glance at his own feelings on witnessing the theft. Often it is untranslatable, being merely a token of familiarity. 141. Burude folingt. 'Draws' .- H. Turner and Morshead, as

in text.

144. Unparmon'for. 'Confused'.-H. Bayard Taylor, as in

Page 14.

145, 149. Turner and Mornhead render the lines,—"Who sum ones the individual unity to the general connecention, in which it beats in sublime harmony?" and add;—'It is easier to feel the measuring of this passage than to translate bit. The post is claiming for himself the special function at once of bringing harmony out of the seconding discords of Nature, and of Intuines jife into the apparently monotoness asqueece, it if flighten limiter gliding Stript of created below the property of the special production of the property of the 10 to 10 to

'Who links our passions with the tempest's glooms, Our solemn thoughts with twilight's roseate red?'

Martin.

Page 16.

180. Rod. 'As yet' .- H. Bayard Taylor, as in text. 181. Schwung: lit. 'swing'.

183. Ein Berbenber: lit. 'one who is becoming'. See notes to IL 346, 789.

Page 18. 218. Stimmung : lit. 'mood'.

224. Mir. Ethical dative. See note to l. 122.

Page 20.

255. Tüffen, 'Waves',-H. Strehlke gives as an equivalent, Strömungen. At any rate, the sea feaming against a rock does not take the form of waves.

Page 24.

317. See line 1759 for the complement to this thought.

Page 26.

246. Das Berbenbe: lit. 'the Becoming': i.e. that which is either becoming something out of nothing (as by divine flat), or becoming something out of something else-taking new form (as in the eternal flux of Heraclitus). Cf. ll. 183, 789. Hayward reports an interesting paraphrase of this passage by Carlyle, which concludes thus:- But ye, the gonuine sons of Heaven, joy ye in the living fulness of the heantiful' (not of the logical, practical, contradictory, wherein man toils imprisoned); 'let Being (or Existence) which is everywhere a glorious hirth into higher Being, as it for ever works and lives, encircle you with the soft ties of Love ; and whatsoever wavers in the doubtful empire of appearance' (as all earthly things do), 'that do ye by enduring thought make firm'. Thus would Das Berbenbe, the thing that is a heing, mean no less than the universe (the visible universe) itself; and I paraphrase it hy 'Existence which is everywhere a birth into higher Existence' (or in some such way), and make a comfortable sense enough out of that quatrain.

Page 28.

350. Der Mite. Hayward's rendering has been adopted in the text, but Bayard Taylor and others translate the phrase simply \mathbf{z}

as 'the Oil One'. Whichever epithet may be preferred, there is no dispaining the fact that Mephitopheal often blaphumes, or that both he and his familiare dabble at time us obcenity, not to say fith. Of converse all this makes the book unfit ranging for girls. But for mature minds it is enough to know that, spart from the plendour of the poem, there is in Panes a manifold teaching which men cannot affect to lose, and which these devilties do not touch.

Page 30.

361. Schon an ble gehen Jahr. 'Nearly ten yeare'.—H. 'These ten years long'.—Bayard Taylor.
370. Dafür, 'For this very reason'.—H. Selss, as in text.

/o. Dujut. For this very reason .- II. Seras, as in tex

Page 32.

385. Ebu . . . framen=frame. This use of thun, though it etill continues among the uneducated classes, is obsolescent, and resembles the old use of 'do', or 'did', before English verbs. Cf. ll. 2781, 3578.

397. Lit, 'Bathe myself sound in thy dew'.

399. Mauerioch. The first seuse given by Sanders is 'hole-in the wall'; the second, which he illustrates by this line, is a 'dark, narrow prison, or room'.

Page 34.

man'.-H. Turner and Morshead, as in text

420, Moftrabamus, the French astrologer, lived 1508-1566.
Faust, according to tradition, was carried off by the devil about

424, 425. Lit. 'Then the soul's strength will rise up to thee, as one spirit epeake to another spirit'. Selss, as in text.

Page 36.

437. Wit geheimnishoulem Erich. 'By a mystical intuition'.—H.
Turner and Morshead, as in text.
443-446 are not found in Nostradamus.

Page 38.

473. 'A cold shuddering flickers down'.—H. 'There falls a horror from the vaulted roof'.—Bayard Taylor.

'Il vient un souffle de terreur d'en haut'.-Sabatier.

Page 40.

496. Son meinem Sand unwittert. 'At the bare perception of my breath'.—H. 'Under the mere faming of my breath'.— Turner and Mombead. See note to 1.8

408. Beggefrümmter. From wegfrümmen, 'to remove by bend-

ing'; here used in a reflective sense=ber Burm hat fid weggefrummt.—Strehke.

to: Best was substituted by Goethe in the fourth edition for

webe. Sabatier's text has here been altered accordingly.

509. Had Goethe seen the following passage which he has so wastly transcended !—"And the most ancient word of the living God is clothed with the world as with a garment, for it has put on earth, and water, and air, and fire, and the things which proceed from the four elements."—"Philo, De Profug. XX. (tr. Youge). GI. Psalm cii. 26.

Page 42.

518. Famulus: a combination of student and servant. 539. Braut: lit. 'brew'.

540, 541. 'And fan your ash-heaps into flame'.-Swanwick.

Page 44.

544. Lit. 'You will never bring beart to hearts'.

548. The use of the third person singular for 'you' is expressive

of superiority, or impatience, on the part of the speaker. Cf. 11. 2304, 2361, 2634, 3039, 3265, 3297.

555. 'Ye crisp the shreds of humanity'.—H. Echnigcf here shreds of paper twisted up to embellish tapers, or dressed meats.—Düntzer. Strehlke agrees with Düntzer in regarding it as probable that ben Renifen is in the dative case.

Page 46.

581, Euch. Ethical dative. See note to 1, 122, 583. Saupt- und Staatsgriien; the name given to certain heroio

and historical puppet-plays, from which all matters of living interest were excluded. Gottsched's criticism drove these tasteless and stilted productions from North Germany. 589. Lit. 'Who dares call the civil by the right name?' Pro-

589. Lit. 'Who dares call the child by the right name?' Proverb.

Page 48.

607. @sifterfülle mid umgab. 'All around me teemed with spirits'.—H. As Sabatier points out, the plural @sifter, necessary in order to combine it with @fille, need not therefore carry a plural sense; and here it is the Earth Spirit alone who has encountered Faust. Bayard Taylor translates;

he flow.

Around me here, of spirit-presence fullest'.

613. 'That I should feel like a dwarf'.—H.

So giant-like the vision seemed, so vast, I felt myself shrink dwarfed as I surveyed?.—Swanwick.

621. Spaing@off is often used with different shades of meaning, which must be gathered from the context. Cf. IL 773, 1180, 3494, 3793. Sometimes, as in the Second Part of Fause (Act 4), the word is applied to an inanimate object, with the sense of 'ominous' or 'sinister' >—

Der Horizont hat fich verbunfelt, Rur hie und ba bebeutenb funfelt Ein rother ahnungsvoller Schein.

Page 50.

645. Bebeime. 'Vague' .- H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.

650, 651. 'We dread the blows we never feel,

And what we never lose is yet by us lamented?.

Bayard Taylor.

Page 52.

666. Leichten. 'Bright'.-H. This epithet (not lichten) is used, as Bayard Taylor remarks, antithetically to fcmer, 'heavy'.

669. Bügel. 'Bows'.—H. Schröer (cited by Strehlke) defines the word as a 'stirrup-shaped handle'.

678. Rolft. 'The pulley with which he raised or lowered his lange. "Turner and Morshead. So also Dintzer, Sabatier and Seelss. But against this interpretation are Strelike, Sobrier, Hayward, and Pradez, who remarks that it is more natural to descant on the antiquity of a parobament than on that of a rulley.

682, 685. The language here is condensed, but may perhaps be prosaically expanded as follows:—What thou hast inherited from thy sires, earn it by use, in order truly to possess it. As Bayard Taylor translates,—"Earn it answ, to really possess it. What one does not use is a heavy burden. It is not the permanent ownership of thy goods, but only the occasions for using them, brought by the passing moment, which can be so turned to account as to make thee truly possess them. Ou the other hand, Turner and Morsheda thate line 685 to mean:—There must be active effort of some sort to enable us to use another most below to the analysis of the source of the

689. Ummeht; lit. 'breathes around'.

Page 58.

760. Ucbenbe. 'Chastening'.—H. Turuer and Morshead, as in text.

773. Uhnungevoll. See note to 1. 621.

Page 60.

787. Lebent Erhabene: lit. 'livingly sublime One'; febent being used as an adverb, and Erhabene as a substantive.

789, 790 are thus expanded by Bayard Taylor:—"The bliss of being born into the higher life to which Ho has ascended is scarcely less than the joy of the Divine creative activity". As to the word \mathfrak{Bertefull}, cf. Il. 183, 346.

Page 62.

So4. Prebigent is here used adverbially, like thatig and brater-lim, which precede it.

Page 64.

832. Mir. Ethical dative. See note to line 122.

Page 66.

Sick Crittz, "Sing":—II. The German word, which may mean either playing on a bardly-gravly, or singing in a monotome, drawling tone, is given the former sense, in connecton with this passage, by Strehlke, and by Hayn in Criman's Wortevlack. But even if the other meaning is preferred, the right equivalent can hardly be 'sing'. Some humbler word—asy' frame—should be chosen, unless the poor Beggar is to be deprived of the credit due to his modesty.

Page 68.

884. Burgen. 'Towns'.—H. Bayard Taylor, as in text. 892. Berben is here used in its double sense of 'enlieting' and

'wooing'.—Turner and Morehead.

912. Sifbung. 'Production'.—H. Sabatier points out that the

word here means the process of taking form :—

'Tout se transforme, germe, s'agite';

or, as Bayard Taylor put- it.

or, as Bayard Taylor puts it :---

'Everywhere form in development moveth'.

Page 70.

936. Anblinfen. 'Glance'.—H. Sanders explains the word, in connexion with this passage, as blinfenb anfirablen.

Page 74.

989. Pegt: lit, 'enclosee'.

Page 78.

1034. Dunffer. Three different senses have been assigned to this epithet:—'mystical', by Dinteer, and by Turner and Morshead; 'sombre', by Swanwick, and by Bayard Tgylor; 'obscure'—'£c. in position—by Hayward, Sabatier and others. The last rendering seems best to suit the context.

1030. Die (febrarg. Stüfer: the popular name for an alchemist's laboratory. 'Adepta' (from adipies)—those who have attained ie the name they gave themselves, to denote either that they had arrived at truth, or, at any rate, were initiated in the science which led to it.—Shatier.

1041. 264 Bibrigs: Ith: the autspoints of. The readering in the text is the ordinary one; but Selss translates the phress—the mapslatable medicine. As to the rest of the passage Bayard Taylor observes that, in the ingraps of alchemy, the Rel Lion was simulator,—called a hold woors, on account of the resid action was consultant,—called a hold woors, on account of the resid action proposation of an algorithm of their metals. The Lily was a preparation of an experimental proposation of the proposation of the substances was placed in a tepril and the substances was placed in a tepril and the proposation of the substances was placed in a tepril their washeld neated, then was "tromented with open finant" till their washeld neated, then was "tromented with open finant" till their washeld neated.

fumes were driven from one 'bridal chamber' to another; that is, from the alembic into a glass retort. If 'the young Queen'—i.e. the sublimated compound—then appeared with a brilliant colour (ruby or royal purple being most esteemed) 'this was the medicine'.

Page 8o.

1066. Brauchte: lit. 'would use'; imperfect subjunctive.

1089. 3nbeffen, 'But' .- H.

Page 82.

1098. Flächen. 'Marsh'.-H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.

1117. Dober Uhnen. Beings related to man, of whose spirit he partakes; not departed souls.—Düntzer.

Page 84.

1124, 1125. Lit. 'With me it should not be saleable', etc.

Page 88.

1180. Ahnungsvollem. See note to 1, 621.

Page 90.

1221. Cinmal. 'For once'.—H. Lebahn, as in text; referring to a similar use of the word in l. 3179.

124. Bayard Taylor points out that, in Widmann's Periodoli-History of Pr. Pittat, Moghistopheles specifies the writings of St. John among those portions of the Bibs which Paux is to avoid. His attempt, therefore, to translate the first verse of the Fourts Gospel agitates the poodle, and serves to hasten his transformation.

Page 92.

1258. Clavicula Salomonis: a book of magical formulas, written originally in Hebrew, and ascribed to Solomon; of which a German edition appeared in 1686.—Sabatier.

Page 94.

1273.76. The spirits of the four elements: fire, water, air, carth. —Düntzer.

Page 96.

1290. Düntzer opines that the cubstitution here of the Incubus, or house-spirit, for the Cobold, the spirit of the Inner earth, is for the cake of the rhyme.

Page 98.

1334. Beelzebub, Abaddon, Satan.

Page 102.

1395. Crithering. "Critis, perhaps from the same root as Druid, is the old German for visuad. A pentagram is formed by producing each eido of a regular postagon till they internect. Its pencial refinency by in the fact that it consists of three triangles, and is so a triple symbol of the Trinity'—Turner and Morehead. Schatter sidds that it passed in the old German mythology for the imprint of the swan-footed 'Normes', and of the good 'Broules', pencial refinence that the state of the swan-footed 'Normes', and of the good 'Broules', pencial refine the swan-footed 'Normes', and of the good 'Broules' of the swan-footed 'Normes', and of the good 'Broules' of the swan-footed 'Normes', and of the good 'Broules' of the swan-footed 'Normes', and of the good 'Broules' of the swan-footed 'Normes', and of the good 'Broules' of the swan-footed 'Normes', and of the good 'Broules' of the swan-footed 'Normes', and of the good 'Broules' of the good 'Broules' of the swan-footed 'Normes', and of the good 'Broules' of the swan-footed 'Normes', and of the good 'Broules' of the good

1398. Baunt. 'Repele'.—H. Sanders defines the word in connexion with this passage,—to bind by spell or irresistible force, to deprive of free motion, to fetter, to hold fast. Cf. ll. 1310, 1522.

Page 106.

1444. @ffibl. 'Feelings'.—H. 'The nerves of touch'.—Bayard Taylor.

1459-61. Schwanfende Beugung, the swaying of the angels downwards; febrende Reigung, their longing for the earth.—Düntzer.

In this lullaby, overything is left purposely dreamy; the sense being subordinate to the sound.—Turner and Morshead.

Page 112.

1521. Sommift . . . persorgepupft. Sommen, used with a verb of movement, requires the latter to be in the past participle, though the sense is that of the present participle. See note to first stage direction, page 182.

1522. Saunte. 'Repelled',—H. 'M'arrête',—Sabatier. 'Holds me bound',—Swanwick. Cf. II, 1310, 1398.

Page 114.

1563. Mengfilich. 'In anguish'.—H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.
1565. Mich . . . ichreden. 'Harrow me up'.—H. 'Fray me'.
—Bayard Taylor.

Page 116.

1586. Uniting carries with it here something of the sense of the verb from which it is derived, antitugen, 'to begin to sound'; as when an instrument is first touched.

Page 118.

1607—1626. Pradez remarks that the Spirits here are not indulging in irony—which would only have exasperated Faust—but are playing the part of friendly monitors, und lifetu englift menu fic finent lime 1141).

1610. Mächtiger. 'Violent'.-H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.

Page 120.

1652. Um Gottes willen : lit. ' for the sake of God '.

Page 122.

1671. Sinne. 'Mood'.-H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.

1637. 'Skill you may, if you will, show me this fruit of yours which rots before one has time to plack it, and your trees which fade so fast that they need fresh leaves every day '.—Turner and Morshoad. Loeper, in his second edition of the drama (1899), places a note of interrogation after each clause of the passage, from 1.1678 to 1.1687.

Page 124.

1698. Top! From the French 'tope!' Cf. l. 3634. Schlag auf Schlag : lit. 'blow on blow' ;= Sanbidlag gegen Sanbidlag ; as when, in token of mutual fidelity to a compact between two persons, each strikes his hand in that of the other.

1700. Bermeile both! 'Stay!'-H. But what becomes of the bods?

1710. Bie ich beharre: lit. 'as I continue'.

1712. Doctorfdmaus, 'Among the suppressed portions of the tragedy, one scene referred to a Doctor's dinner, at which Mephistopheles acted as waiter to Faust.'-Selss.

Page 126.

1752. Unburchbrungen: lit. 'unpenetrated'. Page 128.

1759. See note to 1, 317.

1764. Mir. Ethical dative. See note to l. 122.

Page 130.

1802. The Miorocoem was the term applied by Paracelsus and other mystical writers to the world of Man, as dietinguiched from the Universe, or Macrocosm,-Turner and Morshead. 1811. Berbeigerafft: lit. 'snatched together'.

Page 134.

1862. Mir. Ethical dative. See note to l. 122.

Page 136.

1903. Mephistopheles bids the Student not to allow himself to be 'diverted'-i.e. from study. The latter understands this as a warning against amusement; gerffrenen having the same double meaning of 'distracting' and 'amueing' as its English equivalent,

Page 138.

1911. Collegium Logicum: a course of logio.

1913. Spanifche Stiefeln ; instruments of torture which compressed the calf of the leg. Something of the same sort is called the 'Scotch boot' in Old Mortality, ch. xxvii.

1917. 3rrlichteliren; a verb coined by Goothe from 3rrlicht.

Page 140.

1940. Encheiresin Naturae. Taking the secondary sense of the Greek word—in mode of treatment—the phrase might mean the treatment of natural objects by man. But it is clear both from the context and from a letter to Wackenzoder, in 1852, quoted by Bayard Taylor, that Goethe here adverts to the operations of Nature considered as agent. "We willingly allow to Nature," he writes, "her secret Eucheiresie, whereby she creates and suntains His."

1962. Schreibend: lit. 'writing'.

Page 142.

1968. Mir. Ethical dative. See note to 1, 122.

1974-79. 'This denunciation of Law seems to resolve itself into an anthema upon the "dead hand", or intrusion of the wisles and provisions of our predecessors into social and political affairs. "Woe on thee that thou art a grandchild!" is a compendious statement of the gast'.—Thurse and Morshesi.

Page 144.

2004. Ein fraftig Bortchen : lit. 'a strong little word'.

Page 146.

2028. Unterm Sut: lit. 'under the hat'.

2029. Titel : lit. 'title'.

2030. Lit. 'That your art surpasses many arts'.

2055. C5/danf* \$\frac{5}{2}\text{ift.}\$ The collection of \$\frac{6}{2}\text{faint}\$ with \$\frac{5}{2}\text{ift.}\$ The collection of \$\frac{6}{2}\text{faint}\$ with \$\frac{5}{2}\text{ift.}\$ where treadled the translators. Bayard Taylor boldly substitutes the epithet 'swelling'; Hayward, 'tapering'; while Swawnick cuts the knot by rendering \$\frac{5}{2}\text{ift.}\$ which 'waist.' But most Goethe have merely meant to suggest that the hip was made artificially slim by the tight heing referred to in the next line?

Page 148.

2053. Faust is shown the 'little world' in the First Part of the drama, and the 'great world' in the Second Part.—Pradez.

2054. Durnschmanusen. 'Revel'.—H. 'Lipper'.—Sabatier.

2054. Энтффиагивен. 'Revel'. — H. 'Lipper'. — Sabatier. 'Эфиагивен is to sponge, to live like a parasite. Faust will

sponge upon Mephistopheles for his enjoyment; i.e. he will be provided for it without any effort of his own'.—Turner and Morshead. 2067. Schrift. 'Trip'.—H. 'Pas'.—Sabatier.

Page 152.

2098. Papft, 'a Pope', is a student's slang term for the chairman of a drinking party.

Page 154.

2132 Leibe, 'Body',-H. Selss, as in text.

Page 156.

2 4 ...

2147. Pfeift auf bem Ietien Coch: lit. 'pipes on the last hole'. A proverbial allusion to the holes in a wind instrument.—Grimm's Wörterbuch.

Page 158.

2174. Bei einem vollen Glafe, 'In the drinking of a bumper'.

—H. 'I'll set them first to drinking'.—Bayard Taylor.

2175, 2176. To 'draw the worms out of a man's nose' is provorbial

for drawing out of him his secrets:='tirer les vers du nez à quelqu'un'.-Strehlke.

2184. Loeper, in his second edition, places a note of interrogation after Bas so as to make the sense here,—'What! does the fellow limp?'

2190. Hana Arsch von Rippsch was a nickname given by Leipzig students to a raw bumpkin; Rippach being the last post town between Weiszenfels and Leipzig.—Dintzer. "Hans" is used in Germany much as "Jack' is used among ourselves in such words as "Jack Padling", 'Jack-na-pos', etc. See II, 2028, 2727.

Page 166.

2286. Understand giebt after Sols.

2293. Rannibalifo wool: an omphatic phrase, apparently coined by Goethe, which has passed into popular use. The cpithet is used by Schiller and Lessing.

by Schiller and Lessing.

2294. The phrase fauttoff frin, to express the highest degree of
physical enjoyment, has been used by Hegel himself (Æsthetic, iii.

560).—Looper. The vulgar French saving 'contents comme cochons'

corresponds to it exactly.—Sabatier. We have our English equivalent in 'pleased as pigs'.

Page 168.

2304-6. Er. See note to 1, 548.

2312. Bogtfirti. The word is derived from the legal formula which declares an outlaw's body and flesh to be given up to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air.—Strehlke.

Page 172.

2336. Eins: colloquial for Jemanb. So, in the Second Part of the drama, Faust asks of the Sphinxes:— Dat eins ber euren Selena aeleben? —Strehlke.

Stage-direction. Merfater (male), and Merfațe (female) : the long-tailed monkey called Corcopithecus. - Lucas.

Page 174.

2358. Philippians ii. 6.
2369. Turnor and Morshead remark that to build bridges in
difficult places was a familiar task for evil spirits, and cite from
the Second Park. Act 4:—

Mein Banbrer bintt an feiner Glaubenstrude Bum Teufelfiein, jur Tenfelsbrude.

Footbridges over precipices are regarded as haunted, and as the work of the devil.—Selss.

Page 176.

2384. Sommarmen is here used in its double cense of 'wandering' and 'rioting'.—Ib. 'What time takes she for dissipating?'—Bayard Taylor.

2387. Abgefchmadt. 'Diagusting'.—H. 'Je n'ai jamais rien vu, moi, d'aussi plat'.—Sabatier. Cf. II. 2534, 3372, and (in Trüber Tag scene) l. 15.

Page 180.

2439. Snbegriff. 'Innermost essence'.—H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.
2442. Genesis i. 31.

Page 182.

2464. 'They are contented if they can only make their lines rhyme: rhyme, they think, will ensure sense (@tbanten)'.—Turner and Morshead.

1st Stage-direction. Rommt . . . beruntergefahren. The past participle used with fommen has the effect of a gerund. See I, 1521 and note.

Page 184.

2490. Pferbefuß: lit. 'horse-foot'. 'The English conception of the devil gives him a split claw, the German, one solid horse's foot. while the other is like a man's. That is the reason why Siebel exclaims in scene 5 : Bas binft ber Rerl auf einem guß?'-Selss. 2503. Sinn: lit. 'sense'.

2507. 3nd Rabelbuch gefdrieben: lit. 'written in the book of fables'.

2510. Berr Baron. 'Lord Baron' .- H. The word Berr before a title is not translated in English : though in French it has an equivalent ; e.g. 'Monsieur le Baron'.

Ib. So ift bie Sache gut : lit. (as Bayard Taylor translates it) 'Thon is the matter good'.

Page 186.

2529. 3th gönn' ibm. 'I grudge him not' .- H. Besides this negative sense, the verb often, as here, signifies 'to grant willingly'. It is a standing jest among the Germans that we have no word that conveys singly the more cordial meaning. Cf. 1, 2769.

Page 188.

2534. Abgeschmadieste. 'Most disgusting'.-H. 'Ces jongleries absurdes à l'excès'.-Sabatier. Cf. Il. 2387, 3372.

2552. Ginmaleine; a name given to the multiplication table.

Page 190.

2574. Berbrechen : lit. 'break to pieces'.

2581-82 refer to academical degrees, carned not without potations.

Page 194.

2617. Rury angebunden: lit. 'tied up short': a proverbial figure for answering pettishly or pertly, derived from the fact that unruly animals, tied up short for safety's sake, are apt to become all the more savage to persons approaching them .- Grimm (cited by Strehlke).

2628. Sans Lieberlich is a popular equivalent for Don Juan= 'Jean-le-mauvals-sujet',-Sabatier. See note to l. 2190.

2633. Lobefan, for lobefam, 'worthy': an epithet which used to he applied to Magiffer, just as its equivalent is often applied to magistrates among ourselves, though the two titles denote of course very different things.

2634. Er. See note to 1. 548.

Page 106.

2630. Bas gebn und fleben mag; lit. 'what can go and stand'. The combination of the verb of repose (= 'stare' in Italian) with the verh of movement includes all possibilities, active and passive .-Sabatier. Selss remarks that the phrase primarily refers to infants learning to walk and stand.

26co. Brimberium from the French 'brimberion' = 'hanble' or 'foolery'. It is said by Littré to be derived from Breviarium; a connexion of ideas which would doubtless commend the word to

Menhistopheles. 2654. Schimpf, 'offence'.-H. The word here means 'pleasantry', which is the primitive sense .- Düntzer. It retains this

signification in some other phrases ; e.g. in Schimpf und Ernft := 'in joke and earnest'.-Selss. 2662, 'A garter of my love,'-H. Selss, as in text.

Page 198.

2672. Sin. 'Now' .- H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.

Page 200.

2697. Baterthron. 'Patriarchal throne' .- H. 'Trône paternel'. -Sabatier.

2703. Rull' is translated by Hayward, 'shundance'; and by Swanwick, 'abounding grace'. Sahatier, whose own equivalent is 'joie', remarks that the meaning is not clear; that the word has been variously rendered 'peace', 'cconomy', content'; and that some translators have simply passed it over, 'which', he adds, 'is perhaps the hest plan'. After this, any further suggestion seems rash. Still, may not the 'spirit of fulness' be that which seeks to fill up, or complete, what is defective? For if so, it might well, in combination with the 'spirit of order', inspire Gretchen to make the most of her meagre surroundings by the methods which gratified Faust.

2706. Rraufein : lit. 'ourl'. Selss, as in text.

2712. Eingebornen. Both Birds and Swanwick render the word

'embryo'. Turner and Morshead give 'incarnate'. The epithet in the text, which is used by Selss, implies simply that Gretchen's angelic qualities were inborn; a sense favoured by Buchheim's 'angel from hirth'.

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2727. Det größe hand, more commonly Größhand, means here an insolent bruggart.—Düntzer. Größe hanfen is an obsolescent term for great personages, as distinguished from Altinhanfen, 'petites gens'.—Sabatier. See note to l. 2190.

2734. Cuth. Ethical dative. See note to 1, 122.
2737. Broar. 'But'.—H. 'True'.—Bayard Taylor. The word.

says Sabatier, has not here the usual disjunctive sense, but the corroborative etymological sense, 'it is true', 'en effet'.

2740. Süftrnbrit. 'Covetousness'.—H. Selss, as in text.

-74. Cupringth Contounies .- II. Helm, as in text.

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2769. Gönnt. See note to line 2529.

2779. Stürgen. 'Splash'.-H. 'Plunging'.-Bayard Taylor. Trinten: lit. 'drink'. 2781. Thäten, provincial for thaten. See note to 1. 385. Cf.

11. 2869, 2870.

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2806. Daß ich's fluchen fönnte: lit. 'that I might curse it'. Es, as Selss remarks, is a cognate accusative here.

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2824. Befängt. 'Ensnares'.—H. 'Trouble'.—Sabatier. = beununbigt, beffemmt.—Strehlke. For the second of these senses, see 1. 3818. 2828. Salt for its bafte: a common interjection in South Ger-

many.—Düntzer, 2835. Revelation xxi. 7.

2844. Pfifferlinge: lit. 'mushrooms'. Proverbial term for anything worthless. Es if teinen Pfifferling werth; 'it is not worth a rush'.

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2859. Looper places a comma after Sep, and again after Ecufel; but without apparent reason. Bit Sep; lit, 'like pap'.

2862. Berpufft. 'Puffs away' .- H. The word denotes the necless expenditure of ammunition. -Strehlke. 2863. Euch. Ethical dative. See note to 1, 122.

2869, 2870, That. See note to 1, 2781.

Page 216. 2913. Er. See note to 1, 548.

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2970. Euch. Ethical dative. See note to 1. 122.

2982. Rapel. Apud Italos 'Mal de Naples', vicissim 'male Francese', et apud Germanos, 'Franzosen Krankheit' - aut brevins, 'die Franzosen'-appellatur. Itidem olim apud Angles : v. Shakespeare (Ancient Pistel), Henry Fifth, v. 1. Page 222.

2991. Bifirte: lit. 'should take aim'.

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3028. Bei Rachbare Marthen = bei Rachbar Marthen's Saufe. It is a popular abbreviation for bei ber Racbarin Maribe, Tho 2nd te the 7th editions had Nachbar'; the apostropho standing instead of the feminine termination.

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3032. Dienft : lit. 'service'.

3034. Mudgeredte, for ausgeftredte .- Streblice.

3037. Darum ift's nicht au thun; an idiomatic phrase, with three senses :-(1) 'that's not the point'; (2) 'that's not the object'; (3) 'there's no need of that'.

3039. Er. See note to 1, 548.

3040. Da mar't ihr's nun! 'There you are' !- H. 'La vrai, le seriez vous !'-Sabatier. The meaning seems to be : Da, 'in that case '-i.e. affected by that scruple-yeu would indeed he a saint ! Düntzer expands ba into Benn ibr in Eruft barauf beffanbet.

3047. 'Leeking fairly at the real nature of things'.-H. 'Descondez dans votre conscience '.- Sabatier.

3051. Lit. 'Yes, if one did not knew a little deeper'.

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3074. 'Is condescending, to make me blush'. - H. Bayard 2 A

Taylor, as in text. Sabatier points out that µi is not equivalent here to un µi, and therefore do non make frifichmen depend as an infinitive on figent or perafdist. Gretchen is not suggesting that Pasate condessonals in order to confines her; for, like the Intinin 'per', it unevely indicates that his condessonalence is the cause of her confinish or 'dipally, in the Hingh the phrase stood,— jet µim frifighting." Gerhalt (Eric Schmidt), 1,962.

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3083. Bas agrees with alles. Cf. 11. 3211, 3212.

3092. Schleifen. 'Sneak'.—H. Sanders interprets the word in connexion with this passage,—'to drag oneself on, to move slowly and with effort'.

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liebe, see l. 4090. 3131. Biliumden; lit. 'little worm'. A common pet name for infants.

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3143. Tängelub. 'Dandling'.—H. 'Et danser par la chambre, en rond, pour l'apaiser'.—Sabatier. 3145. Detb: lit. 'hearth'.

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3176. Begonnte: provincial for begann. 3179. Einmal. Cf. l. 1221.

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3211, 3212. Bas . . . alles. See note to 1. 3083.

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3217-3250. Critics have emarked that if this groud invocation is addressed to the Rarth Spirit, as the words 'turned to me stay face in first 'seem to imply, the phrase 'thou gav'ts me all I asked 'done not tally with our recollection that Pants has received nothing but a rebull.' Nor, on the same supposition, do the words 'thou gavest me the companion', etc. agree with the Prolegen is Haven, where Mophitschubles is assigned to Faust, not by the Earth Spirit, but by 'the Learth'. On the other hand, if the invocation must be taken

as addressed to the Almighty, not only are the words 'turned to me thy face in fire' obscure, but the expression 'thou gavest me the companion,' etc. conflicts with the tone of all the conversations between Faust and Mephistopheles. Nowhere is the tempter recognised by the tempted as sent by God; nor indeed could the Being, or Entity, adumhrated in lines 3432-3453, he conceived as giving such a commission. The only light thrown on the difficulty is to be found in the chronology of the composition of the drama. Though no portion of the 'Forest and Cavern' scene was contained in the Urfauff, which Goethe took with him to Weimar in 1775, the whole appeared in the 'Fragment' of 1790; when the Earth Spirit was to have taken a much more active part in the uncompleted portion of the play than was ultimately assigned to him. Amongst other things, he was intended, says Dr. Selss, to dissuade Faust from drinking the poison 'by promising to delegate to him a ministering spirit, viz. Mephistopheles.' When, however, seven years later, the Prologue in Heaven was added-entirely changing the plot-the part assigned to the Earth Spirit was reduced to its present dimensions; but without any corresponding modifications either of the invocation, or of lines 20-25, 44-47 in the Triiber Tag scene. Afterwards, the 'Forest and Cavern' scene was shifted from its original place, next after Gretchen's dialogne with Lieschen, to where it now stands : a change which has been attributed to a desire on the part of the poet to represent Faust as making one last struggle before yielding to temptation. But if so, here again the requisite modifications were not made; for lines 3249, 3250, and the passage commencing with line 3345, irresistibly suggest that poor Gretchen had already fallen. Still, in spite of these dramatic incongruities, such is the intrinsic heauty of the 'Forest and Cavern' some, that there is prohably no reader of 'Faust' who would wish a single line of it away.

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3254. Reuen, for Rruem, to suit the rhyme. - Pradez.

3265. Er. See note to l. 548.

3273. Striften is interpreted by Sanders in connexion with this passage,—'to sit and squat continually, to one's own detriment'—the doom of Theseus in a single word (Æs. vi. 617, 618):

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3297. Er. See note to line 548.

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3305. Lit. 'You come not at all out of her thought'.

2210. Seicht. 'Dry' .- H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.

3313. Uffenjunge Blut. The words Affe and Grasaffe are often used by Goethe as bantering names for girls. With regard to the epithet grad, the train of ideas, according to Sanders, is 'grass',

'green', 'unripe', 'young'. Cf. 1. 3521. 3325. Gelt! baß ich bich fange! 'Now I have trapped you!'-

H. Gelt, present subjunctive of gelten, 'to be equivalent'. Bas ailt bie Bette ?= What will you bet? Gelt! has now come to mean, 'am I not right?'-to convey, in short, a strong assertion that the speaker is right.

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3334. Schon. 'Already' .- H. Bayard Taylor, as in text. 3337. Song of Solomon iv. 5.

3341. 'Selbft is best understood here as an adverbial amplification of aud.'-Sclss.

3352. Rinblid ; used adverbially. Dumpfen ; lit. 'dull'.

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3364, 3365. The alternative of marrying Gretchen, says Pradez. was not open to Faust, since, according to the legend, it was excluded by the fifth and last clause of his compact with Mephistopheles. 3369. Lit. 'It imagines at once the end'.

3376. Sie, agreeing with Mube, and not with Sera, escapes the

formal ambiguity of 'it' in the translation. 3385. Mir. Ethical dative. See note to l. 122.

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3414. 30bann was the traditional name of Faust, 3419. Lieben is here the plural of lieb used as a substantive.

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3467. Schief; lit. 'oblique'.

3483. Kause : lit. 'screech-owls'.

3491. 3n beinem Mrm. 'In thy arms' .- H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.

3492. Singegeben warm : lit. 'yieldingly warm'.

3494. Abnungevoller. See note to 1, 621.

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3511. Drei Eropfen nur. There is no need to suppose that, had the portion been thus limited, it would have been more baneful than a common sleeping draught. But we are left to imagine that poor Gretchen failed to gather from Faust's words that more than 'three drops' would be dangerous; and that hence, either from carelessness, unskilfulness, or a desire to ensure a soporific effect, she ignorantly administered a larger, and deadly dose .- Pradez. 3521. Grasaff'. Sec note to l. 3313.

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3523. Burben. Titles are often used with the plural verb in

German

3527. Bolgt er und : lit. 'he will follow us'; not in the senso of pursuing, but of being led.

3536. Spottgeburt. Düntzer, on the strength of other compounds beginning with Spott, interprets this word of Goethe's own coining as an 'offspring which mocks'. Strehlke, on the strength of other compounds ending with Geburt, interprets it as an 'offspring exciting mookery'= Spott erregende Geburt. There can be no doubt that the latter sense, as the more scornful of the two, is dramatically the most offective.

3546. Gewiß, Gibolle fagt. 'Certainly, Sibylla told',-H. Swanwick, as in text.

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3547. Dat fich betbort = bat fich betboren laffen : lit. 'has let herself be fooled'. 3551. Lit. 'So has it rightly happened to her at last'.

1160. Befcbled - fortwahrenbed Schleden. Sandors, citing the line

3572. Lit. 'Has air enough still elsewhere'. Page 268.

3575, 3576. Formerly, in Germany, when a girl married whose virtue was strongly suspected, the young people of the place tore off her anptial wreath, and replaced it with a garland of straw, On the eve of the marriage, chopped straw was strewed before her door, -Sabatier.

3578. That, See note to 1, 2781,

Aminder: the space between the town wall and the first parallel row of gardens, courts, and houses. - Düntzer.

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3597, 3598. Biblet . . . mir im Gebein : lit, 'rages in my bones'.

3607. Berbricht : lit. 'breaks to pieces'.

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3630. Affes nach feiner Art! lit. 'Everything in its way ! ' 3633. Lit. 'Reaches, or offers, water to my sister'.

3638, 3639. A proverbial expression applied to desperate persons who can find no exit to escape by. - Sabatier.

3648. Lit. 'If it is he, I'll seize him by the skin at once'.

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3659. Rammelei = bie Brunft rammelnber Thiere .- Sanders, citing this line.

3660. Spuft : lit. 'haunta'.

3664. It was a popular belief that buried treasures rose gradually of their own accord, and at the end of seven, or, as some said, of a hundred years, reached the surface. If not then recovered, they sank again into the earth. Their presence was indicated by a hovering flame, and they resembled glowing coals, or red gold in a brewer's kettle.-Düntzer, Cf. II, 4359, 4360.

3669. Löwenthaler, 'Lion-dollars are of Dutch coinage, and so called both from the city of Louvain (in German, gomen, lion), in

Brabant, where they were first struck, and from the figure of a lion on the obverse . . . their value is about eighty-five cents' .- Bayard

Taylor. Page 276.

3682. Mir. Ethical dative. See note to l. 122. The first verse was avowedly imitated from Ophelia's song in Hamlet, iv. 5. 3698. Beim Clement! lit. 'by the element!' i.e. by the consecrated element in the Eucharist.-Sanders. It is, however, a

common oath which has lost its special significance. 3699. Rattenfänger, taken in connexion with lodft, seems to refer to the legend immortalised by Browning in the Piper of Hamelin.

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3706. Riebermiich : from flebern, 'to dust', and Bifch, 'a whisk'; =a duster of goose-wing, or other feathers, for cleaning furniture, and is a cant name for 'sword'.

3737. Dran fommen : lit. 'will come to it'.

Page 280. 3765, Saffrung, 'Slander',-H. Selss, as in text.

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3767. Schänblich is here used adverbially.

3769. Reiche Dag for in reichem Dage.

3775. Bray; used as predicate to Solbat.

Stage-direction. In the Urfauft, after 'Dom', come the words

Page 284. 'Erequien ber Mutter Gretgens'. 3779. Berariffnen : lit. 'held the wrong way'.

3788. Prin. 'Pain'.-H. Bayard Taylor, as in text. This is

the first intimation that the sleeping draught which Gretchen consented to give her mother had proved fatal. 3790, 3701. Unter beinem Bergen regt fich's nicht. 'It is common

in Germany to say, " Gie tragt bad Bfant ber Liebe unter ihrem Bernen: "= 'She bears the pledge of love under her heart'. Thus Soliller, in Die Kindesmörderin : " Richt bas Anablein unter meinem Serien ?"-Hayward.

3793. Abnungevoller. See note to 1, 621,

3798. 'Dies irm'. This chant, from the Roman Masses for the Dead, is ascribed to Thomas de Celano, who died 1226. Scott quotes it in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, c. vi. st. 30. 3800. Grimm, 'Horror' .- H. Bayard Taylor, as in text.

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3806. Mufaridaffen means here, saye Strehlke, 'restored to life': the verb is used in the same cense by Klopstock.

3818. Befangen. For a cognate use of the word, eee 1, 2824, and note.

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3834. 'The original word Maidthen means simply a phial ; but it is evidently the neighbour's pocket-flagon of emelling calts for which

Margaret asks . . . Mr. Taylor of Norwich, in his Historic Survey of German Poetry (London 1830), eavs "Your dram-bottle!" -Bayard Taylor. Here the first Fragmont of Faust, published in 1790, ended.

Balpurgis-nacht. 'The title and character', says Bayard Taylor, 'of the Witches' Sabbath on the summit of Brocken, on the night between April 30 and May 1, spring equally from the old and the new religion. Walpurgis (or Walpurga, which is the most usual form of the name) was the sister of Saints Willibald and Wunnibald, and emigrated with them from England to Germany, as followers of St. Boniface, in the eighth century. She died as abbess of a convent at Heidenheim, in Franconia, and, after the extirpation of the old Teutonic faith, became one of the most popular saints, not only in Germany, but also in Holland and England. The first of May, which was given to her in the calendar, was the ancient festival-day of the Druids, when they made sacrifices upon their sacred mountains, and kindled their May-fires. Inasmuch as their gods became devils to their Christian descendants, the cuperstition of a conclave of wizards, witches, and fiends on the Brocken -or Blocksberg-naturally arose, and the name of the pions Walpurgis thue became irrevocably attached to the diabolical anniversary'.

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3863. Er. See note to 1, 548.

3871-3011. The critics have conjecturally assigned the first and fourth of these strophes to Mephistopheles, the third and fifth to Faust, and the second to the Will o' the Wisn. 3876. Geb', 'See' .- H. Geb'-ich febe .- Dfintzer. The im-

perative would, of course, be figh, or febt.

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1888. Saffet wieber : lit. 're-echoes'.

2003. Runfenwürmer here = 3obanniemurmer .- Strehlke. As is well-known, it is only the male of the glow-worm (Lampris Noctiluca) which is winged, and, though not so phosphorescent as the female, it may occasionally be called, by poetic licence, a fire-fly, 'It has often been eaid that the female alone is luminous. This, however, is an error, as I have caught numbers of these beetles of both sexes, and always found that the males were gifted with the power of producing the peculiar phosphorescent light, though in much smaller degree than their mates, the light looking like two

emall pins' heads of phosphorus upon the end of the tail'.-Wood's Nat. History, iii. p. 472.

3905. Bum vermirrenben Geleite : lit. 'so as to form a bewildering eacort?.

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3919. Bittert. See note to l. 8. 3921. Mor: lit. 'gauze'.

3927. Bereinzelt, 'Scatters',-H. Selss, as in text.

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3050. Rfufte. 'Cliffs' .- H. Birds, as in text.

3051 Bufte : lit. 'aira'.

3959. Derr Urfan is a general name for anyone whom one cannot,

or will not, mention. In the form of "Meifter Brian", it is a euphomism for the devil .- Düntzer. 3961. 'In Aristophanio language, the witch weptiral, the he-goat

rwaßoù' .- Hayward. 3962. Baubo: the nurse who, by her indecent pranks, amused

Demeter when in search of Persephone. 3965. Ungeführt. Past participle for emphatic imperative. See 1. 4333.

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3077. Pradez sees here 'le funeste récultat d'efforts outrés' on the part of a witch 'en état de grossesse avancée'.

3987-3989. 'A reference to those asthetic critics who can produce nothing, but are yet always ready to point out the faults of others'. -Turner and Morshead.

3996-3999. 'This can only mean Science (more than three hundred years had elapsed since the so-called revival of the Sciences), which cannot make satisfactory progress, because it is hampered by pedantry and the narrowness (Swang) of the schools', -Düntzer,

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4004-4007. 'Mediocrities which have enough ambition to make thom dissatisfied with their natural sphere, but not enough talent to enable them to compete successfully with more gifted minds'. -Turner and Morshead.

4008. Galbe. After smearing herself with witch-salve, the witch was supposed to travel to the Blocksberg in a kneading trough. -Düntzer

4016. Ruscht for ruschelt.—Strehlke.

4023. Belant, more anciently, "Belant". The word means 'seducer', or the Evil One.—Düntzer.

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4090. Stebe. Cf. 1. 3122. 4095. Sabatier here detects a pun; Reige meaning 'decline' or 'wane', as well as 'lees' or 'drees'.

4110, 4115. Mir. Ethical dative, See note to l. 122.

4112. Berieg': third person singular, present subjunctive, for imperative.

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4110. Bilith. According to the legend, Adam and his first wife were literally one flesh, being both 'joined together by the back'. The tie proved too close for conjugal peace, and was eventually severed. But, even with a separate body, Lilith went wrong, practised witchcraft, and kept company with devils; so that Adam had to be otherwise mated. She seems to have consoled herself by killing infants-over whom, when males, she bad power for eight days after birth; when females, for twenty-and by seducing young mon, who always died in consequence, with a single hair from her lovely locks twisted round their heart. The prophet Isaiah mentions the name (xxxiv. 14), which is rendered in A. V. 'screech-owl'. and in R. V. 'night-monster'. For fuller information, see Bayard Taylor's interesting note, p. 336. Dr. Selss points out that the legend arose from the apparently discrepant accounts of Eye's creation given in Gen. i. 27 and in Gen. ii. 20-22. The first was supposed by the Jewish commentators to relate to Lilith, and the second to our first mother; and so both were harmonised.

4126. Das is used contemptuously.

4130. Cf. Goethe's ballad Der Müllerin Verrath, St. 3, 1, 2,

4154-43. The manuscript in the Royal Library at Berlin contains the completed lines as written by Goethe. They are neither better nor worse than many passages in Shakespeare, having the consenses, without the wit, of Rabelais; hence the reader gains rather than loses by the omission '.—Bayard Taylor. They are given by Pradez.

4144 Proftophantalmifi. From πρωκτόι, anus, and φάντασμα, spectrum. Meant for Nicolal, the Berlin publisher, an assailant of the Romantic school. Attacked by a malady in which he was

visited by apparitions, he was oured by applying leeches to the end of his spine.—Bayard Taylor. See II. 4267, 4319.

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4157. Begrüßen. Here used in its second sense of asking permission. Grimm's Wörterbuch.

mission. Grimm's Wörterbuck.
4161. Tegel': a small village near Berlin, said to have been hanned in 1797.

4167. Exercisen. May not the word in the first draft have possibly been written crossister? It would suit the context perfectly. 4169. The allusion is to Nicolai's account of his journey through Germany and Switzerland, in twelve volumes.

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4190. Stof. 'Idol'.--H. The word here means 'phantom'είδωλον.---Düntzer.

4192. Starren. 'Chill'.—H. Birds, as in text. The verbal correspondence between this epithet and erflarre—'grows stiff'—has been emulated by Sabatier in the paraphrase,—

'Ces yeux glacés vons glacent votre sang.'

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4211. Prairr: the public park of Vienna.

4211. Prater: the public park of Vienn 4214. Serbibilis: 'supernumerary'.

4221. To wish a man at the Blocksberg was to wish him very far off.—Düntzer.

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Interrupt. 'Oberon and Titania's Golden Weidling' was some by Goethe to Schüller for insertion in the Musculamona, of 1788, by way of continuing the attacks on their literary antagenists that appeared from both their pear under the name of 'Xxxxxx' Por reasons approved by Goethe, Schiller declined the contribution, Port of the Contribution of t

4224. Mieding was the stage-decorator of the Court theatre at Weimar, and a great favourite of Goothe, who wrote a poem on his death.

4229. Der Streit. The allusion is to the quarrel between Oberon and Titania in Shakespeare's Midsummer Night's Dream : whence also the characters-or rather, the names-of Puck and Ariel are horrowed

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4249. Mir. Ethical dative. See note to l. 122, 4251. The Orchestra must either be the crowd of literary aspirants,

who, like insects, keep up a perpetual piping and humming, or the chorus of followers surrounding the literary celebrities of the time, and repeating their several views with a shrill, persistent iteration. -Bayard Taylor.

4250. Goethe here ridicules those botching poetasters who, without an idea that every living poem must flow spontaneously from within as an organic whole, tack and stitch rhymes together, and thus produce malformations which they attempt to pass off as creations of beauty,-Düntzer.

4263. The union of bad music and commonplace poetry. - Düntzer. 4267, Nicolai, See note to l. 4144.

4271. Count F. Stolberg; who had attacked Schiller's poem, The Gods of Greece, as atheistical.

4275. Not clearly identified. Ergreife, 'Catch',-H. Turner and Morshead, as in text.

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4279. Said to be meant for Joachim Campe.

4292. Mir. Ethical dative. See note to 1, 122.

4295, 4299. The 'Weathercocks' are supposed to be the Counts Stolberg, who, from being disciples of the Sturm und Drang school, veered round to the opposite extreme of prudery.

4296. Braute, 'Brides',-H. Solss, as in text.

4303. Zenien; the name (borrowed from Martial's Xenia) given to a collection of epigrams aimed by Goethe and Schiller at their literary antagonists.

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4307. Sennings; the Danish Chancellor, who had assailed Goethe and Schiller in his journal, Der Genius der Zeit. Another of his journals, Musaget, was intended to rival the Musenalmanach.

4315. Again Hennings. Ho claimed in his journal to assign to every poet his due place on Parnassus. He is called a 'ci-dovant Notes

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genius' because his paper was already extinct; not having survived its sixth number.

4319. 'The "Inquisitive Traveller" is again intended for Nicolai under his other character of a Jesuit-hunter.'-Turner and Mors-

head. See note to l. 4144. 4323. Lavater, whose gait was compared by Goethe, in writing to

Eckermann, to that of a crane.—Bayard Taylor,

4227. Supposed to be meant by Goethe for himself.

4331. 'The neges Chor is that of the philosophers, whose various notes turn out, on nearer acquaintance, to be as monotonous as the booming of bitterns,'-Turner and Morshead.

4333. Hugeflört: past participle, for emphatic imperative. See 1 2065

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4335, 4337. Lupft and hupft; old forms of lupft and hupft. 4339, Looper rejects the view adopted by Bayard Taylor that

Ribeler is merely a student's term for a 'good fellow', and connects it with the verb fiebeln, 'to fiddle '.

4242. Salatier observes that, before Kant, the recognised philosophy was that of Wolf; and that either one of his disciples or himself ie personified by "Dogmatifer"; who proves the existence of the devil by the ontological argument used by the Cartesians to prove the existence of God.

4347. Fichte, in his first period, held that all the reality of the 'non-ego' is derived from the 'ogo'. Düntzer tells how Goethe remarked, on hearing that the philosopher's windows had been broken by some students, that this must be a most unpleasant way of becoming convinced of the existence of a 'Not-me' external to the 'Me'.-Turner and Morehead.

4351. The empirical school was a ramification from that of Wolf.

Loeper gives the little-known name of Garve as its representative. -Sabatier. 'The "Realist", who was bound to accept all pheuomena as real, is staggered by what he sees, and begins to doubt the truth of his philosophy if it depends upon accepting all around him as actually existent',-Turner and Morshead. 4355. Jacobi.

4359. See note to l. 3664. The school of Hume was represented in Germany by the Jew Maimon and by Schulze.-Sabatier. 4261. That is: Smeifel alone rhymes to Teufel; therefore my

logical position is sound in doubting both bad and good spirits.

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4367, 4371. Turning from philosophy to politics, 'the Adroit' are those who, like the Vicar of Bray, know how to take care of themselves, however circumstances may alter; while 'the Awkward'. who were able to live the life of parasites under the old system, are quite incapable of falling in with the new .- Turner and Morshead. 4375. Political parvenus thrown to the surface by the French

Revolution. 4376. 'From which we are just sprnng' .- H. 'Whore we originated '.- Bayard Taylor. 'D'on tous nous primes l'être '.-

Sabation 4379. Supposed to represent the French émigrés, many of whom

Goethe had met, and held in scant esteem .- Sabatier. 4383. Bayard Taylor suggests that 'the Massive Ones' are pro-

bably meant for the writers of the Romantic school, with their oxaggerated manner. 'In Goethe's dithyrambic "German Parnassus". he thus describes the crush and onset of the masses of rude literary aspirants :--"Ah, the bushes down are trodden!

Ah, the blossoms crushed and sodden 'Neath the footsteps of the brood :

Who shall brave their angry mood?" On the other hand, Dilutzer holds that the allusion is to the

turbulent masses of the French Revolution; but, as Sabatier remarks,—'le quatrain de Goethe serait en ce cas bien anodin et peu charactéristique'. 4390. Der Derbe. The epithet was perhaps suggested by the

words of the fairy in Midsummer Night's Dream, when taking loave of Puck :- 'Farowell, thou lob of spirits !'-Bayard Taylor,

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Gloomy Day. A Plais. A considerable time must be supposed to have elapsed between this and the Brocken scene. During the interval, Margaret has given birth to a child, which she has drowned; and she is now under sentence of death for infanticide. 20, 21. Unenblicher Geift. See note to Il. 3217-3250.

37. Überfcmappt. The phrase is applied to a bolt, or other object, which, on the breaking of the spring that propels it, is driven beyond its proper limit.-Sabatier.

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43. Rictifec, 'Gnash',-H. Anster, as in text. Menhistopheles is grinning with scorn, not gnashing (fuirfornb) his teeth in fury. Originally the verb used was blade (blede), which means the same as fletiche. See Goethe's Rauft in urfprunglider Gefialt, line 35.

44. Großer, berrlicher Geiff. See note to lines 3217-3250.

47. Sich lest. 'Battens' .- H. Swanwick, as in text.

Page 334. 4399. Beben. 'Weaving' .- H. Sanders, citing this line, interprets the verb :- Etwas wirfend ichaffen, bervorbringen. Sabatier

translates it 'Que font-ils?' and remarks that the English 'weave' gives only one of the two sonses attached to the term, dropping that which is the most natural here; viz., the idea of undetermined action. Cf. II. 1119, 2715, 3449. Rabenstein was the old German word for a height, enclosed with

circular walls, where executions took place. - Düntzer.

4402. Serenaunft, 'A witches' company' .- H. Bayard Taylor. as in text. 4411. Bogert ben Tob beran ; lit. 'lingers death hither'.

4412-4420. 'The song', says Hayward, 'is founded on a nonular German story, to be found in the Kinder- und Haus-Marchen of the distinguished brothers Grimm, under the title of 'Von dem Machandelboom [Baum]', and in the English selection from that work entitled German Popular Stories, under the title of The Juniper Tree. The wife of a rich man, whilst standing under a juniper tree, wishes for a little child as white as snow and as red as blood; and on another occasion expresses a wish to be buried under the juniper when dead. Soon after, a little boy as white as snow and as red as blood is born; the mother dies of joy at beholding it, and is buried according to her wish. The husband marries again, and has a daughter. The second wife, becoming jealous of the boy, murders him and serves him up at table for the unconscious father to eat. The father finishes the whole dish, and throws the bones under the table. The little girl, who is made the innocent assistant in her mother's villainy, picks them up, ties them in a silk handkerchief, and buries them under the juniper tree. The tree begins to move its branches mysteriously, and then a kind of cloud rises from it, a fire appears in the cloud, and out

Rose Tree '.

of the fire comes a beautiful bird, which flies about singing the following song:—

Min Mober be mi flacht't, Min Baber be mi att,

Min Swefter be Marleenten Socht alle meine Beeniten,

Und bindt fie in een fpben Doof, Lagis unner ben Machanbelboom;

. Apwitt! Apwitt! ach watt en schön Bogel bin ich!'

It is, however, a common European fairy tale. The English form
may be found in Mr. Jacobs' English Fairy Tales, entitled 'Tho

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Stage Direction. Sinwaitzenb. 'Throwing' .- H. Anster, as in text.

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4449. Ein altes Mārthen: the 'old tale' hero is that referred to in Gretchen's song. See note to ll. 4412-4420.

4467. Mappen: high German for Mappern, 'to gnash with the teeth', and is so used by Luther in translating Matt. viii, 12.

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4500. Dat Schöcher bright. According to an old German enstom, when sentence of death was pronounced by the jungle (according to some), or when (according to others) he read it to the accused before delivering him to the occurationer, by an expressive symbol, signifying that there was no appeal from the sentence, he broke on white staff, and threw the pieces at the enlight's feet.—Schalter. This account of the ceremony is slightly varied by Dr. Buchhein, who says that the pieces were thrown at the feet of the occurations;

4594. Budt, for audt, to rhyme with entrudt.

Sekunderlarm varhenden

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